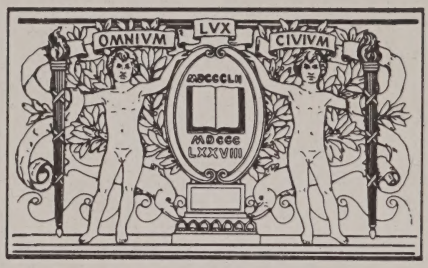
Boston Public Library
3 9999 10586 357 3



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY

FITCHBURG PUBLIC LIBRARY
WITHDRAWN

P. Library

THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. LXXXVII.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

BOSTON:
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,
117 WASHINGTON STREET.
1858.

051
N1-87

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by
CROSBY, NICHOLS, AND COMPANY,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

CAMBRIDGE:
METCALF AND COMPANY, PRINTERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXX.

Art.		Page
I.	Peirce's Analytic Mechanics	1
	1. Physical and Celestial Mechanics. By Benjamin Peirce, Perkins Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Harvard University, &c. Developed in Four Systems of Analytic Mechanics, Celestial Mechanics, Potential Physics, and Analytic Morphology. Vol. I. A System of Analytic Mechanics.	
	2. Theory of the Motion of the Heavenly Bodies moving about the Sun in Conic Sections; a Translation of Gauss's "Theoria Motus." With an Appendix. By Charles Henry Davis.	
II.	George Stephenson	21
	The Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer. By Samuel Smiles.	
III.	The Missouri Valley and the Great Plains .	66
	1. Exploration of the Country between the Missouri and Platte Rivers, &c. In a Topographical Survey, by Lieut. G. K. Warren.	
	2. An Historical Sketch and Business Review of the City of Leavenworth, Kanzas Territory, &c. By A. G. Hawes.	
IV.	Contemporary French Literature	94
	1. Les Parlements de France. Essai Historique. Par le Vicomte de Bastard.	
	2. Robert Emmett.	
	3. Mémoires de l'Impératrice Joséphine.	
	4. Études sur Pascal. Par Victor Cousin.	
	5. Fragments et Souvenirs. Par Victor Cousin.	
	6. La Tribune Moderne. Vie de Châteaubriand. Par M. Villemain.	
V.	The Phillips Family and Phillips Exeter Academy	119
	1. A Memoir of His Honor Samuel Phillips, LL. D. By Rev. John L. Taylor.	

2. Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Phillips Exeter Academy for the Academic Year 1857–8.

VI. The Aquarium 143

1. The Aquarium, an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea. By Philip Henry Gosse.

2. The Book of the Aquarium and Water Cabinet. By Shirley Hibberd.

VII. Laws of Association in Ornamental Gardening 157

1. Practical Landscape Gardening, with Reference to the Improvement of Rural Residences, giving the General Principles of the Art; with full Directions for planting Shade Trees, Shrubbery, and Flowers, and Laying out of Grounds. By G. M. Kern.

2. Landscape Gardening; or Parks and Pleasure-Grounds. With Practical Notes on Country Residences, Villas, Public Parks, and Gardens. By Charles J. Smith.

VIII. Ozanam's Civilization of the Fifth Century . . 170

La Civilization au Vième Siècle. Introduction à une Histoire de la Civilization aux Temps Barbares, suivie d'un Essai sur les Écoles en Italie, du Vième au XIII. Siècle. Par A. F. Ozanam.

IX. Lord Normanby's Year of Revolution in Paris 184

A Year of Revolution. From a Journal kept at Paris in 1848. By the Marquis of Normanby, K. G.

X. The Basques and their Country 211

Le Pays Basque. Sa Population, sa Langue, ses Mœurs, sa Littérature, et sa Musique. Par Francisque-Michel.

XI. Recent Commentaries on the New Testament . 235

1. A Commentary on the Original Text of the Acts of the Apostles. By Horatio B. Hackett, D. D.

2. Biblical Commentary on the New Testament. By Dr. Hermann Olshausen.

3. Kritisch Exegetischer Kommentar über das Neue Testament. Von Dr. Heinr. Aug. Wilh. Meyer.

XII. Critical Notices 251

Notes to Articles II. and V. 286

New Publications Received 287

CONTENTS

OF

No. CLXXXI.

Art.		Page
I.	Sir Walter Scott	293
	1. Waverley Novels. Household Edition.	
	2. The British Poets. Scott.	
II.	Gray's Botanical Text-Books	321
	1. Botany for Young People and Common Schools. — How Plants Grow, a simple Introduction to Structural Botany. With a Popular Flora, or an Arrangement and Description of Common Plants, both Wild and Cultivated. Illustrated by 500 Wood Engravings. By Asa Gray, M. D.	
	2. First Lessons in Botany and Vegetable Physiology, illustrated by over 360 Wood Engravings, from original Drawings by Isaac Sprague. To which is added a copious Glossary, or Dictionary of Botanical Terms. By Asa Gray, M. D.	
	3. Introduction to Structural and Systematic Botany, and Vegetable Physiology, being a Fifth and revised Edition of the Botanical Text-Book. Illustrated with over thirteen hundred Wood-cuts. By Asa Gray, M. D.	
	4. Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States. Revised Edition, including Virginia, Kentucky, and all East of the Mississippi: arranged according to the Natural System. By Asa Gray, M. D. (The Mosses and Liverworts, by William S. Sullivant.) With fourteen Plates, illustrating the Genera of the Cryptogamia.	
III.	The New Crime of Austria	343
	History of the Protestant Church in Hungary, from the Beginning of the Reformation to 1850. With Special Reference to Transylvania. Translated by Rev. J. Craig, D. D., Hamburg. With an Introduction by J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D. D.	
IV.	Michael de Montaigne	356
	La Vie Publique de Montaigne. Étude Biographique. Par Alphonse Grün.	

V. Buckle's History of Civilization 388
History of Civilization in England. By Henry Thomas Buckle.

VI. Recent French Literature 423
1. Mémoires du Comte Miot de Melito.
2. Histoire de la Campagne de 1815. Waterloo. Par Lieut.-Colonel Charras.
3. Mémoires pour servir à l' Histoire de mon Temps. Par M. Guizot.
4. Richelieu et la Fronde. Par Michelet.

VII. The First Stages of the American Revolution 449
1. Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Volume IV. of the Fourth Series.
2. The American Revolution. By George Bancroft.

VIII. The Early Days of Hellas 481
1. Griechische Geschichte, von Ernst Curtius. Erster Band, bis zur Schlacht bei Lade.
2. Die Ionier vor der ionischen Wanderung, von Ernst Curtius.

IX. Climatology 507
Climatology of the United States, and of the Temperate Latitudes of the North American Continent. By Lorin Blodget.

X. Life and Labors of Thomas H. Gallaudet . . 517
The Life and Labors of the Rev. T. H. Gallaudet, LL. D. By Rev. Heman Humphrey, D. D.

XI. The Oceanic Telegraph 532
1. The Story of the Telegraph, and a History of the Great Atlantic Cable. By Charles F. Briggs and Augustus Maverick.
2. The Atlantic Telegraph: a Discourse delivered in the First Church, Boston, August 8, 1858. By Ezra S. Gannett.

XII. Critical Notices 544

New Publications Received 573

Index 577

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXX.

JULY, 1858.

ART. I. — 1. *Physical and Celestial Mechanics.* By BENJAMIN PEIRCE, Perkins Professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in Harvard University, &c. *Developed in Four Systems of Analytic Mechanics, Celestial Mechanics, Potential Physics, and Analytic Morphology.* Vol. I. *A System of Analytic Mechanics.* Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1855. 4to. pp. xxxvii., 496.

2. *Theory of the Motion of the Heavenly Bodies moving about the Sun in Conic Sections; a Translation of* GAUSS's "*Theoria Motus.*" With an Appendix. By CHARLES HENRY DAVIS, Commander U. S. N., Superintendent of the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. 4to. pp. xvii., 326, 40.

IN a recent number of this journal we spoke of the work of the great Irish mathematician as a magnificent effort of the imagination. The publication of the most valuable original mathematical treatise as yet written in America, has suggested to us a different train of thought upon the Reason in Mathematics.

Professor Peirce is distinguished in all his writings, from his Elements of Geometry to his Analytic Mechanics, by a peculiarity in his modes of proof. His demonstrations are always concise, and remarkable for the directness with which they attain their end. In the present volume is an instance

in which a proposition is established by a few lines of argument, as clearly and incontrovertibly as by the dozen pages which the first propounder of the theorem employed in its proof. Such facts suggest an inquiry into the nature of the difference between the reasoning of different writers, and into the effect which the study of different mathematical writers may have upon the habits of thought in the student. There is a well-known anecdote of Napoleon's disappointment, when he took Laplace into his cabinet, and found that this distinguished mathematician was a wholly unsafe guide on questions of state policy, seeking to introduce the spirit of the infinitely small into the government. This anecdote is frequently used to cast discredit upon the mathematics, as a means of mental discipline. There are, indeed, upon this, as upon most other subjects, two entirely opposite views current among those who have considered the question. Some attribute to mathematical studies an almost omnipotent power in strengthening the judgment and giving clearness and vigor to the logical faculties; others are inclined to ascribe to these pursuits the invariable effect of rendering a reasoner a slave to the mere forms of logic, and making him forget the superior value of the dictates of common sense.

In order to decide intelligently upon the merits of this question, let us first analyze the process of reasoning. In what does it consist? What do we mean by saying that we have proved a truth? The elements of logic deal with three distinct things, — the conception of ideas, the perception of a relation between ideas, and the perception of a relation between those relations; that is, with terms, propositions, and inferences. Or, to use grammatical language, logic deals with subjects and predicates, with propositions, and with the mutual connection of propositions. Different minds are capable of comprehending these three classes of things with different degrees of clearness. The power of grasping an idea is essentially different from the power of perceiving a truth; and the power of drawing an inference is essentially different from either of the other two. Now the part of reasoning which is common to all departments of human thought is simply this third part, drawing inferences. The ideas or things concern-

ing which we reason are different in each different science; the truths, that is, the relations between these things or ideas, must also differ in each department of inquiry; and the relation between the relations, being the only abstract thing, is the only one which is the same in all sciences and all subjects of thought. But although the process of reasoning is the same, upon whatever subject we reason, it will not appear so unless we are capable of perceiving all kinds of truth, and grasping all sorts of ideas, with equal facility. The same argument which, in a common matter, seems perfectly convincing, may on an unfamiliar subject seem wholly irrelevant. An example from the Algebra of our author will explain our meaning without obliging us to introduce technical mathematics. There is a theorem of Arbogast which Peirce has demonstrated in the space of a single duodecimo page. The students of Harvard University are seldom able to master this demonstration. The whole difficulty of it, however, lies in about half a dozen lines. Year after year, class after class of the most intellectual young men of New England admit themselves to be unable to comprehend the reasoning of this short paragraph; and yet its whole reasoning, if we substitute the names of places for the names of mathematical quantities, amounts to this: — If we can go from Boston to New York, and if we can go from Portland to the City of Notions, we can go from Portland to New York, since the City of Notions is only another name for Boston. No reader will perceive that there is any difficulty in this argument, as it now stands; and in the form in which Peirce gives it, the difficulty is not really, but only apparently greater. From P we can obtain P, and from Q we can obtain Q; but P equals Q, and therefore from P we can obtain Q. No reader, except one who has had an algebraic training, will feel that this argument upon the letters is as clear as the one upon the cities, and yet the argument is precisely the same. The only difficulty is in conceiving, first, what P and Q may stand for, and consequently what can be the relation between them and P and Q.

The first great logician, Aristotle, reduced all reasoning to a syllogistic form, and all syllogisms are equivalent in their

nature to this inference, — that what is true of all members of a class, is true of each member of it. Thus the most direct form of the syllogism would be: — A certain thing is true of a certain class of objects; this object belongs to that class; and therefore that thing is true of it. The whole doctrine of syllogisms has been beautifully illustrated by three geometrical figures. Every assertion or denial may be symbolized, for example, by the assertion or denial that a certain square is included in a circle, the universal propositions putting the square wholly within, or wholly without, the circle, and the particular affirmation or denial leaving a part within, and implying that a part is without. All reasoning may then be reduced into syllogisms such as the following: — The whole of the square is within the circle, the whole of the triangle is within the square, and therefore the whole of the triangle is within the circle; The square is not within the circle, part of the triangle is within the square, and therefore part of the triangle is not within the circle.

Later writers upon logic have regarded the syllogism as simply a test of an argument, and have very clearly shown that it is not the form in which arguments are consciously put in the process of thinking, but only the form in which sound arguments may always be put, for the purpose of testing their soundness. Some have particularly endeavored to show that inductive reasoning is not readily put into a syllogistic form, and have therefore sought to establish a new logic for the examination of inductive reasoning. We have, however, for many years, been in the habit of presenting the whole matter of logic in what we consider a more simple and popular form than the syllogistic, and at the same time no less sound. It has moreover the advantage of embracing equally those higher forms of reasoning used in modern science, both inductive and demonstrative, which are with so much difficulty brought into a series of syllogisms. Instead of comparing reasoning to the placing of three figures within or without one another, we compare it to the laying of a path from points that are known to points that are unknown. The known points are self-evident or admitted propositions. The successive steps of the path are self-evident or

admitted relations. The unknown points to which the path conducts are the propositions to be proved. In geometrical synthetic demonstration we pass by a series of self-evident steps from the simplest self-evident truths to the highest deductions of the science; while in geometrical analysis we pass, through self-evident steps from the proposition to be proved, down to the simplest axioms. In either case we show an actual dependence of the complex proposition upon the axiom. Now it is true that each step of this process may be thrown into the syllogistic form, but it is equally true that no man is, in reasoning, conscious of this reduction; — the actual process of the mind is, to pass directly from proposition to proposition, without justifying the step by that generalization, the result of which is called in the syllogism the suppressed premise. In every process of reasoning there must be at some point a resting upon first truths. Sound reasoning cannot run in a perpetual circle, neither can it be an infinite series of answers to the question, Why? To such a series there must at length come the answer which we are so often forced to give to children, — that it is, because it is. There can be no disputing concerning the primary conceptions of the mind, or the perception of the primary relation between those conceptions. There are men incapable of grasping the geometrical conceptions of a point, a line, and an angle. There are others who seem equally unable to grasp the ideas of truth, justice, and duty. In neither case does the inability of a few to form such ideas make them any less clear and definite to the majority of men. But some of those who can conceive of points, lines, and angles do not acknowledge the fact of their existence in space; they allow to them only an ideal existence. Those who believe them to be really entities cannot hold any argument upon the point with those who deny their existence; because they esteem their existence to be a self-evident truth. Nor can one who believes in the reality of the difference between right and wrong, enter into any debate with those who deny that difference. In Jouffroy's Introduction to Ethics, while he reviews and rejects those systems of philosophy that destroy the reality of ethical distinctions, he does not enter

into an argument to prove their reality; for the existence of a distinction between right and wrong is to his mind a self-evident truth. In the matter of simple conceptions, there can be only the difference between grasping and not grasping the idea; and in the matter of self-evident truths, only the difference between seeing and not seeing them. He who sees may be right, or he who fancies he sees may be wrong; but in either case the matter is beyond argument, and can be reached only by patient meditation or direct observation. In like manner, in self-evident connections or trains of reasoning, there must be steps so simple as to admit of no further debate. We see their truth or their fallacy in the particular case before us, and the truth or fallacy is not usually made more apparent by throwing the proposition into general terms, and thus converting it into an expressed premise. The syllogism is of value to detect a fallacy only when we are reasoning about subjects with which we are not perfectly familiar, and in which we therefore carry the cloudiness of our conception of the truths themselves into our perception of their relations; as, in the case quoted from Peirce's Algebra, our cloudiness of conception of the meaning of P and Q impairs our ability to understand the perfectly clear reasoning employed upon them. Now these steps, so simple as to admit of no debate, are always capable of being verified by being resolved into the inference of a conclusion lawfully drawn from the premises of a syllogism; but it is by no means necessary thus to resolve them in order to feel their justness, neither is that resolution strictly a psychological analysis of the operation of the thought.

The representation of reasoning as the process of connecting the truth to be proved, by a series of self-evident steps, with self-evident propositions, has the advantage of including inductive reasoning in natural science, and demonstrative reasoning in mathematics, as well as reasoning upon ordinary subjects. It has the advantage of embracing a connected series of syllogisms in one simple definition. But its principal advantage is, as we have said, that it is more closely conformed to the actual operation of the mind in reasoning. Take, for example, the proposition that, if a square is sur-

rounded by a rope, and there is also a rope crossing the square upon each diagonal, there must be at least two pieces of rope. We first form a clear conception of a square, surrounded by a single line, and crossed by two diagonals, each of a single line; and a self-evident connection of ideas shows us that three lines will proceed from each of the four corners of the square, that is, a line to each of the other three corners. Artifice may put this into a syllogistic form, to prove that three lines will proceed from each corner, but it will surely not be a natural process. Again, a self-evident connection of ideas shows us that there must be an end of the line at each corner of the square; nor do we here naturally say, Wherever an odd number of lines radiates from a point, one of the lines must end there. This general proposition may be framed, but in framing it we should use our perception of its truth in individual cases; the perception of its truth in this case must therefore be independent of, and antecedent to, our perception of the truth of the general proposition. Again, a self-evident connection of ideas shows that there must be four ends to the string about this square under consideration; nor do we here use the major premise that every square has four corners; our thought is confined to the particular square which is here surrounded by a string and crossed by two diagonal lines. Finally, a necessary connection of ideas shows us that these four ends must belong to two pieces of string; and that, also, without the mind's necessarily asserting that every piece of string has two, and only two ends. This axiom has probably very seldom been framed as a justification of any reasoning about ropes.

If, then, the dependence of one proposition upon another is not usually conceived, in the actual process of reasoning, as the including of the members of the class under the class, in what form is it conceived? We answer, that it is the perception that *those members* have the property of the class, without perceiving the fact of their being included in the class. In saying that C must be A, because it is B, we usually only see that the B which is in C is A, and do not necessarily see that all B is A; which would be the major premise if we attempted to put our argument into syllogistic form. The dependence of one

proposition on another is a virtual relation of an included part to its whole, but this is not the only form which it actually wears to the eye of the reasoner. The fact that the Eastern and the Boston and Maine railroads cross in Somerville, and meet in South Berwick, shows that they cannot both run in straight lines; but he who makes this inference, and sees its truthfulness, does not frame any general proposition by which he justifies his inference. He simply sees that, if both roads continued straight after their crossing, they would run half round the world before they met again. The idea of a straight line being a great circle of the sphere, and great circles cutting each other only at the opposite ends of a diameter, does not enter his mind. He perceives its truth in this particular case; but as it is an abstract truth, it cannot be expressed in the particular and special form in which he sees it, but must in its expression include all cases of a similar relationship of ideas. The natural process of thought is simply to conceive of the two railways as diverging; and it is only in the attempt to put the thought into language that we say, two straight lines can cross each other but once.

The acknowledgment that Aristotle's *dictum de omni et nullo* is the basis of every inference, shows, of course, that we conceive only one relation between propositions to be available in reasoning; that is, the relation of a part to a whole. One proposition can depend inferentially upon another only if it is virtually included in that other. The doctrine of syllogisms, therefore, necessarily includes the whole doctrine of logic, in its proper sense. And, conversely, if the subject of logic be fully and fairly discussed, it must present itself in the syllogistic form. All that we claim for our mode of presenting reasoning, under the analogy of a road from the premise to the conclusion, is, that it is a more popular and natural form, which includes enthymemes and sorites in the same definition with the regularly expressed syllogism. The value of this claim is apparent, when we perceive that most reasoning is enthymematical as it originally presents itself to the mind of the reasoner, whatever form it may assume in utterance. No general truth or proposition will be admitted, unless particular cases under it have first been admitted, and

it is the perception of the particular case, and not the perception of the general truth, that gives the real efficacy to an enthymeme. To illustrate again by the simplest possible case (in *barbara*), we recently saw a swarm of acari upon a window-pane, and, in reasoning upon their origin, assumed at once that they required food of some kind. The enthymeme that passed through the mind was, These are animals, and therefore require food. But the connection between these two propositions was evident to the mind, from the difficulty of conceiving of those special organisms before us, with the fluids of their bodies thus exposed to evaporation, as kept in life without a supply of food. The argument had its strength from a perception, in that individual case, of the truth that the animal life requires food. It could be thrown into a syllogism by asserting, as a major premise, that every animal requires food; but that premise would be granted only from a consideration of the fact that some particular animals need food, and that this arises from properties which they have in common with all other animals.

Now the peculiarity of Peirce's mathematical reasoning, which gives his demonstrations such exceeding brevity, seems to us to consist in his resort to this direct and natural mode of thought, and his freedom from the restraint of conventional forms of demonstration. We do not mean simply that his reasoning is, in logical language, enthymematical, suppressing one premise; this is common to all reasoning. But we refer to the habit of using simple conceptions, axioms, and forms of expression, without reference to established usage. Into his Geometry he introduces the idea of direction to simplify the doctrine of parallel lines and angles, and the idea of the infinitesimal to simplify his treatment of the circle. In his Algebra he shortens the demonstrations of many theorems by introducing from the Calculus the idea of variables and constants, and the rate of change in functions. In his Trigonometry he frees his calculations from all dependence upon the radius by defining his trigonometrical functions as simply arithmetical quotients of lines. In his Calculus he preceded Cauchy in his improved notation, freeing the differential coefficient from the expression of the differential denominator.

Thus also, in the present work, he appeals directly to self-evident truths, whether they are among the acknowledged axioms of geometry or not; assuming, for instance, that "a line which neither passes out of a finite space, nor ends within it, must be a re-entering curve." While ancient geometers and their disciples appear to have a double object in view, the discovery of truth, and its reduction to the time-honored forms of demonstration, Peirce, as the representative of the modern school of mathematicians, seeks to discover and to present truth, in whatever form seems clearest and most beautiful to him.

The number of self-evident truths in geometry, and in other sciences, is doubtless usually underrated. That is self-evident which can be seen by direct observation, either of the material phenomenon, or of the mental conception. Most persons are content without an analysis of the foundations on which their acceptance of a truth stands; and most of those who attempt to analyze, are content to be guided by the analysis of others. It is only a few great spirits who, by actual analysis of ideas, enlarge the number of truths admitted to be self-evident. The proposition that the sphere is the maximum among solids of equivalent surface, requires, for its reduction to ordinary geometrical axioms, about two hundred distinct steps of inference; that is, the proof of its truth could be put into syllogistic form, employing the ordinary geometrical axioms, only by the use of about two hundred syllogisms. But every boy who has blown a soap-bubble, can prove the same truth by three or four steps from self-evident truths. The air enclosed in the expanding bubble, endeavoring to make most room for itself within the surface enclosed by the film of soap-water, will evidently succeed best when allowed unimpeded expansion in every direction; but it will then expand equally far in all directions from its centre of bulk, and thus produce a sphere. No sound mind can object to the real validity of this reasoning; it is a tacit assumption of Leibnitz's principle of the sufficient reason. This great man showed his greatness in his desire to enlarge the number of admitted self-evident truths; and, however desirable on other grounds it may be to give a geometrical demonstration of

problems of isoperimetry, this mechanical demonstration, from Leibnitz's axiom, is sufficient for the satisfaction of a seeker after truth.

Maupertuis's principle of the least action, which Peirce honors as a grand theological idea, is another means of greatly shortening the process of demonstration, and of anticipating the results of observation. "It is inconsistent," says Maupertuis, "with our idea of divine wisdom, to suppose that God would use more power than was necessary to accomplish a given end." Hence we may assume, that, in every operation of nature, the law is such as to require a minimum amount of force. Professor Snell, of Amherst College, ingeniously develops all the ordinary laws of optics, with regard to the reflection and refraction of light, from this single principle. Thus, between two points in the same medium, the shortest path will require the least power, and therefore, under such circumstances, light will move in straight lines. But if, in going from one point to another, the light is required to touch also a given surface, the path to the surface and then to the other point must be the shortest possible; which geometrically gives us the observed law of reflection. If the points are in different mediums, the path, instead of being straight from point to point, must be, in general, lengthened in the rare medium, and shortened in the dense one, in such proportion as to make the whole exercise of force the least possible; and this will lead, by geometrical deduction, to the same laws of refraction that have been discovered by observation.

The effect of mathematical studies upon the student will evidently depend partly upon the student's own habit of thought, and partly upon the style of the geometer to whose writings he gives most attention. In the first ten duodecimo pages of our author's Integral Calculus is contained, in a clear and definite form, every principle contained in the first fifty pages of La Croix's quarto. To study these briefer and equally conclusive modes of presentation must surely contribute to energy and vivacity of mind, and to directness and force of mental action, more effectively than plodding over the prolix and tedious dilatation of the same themes. To be refreshed

with the continual appeal to a variety of self-evident truths, must enlarge the sphere of thought, and give freedom of play to the intellect, more surely than the rigid attempt to make all mathematical truth depend upon eight or ten axioms. But the lover of mathematics must acknowledge that the study of his favorite science has not any direct tendency to render our conceptions of moral and political subjects more definite and vivid, or our perception of the relations between them more accurate. Its direct effect upon the powers of conception and perception is confined to the physical sciences, in which the laws of space and time hold sway. Here the value of the mathematics is much greater than is commonly supposed. They are usually pursued as a discipline of the reasoning powers; but, as we have shown in a previous article, they cultivate the imagination also, to a high degree. The study of geometry, developing the power of conceiving of forms, and the study of algebra, developing the power of conceiving of relations of quantity, will assist the student in all possible physical inquiries. But the relations of men to one another, and to the spiritual ends of the universe, are not directly connected with space and time; and the understanding of these matters is not directly assisted by mathematical pursuits. In regard to reasoning, however, the case is different. Relations between propositions, being purely abstract, (since propositions themselves are but the relations between ideas,) are always general and comprehensive in their form, and the habit of tracing the dependence of propositions upon each other, that is, reasoning, in the usual sense of the word, upon whatever subject, strengthens the power of reasoning upon all other subjects. All reasoning can be reduced to a syllogistic form, and the laws of the syllogism are entirely independent of the subject-matter of the argument. Nevertheless, the student is not to forget that practical reasoning is something else than a series of syllogistic forms. Practically, only one premise is usually present to the consciousness of the reasoner. The rapidity and assurance with which we could form these suppressed premises, if we chose so to do, varies greatly in different trains of argument; and it is this variation that constitutes the chief distinction between demonstrative and induc-

tive reasoning. In demonstration, the examples that can be classed under the major premise are exceedingly simple, and the mind can run through them with great rapidity. Thus, when we say that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, the mind conceives with exceeding rapidity of two straight lines crossing each other at an infinite variety of angles, perceives that they never cross each other in a second place, and instantly leaps to the conclusion that they cannot so cross each other. What is seen to be true of a myriad of cases surveyed instantaneously by a mental glance, is confidently assumed to be true of all possible cases. But in inductive reasoning, the mind proceeds more slowly in the investigation of examples, and infers more cautiously the general truth, because from the slowness of its operations it must base its conclusion upon a smaller number of facts. Thus, Newton's binomial theorem may either be demonstrated by an appeal to self-evident truths of the differential calculus, or gathered by induction from the example of a binomial raised to two or three different powers. Now it is a grave mistake in reasoning, if we attempt to apply the demonstrative type to subjects in which it is inapplicable, and scarcely a less grave error to be content with induction where we can gain demonstration. It is true that the boundaries of these divisions of the reasoning process are not, and cannot be, sharply defined; since, if they were, all reasoning would no longer be the same process; — but between the extreme ends, there is a marked difference: it is folly to attempt demonstration as to most practical questions in political economy, and it is folly to be content with induction from experience in matters of moral philosophy. The mathematics supply us with numerous examples of both types of reasoning. While in all the simpler departments demonstration is attainable, in the highest walks we must be content with induction. It is a fine discipline for the student's mind to learn when he may be content with induction, when he may accept its conclusions with confidence, and when they are to be received as simple probabilities.

From the view which we have given of demonstration and induction, it will be seen that we cannot agree with those

who hold it to be impossible to demonstrate the existence of a being. The axioms of geometry and of other sciences seem to us to differ from the truths of observation only as to the mode in which the truth is perceived. A sphere is, to us, as real an entity as a globe; and, on the other hand, it is as absolutely certain that globes are seen, as that spheres are conceived of. An argument based upon the perception of globes, it seems to us, therefore, may be as strictly demonstrative, as one based on the conception of spheres. If the distinction between self-evident truths and truths of observation is founded upon the assumption that the contradiction of the former is absurdity, and of the latter, error, we reply, that absurdity is simply the maximum of error. To limit the office of demonstration, with Dugald Stewart, to the work of showing that an hypothesis is consistent in all its parts, would be to render it futile. In its true office it deals with ideas of perception as well as of conception; and the certainty with which we infer the existence of a fellow-being, or of a Supreme Mind, is as assured and as reasonable as that with which we infer the truth of the Pythagorean proposition, whether it be technically called demonstration or not.

A careful study of the mathematics will also show the student that demonstration is not always conclusive, but needs to have its validity demonstrated. In other words, the human mind is not capable of attaining certainty, even upon mathematical points, at a single step; but the most careful mathematicians are liable to error, arising from each of the three possible sources; from inaccuracy of conception, from error in the supposed perception of a self-evident truth, and from mistake in drawing a supposed self-evident inference. So far, therefore, from making man proud of his own powers, the mathematics teach the wisest student humility and caution in the investigation of every truth. The fable of the knights, who disputed whether the shield was of gold or of silver, has been more than once realized in the history of the most certain of sciences; and a warm controversy as to the value of a quantity has been finally ended by showing that it could assume either of the disputed values. The most illustrious example, in late years, is that of the planet Neptune, which

Le Verrier demonstrated to be at thirty-seven times the earth's distance from the sun, but which was actually found to be at only thirty times that distance. The analytical power of Peirce explained this difference, by showing that a planet in either place would produce those perturbations of Uranus upon which Le Verrier based his demonstrations.

Mathematical reasoning is frequently illustrative of reasoning upon entirely different subjects, and although Locke tells us that it is a weakness of the human understanding which leads us to attempt to fortify its convictions by a comparison with analogous cases, yet it is a weakness inherent, we suspect, in human nature, and the mathematical student may be pardoned if he indulges in it, while speculating upon moral and political subjects. That great problem, for example, for all finite intellects, to reconcile the conception of man's free agency with that of God's foreknowledge, may have its parallel even in geometry, in which also we can find incontrovertible truths, neither of which can be doubted, and which are yet diametrically opposed to each other. That two parallel lines, a mile apart, may have a third line drawn between them by such a law that it shall continually approach one of those parallel lines, and yet end in the other, is as palpable a contradiction of ideas, as can be presented to the mind; and yet it may be easily demonstrated that such a line can be drawn, being in fact a hyperbolic spiral.

A striking lesson may also be derived from the fact, that the most perfect solution of a problem is not always the most useful. In the various theorems for discovering real roots, those that are the most imperfect are, in many cases, practically of the most value. As we approach the higher branches of mathesis, similar, but stronger, instances grow frequent. In Professor Peirce's volume now before us, the most general and exhaustive solutions are often entirely unfitted for practical applications; so that in numerical examples approximative methods alone can be employed. Indeed, in this sense, all that is practical must be approximative. For every law of quantity is in general continuous; while every practical application of that law, depending as it does upon arithmetic, must be discontinuous and imperfect. The man to whom

these facts are familiar, cannot but feel that they illustrate all social and political problems; and he is thus led to labor with more patience and long-enduring hope for the improvement of practical means for applying to human society the perfect laws of Christian ethics. The same subject, viewed from a slightly different stand-point, may illustrate the difference between the poetical and the practical man. One mathematician, with impulsive genius, finds perfect solutions of every problem, which may or may not be applicable to questions of numerical computation. Another, with more patience and industry, but with less genius, either reduces those solutions to a practical form, or else, assailing the subject by his own method, finds some awkward and inelegant, but available solution. Both these men are useful, and to be held in high honor in their respective departments of mathematical labor. The like difference is to be found in minds, occupied in other departments of human thought. A poet utters the widest views of statesmanship, which may or may not be in a form directly applicable to action. A statesman, having less genius, may either put the ideas of the poet into a practical form, or present his own views upon the subject, in a manner less agreeable and yet directly available for practical use.

The error which is usually committed in regard to mathematical studies lies in the mode of their presentation. While other branches of learning are presented in attractive guise, with notes, and anecdotes, and illustrations, the mathematical text-book is usually one of dry formulas alone. The only exception to this, in American school-books, besides those on arithmetic, and one or two partial exceptions in geometry, is in a book on Analytical Geometry by Mr. J. M. Peirce, a son of Professor Peirce. In that treatise, the subject is enlivened by historical allusions, metaphysical comments, and speculations on the infinite, which, without materially enlarging the bulk of the volume, or interfering with its main purpose, render it attractive to the student. Now could a student, qualified by nature for the pursuit, take up in succession all the principal branches of modern mathematics with the aid of similar treatises, catching the spirit as well as the form of the various processes, it would hardly fail to enlarge his breadth

of view on every subject. So far from the mathematics leading a man to introduce the infinitely small into all departments of reasoning, a more extensive and just view of mathematical reasoning shows, more forcibly than any other one science can show it, that each subject requires its own peculiar mode of treatment. A proposition in simple arithmetic or geometry may be proved in a variety of ways, of which some are undoubtedly better than others. As we ascend higher in the general science of space and time, the variety of ways in which a proposition may be established increases, and the difference of value in the various modes increases. The difference between a few lines and a dozen pages of argument to establish the same proposition, is certainly enormous. But the difference is sometimes vastly greater even than this. Propositions are sometimes absolutely incapable of proof in a purely geometrical mode, which may nevertheless be readily demonstrated by algebra; others require that algebra should take the form of analytical geometry; others demand a trigonometrical solution; and so on, through all the multiform *calculuses* of the nineteenth century. No imagination can invent a new engine of mathematical investigation which shall not in some particular problem present peculiar advantages for extorting truth. And scarcely any imagination is so dull that it cannot propose an original problem, apparently simple, and yet impregnable against all the engines that have yet been invented. But can the man who has thus seen that the same reasoning is not applicable to every subject, even in the limited sphere of mathematics, be so likely as before to look at all things from one point of view? Will he not, if at all tractable, learn that a special problem requires a special treatment? How astonishing is the conceit of those who presume to dogmatize freely upon matters to which they have given no particular study or thought! The intricate and thrice-complicated questions of currency, trade, credit, and the effect of legislation upon them, are authoritatively settled by politicians, after five minutes' attention to the subject, on the strength of an apparent demonstration of one or two steps from self-evident truths; while political economists scarce venture an opinion after years of patient investigation.

The Preface to the volume before us will present a more complete view of Professor Peirce's object in writing the book than can be given in other words. He says: —

"I have re-examined the memoirs of the great geometers, and have striven to consolidate their latest researches and their most exalted forms of thought into a consistent and uniform treatise. If I have, hereby, succeeded in opening to the students of my country a readier access to these choice jewels of intellect, if their brilliancy is not impaired in this attempt to reset them, if in their new constellation they illustrate each other and concentrate stronger light upon the names of their discoverers, and still more, if any gem which I may have presumed to add, is not wholly lustreless in the collection, I shall feel that my work has not been in vain. The treatise is not, however, designed to be a mere compilation. The attempt has been made to carry back the fundamental principles of the science to a more profound and central origin; and thence to shorten the path to the most fruitful forms of research. It has, moreover, been my chief object to develop the special forms of analysis, which are usually neglected, because they are only applicable to particular problems, and to restore them to their true place in the front ranks of scientific progress. The methods which, on account of their apparent generality, have usually attracted the almost exclusive attention of the student, are, on the contrary, re-established in their true position as higher forms of speciality."

The first of these endeavors has been eminently successful, and is particularly useful. The lapse of two centuries, since mechanics became a science, had rendered many of the most valuable results of the early Pelasgi of the infinitesimal methods so antiquated in their dress, that they were repulsive to the modern student, and partly unintelligible. All is here brought forward and stated in the latest forms of the science, so as to be at once available for the young student's use.

The gems of which our author speaks so modestly will be more highly praised by others. A method of partial multipliers, which includes Euler's, Lagrange's modifications of Euler's, and Jacobi's principle of the last multiplier, as but special cases; a complete discussion of the pendulum, both from an *a priori* view and from experiment; a full and general solution of the problem of central forces; a more complete analysis of rotation, including the problems of the top, the gyroscope, the hoop, &c., than has ever before been given; an examination

of the catenary, embracing many new forms; a general solution of the question of perturbations and vibrations; a view of the motion of a body free to move in a rotating curve, — these are a few of the brilliants which seemed to us, in a rapid glance over the collection, to be both new and lustrous. We are also inclined, with our author, to attach a very high value to his attempt to restore special methods to a prominent place among the means of scientific progress. It is in accordance with the views which we have here given of reasoning, as based upon special, rather than general truths; it agrees with the spirit of modern philosophy, as illustrated by the earlier laborers in the revival of science, and proclaimed by that Balaam of the scientific Exodus, who said that the true method was to ascend from particulars to universals, before we descended from universals to particulars; it accords with the whole spirit and intent of the intellectual discipline of this world, in which our attention is first caught by glittering specialties, and does not perceive wide and universal truths until mature age. The best general solutions are those which have been obtained from the examination of particular examples. Nay, even the best general methods of solution have frequently been discovered from a special attack upon some individual case of difficulty. No men are rendering more veritable service to truth, to science, and to their fellow-men, than those who are making patient and thorough investigation of some simple natural phenomenon, or some single scientific problem of a limited character. From such labors come the great discoveries and great inventions of the nineteenth century; from such came the equally wonderful growth of the eighteenth and the seventeenth.

We have quoted a large part of the Preface, and will close our remarks upon this work with the closing words of the last chapter, in which the author announces the subject of the succeeding volumes, Celestial and Physical Mechanics.

"In the present volume the attempt has been made to concentrate the more important and abstruser speculations of analytic mechanics clothed in the most recent forms of analysis, and to make a few additions, which may not be rejected as unworthy of their position. Much, undoubtedly, remains imperfect and unfinished, for it cannot be other-

wise in a science which is susceptible of infinite improvement; and much must soon become antiquated and obsolete as the science advances, and especially when we shall have received the full benefit of the remarkable machinery of HAMILTON'S *Quaternions*. But it is time to return to nature, and learn from her actual solutions the recondite analysis of the more obscure problems of celestial and physical mechanics. In these researches there is one lesson, which cannot escape the profound observer. Every portion of the material universe is pervaded by the same laws of mechanical action, which are incorporated into the very constitution of the human mind. The solution of the problem of this universal presence of such a spiritual element is obvious and necessary. THERE IS ONE GOD, AND SCIENCE IS THE KNOWLEDGE OF HIM."

It is a remarkable proof of the real and rapid progress of Astronomy in our country, that the same publishing house should have issued almost simultaneously two costly works upon that science;* for a treatise on Analytical Mechanics is, in one sense, but a preparation for one on Celestial Mechanics. The translation of Gauss's Theoria Motus, by Captain Davis, is a very welcome addition to astronomical literature. The original volume was nearly out of print; and the language in which it was written is now but little used in scientific writings. But Gauss had so well solved the problem of determining the orbit of a heavenly body from three observed places, and of determining the orbit which would best satisfy any number of observations, that the lapse of half a century had only made it more certain that his work would ever remain the standard and classical treatise on the subject. Captain Davis has, therefore, to a faithful and elegant translation, simply added as an appendix whatever could be gathered from the labors of astronomers gleaning in this field so thoroughly harvested in the body of the work. Among these additions will be found not only contributions from European astronomers, such as Encke, Bessel, Gauss himself, Le Verrier, &c., but also important articles from Professor Peirce, and useful

* It should be emphatically stated that the publication of Professor Peirce's volume is due to the disinterested munificence of Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., the subscription having failed by six or seven hundred dollars of meeting the cost of publication, — a deficit which the sales of a quarter of a century would hardly replace.

tables from Professor Hubbard. The present edition leaves, indeed, nothing to be desired, everything of recognized value, in the computations of planetary and cometary orbits, being comprised within its covers. The expense of publication is borne partly by the Nautical Almanac and partly by the Smithsonian Institution.

Art. II. — 1. *The Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer.* By Samuel Smiles. Second Edition. London: John Murray. 1857. 8vo. pp. 528.

2. *The Same.* From the Fourth London Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858. 12mo. pp. 486.

Mr. Smiles's Memoir is worthily written, in a clear and flowing style, apt in illustrations of character, and presenting its subject as a truly great man, who won fame and fortune solely by untiring industry and dauntless integrity.

George Stephenson was born on the 9th of June, 1781, in the colliery village of Wylam, about eight miles west of Newcastle-on-Tyne. His parents, Robert and Mabel Stephenson, were an industrious, hard-working couple, who lived in a two-storied red-tiled building, portioned off into four laborers' dwellings, with unplastered walls, clay floors, and bare rafters exposed overhead. Their bread depended entirely on their daily wages, and, as an aged neighbor said of them to Mr. Smiles, "they had very little to come and go upon; they were honest folk, but sore haudden doon in the world." A tradition indeed existed that Robert Stephenson's father and mother came over the Scottish border after the loss of considerable property; but however that might be, their son remained always a humble workman to the end of his days. He was fireman of the pumping-engine at the Wylam Colliery, and thus it happened that George Stephenson's earliest recollections were of a steam-boiler. His father was an exceedingly amiable man, remembered in his own circle for his curious love of romance as

well as of nature. While tending his fire in the evenings, he always gathered around him a circle of the village boys and girls to listen to his wild stories of Robinson Crusoe and Sinbad the Sailor, with others of his own invention, so that "Bob's engine-fire" was always a favorite resort. He had also a strong affection for all kinds of birds and animals, and in the winter-time he usually had a flock of tame robins hopping about his fire, and picking up the crumbs which he saved for them from his scanty meals. His love of animated nature was inherited by his son George, who under more favorable circumstances might have become the first of England's naturalists, as he was the foremost of her engineers. But George Stephenson was the second of six children whom his father's hard earnings scarce sufficed to clothe and feed, and therefore the habits of the feathered tribe could be regarded only in his leisure hours. Of these he had but few, and the sole prospect for the boy was a life of penury and toil. In his childhood "he played about the doors; went bird-nesting when he could; and ran errands to the village." Then he was made to carry his father's dinner to him, and to take care of his younger brothers and sisters. None of the family ever went to school; food and fire were too dear for the luxury of learning, and he, with all the others, grew up without the slightest knowledge of books. One of his duties was to see that the younger children were kept out of the way of the coal-wagons, which were dragged by horses along the tram-road just in front of the cottage door. Wooden railways were early used in Northumberland, and on this very one, between the coal-pit and the loading-quay at Wylam, the first locomotive afterward regularly travelled. Thus, as the pumping-engine was one of George's earliest recollections, so the tram-road aided to shape his destiny. Eight years were so passed, when, the coal having been worked out on the north side, the engine was removed from Wylam to Dewley Burn, and the Stephensons followed, the father of the family still being employed as fireman. George now began to earn twopence a day from Grace Ainslie, a farmer's widow, by taking care of her cows, keeping them clear of the railroad track, and

barring the gates at night after all the coal-wagons had passed. He had plenty of spare time, which he spent in bird-nesting, and also in making little mills, which he erected in the streams which run into the Dewley bog. But his passion was for engines, which with a favorite playfellow he shaped from clay, the hemlock furnishing them with an abundance of imaginary steam-pipes. As he grew older he performed various labors, such as leading plough-horses, hoeing turnips, and other farm-work; but his highest ambition was to be taken at the colliery where his father was employed, and he was shortly hired there as a "corf-bitter," or "picker," to clear the coals of stones and dross. For this he was paid sixpence a day, and afterward eightpence, when he drove the gin-horse. But ever since he had begun to model his engines in the bog, his desire was to become a fireman, and great therefore was his exultation when, at about fourteen years of age, he was appointed assistant fireman, with the compensation of one shilling a day. He was afraid that he should be thought too young for his work, and used to relate how he was wont to hide from sight when the owner of the colliery went his rounds.

The coal at Dewley Burn being at length exhausted, the family again removed to Jolly's Close, a few miles to the south, near the village of Newburn, where another mine had been opened, styled "The Duke's Winnin," from the colliery's belonging to the Duke of Northumberland. Jolly's Close no longer exists, being covered over with an accumulation of rubbish, and few persons know that there ever was such a place. The Stephensons were now all earning something, their united wages being from thirty-five to forty shillings a week; but at that period, 1797 to 1802, it was very difficult for the working classes to subsist under the war-prices of all the necessaries of life. The family therefore were obliged to live in the humblest manner; and their poor cottage had but one apartment for parlor, kitchen, and sleeping-room. During this straitened season George continued to live with his parents at Jolly's Close, and when other workings of the coal were afterward opened in the neighborhood he was removed to one as fireman on his own account. This

post he filled for about two years, being regarded by his companions as a steady, industrious workman, and nothing more. When the Mid Mill Pit, to which he had been attached as fireman, was closed, he was sent to work another pumping-engine near Throckley Bridge; and while engaged at this place his wages were advanced to twelve shillings a week. On the Saturday afternoon when he learned his good fortune from the foreman, he announced it to his fellow-workmen, adding triumphantly, "I am now a made man for life."

When George was about seventeen years of age, he was sent to Water-row, about half a mile west of Newburn Church, to work a pumping-engine in connection with his father, who was still employed as fireman. George's post was that of plugman, and he was very young for so responsible a situation. His duty was to watch the engine, to see that it worked well, and that the pumps drew water efficiently. When the water level was so lowered that the suction was incomplete, he was obliged to go to the bottom of the shaft and plug the tube so that the pump should draw. If the engine stopped through any cause which he was unable to remedy, he was to call the chief engineer. But from the time of his appointment to the post, he made such a thorough study of his engine, that he very seldom was obliged to resort to any one for aid. He gained a complete insight into the machine, in his leisure hours often taking it to pieces, and examining all its details, so that he soon became absolute master of its workings.

So indigent, however, had his father's circumstances always been, that George had received no school instruction, and at the age of eighteen he could not read, and did not even know his letters. He now began to feel the serious disadvantages under which he labored, and determined to find leisure for study, though his work at the engine occupied twelve hours a day. He was stimulated in his desire of knowledge, by seeing how highly any one who could read was appreciated by his fellow-workmen. It was at the period of Napoleon's astounding victories in Italy, and every chance newspaper which found its way into Newburn village was eagerly seized, and attracted a large circle of listeners,

who gathered around the expounder of its contents. He was told, too, that the wonderful engines of Watt and Bolton, about which he heard so much and wished to know more, were all fully described in books. With such inducements, for three nights in each week he attended a school kept by Robin Cowens, a poor teacher in the village of Walbottle. He paid threepence a week, and, although his teacher was not very skilful, he soon learned to read, and at the age of nineteen was proud of being able to write his own name.

In the winter of 1799 he attended another night school, set up by a Scotch dominie, Andrew Robertson, who was a skilled arithmetician, and from him George soon acquired a knowledge of figures. The poor master became very proud of his pupil, and when the Water-row Pit closed, and Stephenson removed to Black Callerton, to work there, Robertson, not having much to do at Newburn, accompanied his scholars and continued his instructions. This was in the year 1801, when George, having learnt the art of "braking" the engine, was regularly appointed brakeman of the Dolly Pit, at advanced wages. He was now twenty years of age, earning from fifteen to twenty shillings a week by his regular work, to which about this time he added the art of shoe making and mending for his fellow-workmen. He became quite expert in this new calling, and on one occasion had the happiness of soling the shoes of his sweetheart, Fanny Henderson, a pretty, fine-tempered, and high-principled young woman, who was servant in a neighboring farm-house, and attracted Stephenson's attention by her good sense, modesty, and kind disposition. By these labors, Stephenson was enabled to save his first guinea, — no small achievement for a man in his station. He at the same time pursued his studies most diligently, finally outstripping his master in arithmetic, and improving so rapidly in chirography, that, on the occasion of his marriage, his signature in the parish register was traced in a good, legible round hand. His delight, when he took a little time for recreation, consisted in rambling about the fields and hedges for birds' nests, a pastime which he continued to enjoy all his life. He also excelled in all manner of athletic sports, such as throwing the hammer

and "putting" the stone, and on one occasion, peaceable as his disposition was, he found his practised strength of signal service in beating a noted bully of the colliery, who, dissatisfied at the manner in which Stephenson, as brakeman, drew him out of the pit, challenged him to a pitched battle. Stephenson met and soon worsted him.

At the period of his marriage, on the 28th of November, 1802, Stephenson, by dint of thrift and industry, was enabled to furnish a small house in a decent manner, at Willington Ballast Quay, on the north bank of the Tyne, about six miles below Newcastle, whither he had been transferred from Black Callerton. At this place he remained until 1804, happy in the society of his wife, studying the principles of mechanics so that he might master the laws by which his engine worked, and busying himself also, as many had done before him, on the problem of perpetual motion. His house having one day been injured by fire, and his clock so choked with soot that it stopped, he took it to pieces, repaired it, and acquired at once such knowledge of its mechanism that he became the best clock-repairer in the neighborhood, thus adding to his earnings. His son Robert, for many years prominent as the inheritor of his father's genius as an engineer, and familiar to many of our readers as the builder of the iron tubular bridge over Menai Strait, was born on the 16th of December, 1803. During the following year George Stephenson's home was made desolate by the death of his wife, whom he long and tenderly lamented. Just before this sad bereavement, he had again removed, to Killingworth, seven miles north of Newcastle; and it was while residing here that his great practical qualities as an engineer began to attract the notice of his employers, and that he slowly but surely laid the foundation of his fame as a workman and an inventor.

Soon after the death of his wife he received an invitation from some gentlemen engaged in large works near Montrose, in Scotland, to proceed thither and superintend the working of one of Bolton and Watt's engines. He accepted the offer, making the long journey to Scotland and back on foot, with his kit upon his back; and after being absent about a year, he returned to Killingworth, having saved £28 from his good

wages. On his arrival at home he found that his father had been deprived of sight, by a fellow-workman having accidentally turned a blast of steam into his face, as he was making repairs on the inside of an engine. Out of his savings George's first step was to pay his father's debts, amounting to some £15. He then placed him in a comfortable cottage, and entirely supported him for the rest of his life.

About this time, 1807–8, while employed as brakeman at the West Moor Pit, he does not appear to have been very sanguine as to his prospects in life. It was a period of great distress for working-people; enormous taxes were imposed upon nearly every article of consumption, and persons whose income amounted only to $250 a year were taxed ten per cent upon this sum. In 1808, almost every sixth person in England was a pauper, there being 1,234,000 persons maintained out of the poor-rates, to 7,636,000 who were not paupers. Fearful riots, suppressed only by military force, occurred in Manchester, Newcastle, and other manufacturing towns, growing out of the lowness of wages and the high price of bread. Such laborers as found employment were regularly mulcted of part of their scanty earnings, to support those who could find no work. In 1805, the gross forces of the United Kingdom amounted to 700,000 men; yet, in 1808, Lord Castlereagh carried a measure to enroll a local militia of 200,000. The drum and fife of the recruiting-sergeant were never silent, and at any moment men might be drafted into the militia, or seized by a press-gang. George Stephenson was one of those summarily drawn for the militia. The only alternative was to pay a considerable sum for a substitute, which he was just able to do with the residue of his little store. Almost in despair, he seriously thought of emigrating to America. One of his sisters, with her husband, was about to make the passage, and he doubtless would have accompanied them, but at the time he could not command sufficent money.

Stephenson gradually recovered from the loss of his little property, and went on in his quiet, steady, and systematic fashion, continually improving as a workman, gaining a local celebrity as an engineer, and devoting his evenings to the

study of the principles of mechanics. He continued also to mend shoes, make shoe-lasts, repair clocks, and even cut out clothes for the miners, by which occupations he was constantly earning little sums, and was enabled in a few years to save one hundred guineas. It may be inferred that he was a strictly temperate man, and, although never extreme in his views, he seldom drank at all at this period of his life. Several times his master, Mr. Dodds, had invited him to take a glass of ale in the forenoon, and he had done so; but on one occasion, when he had gone as far as the bar-room door, he made a sudden stop, and, turning to Mr. Dodds, said, "No, sir, you must excuse me, for I have made a resolution to drink no more at this time of day." He at once resolutely went back to his work, with the increased respect of his employer. He had before his eyes many examples of the ruinous effects of strong drink, and, besides, he was determined to waste nothing on himself, in his noble resolve to give his son every possible advantage of education.

In 1812, the engine-wright at Killingworth having been killed by an accident, Stephenson was appointed in his place, at a salary of one hundred pounds a year, and was also allowed the use of a horse on his visits of inspection to the collieries in the neighborhood, leased by the "Grand Allies." The "Grand Allies" were a company, consisting of Sir Thomas Liddell (afterward Lord Ravensworth), the Earl of Strathmore, and Mr. Stuart Wortley (afterward Lord Wharncliffe), the lessees of the Killingworth collieries. These gentlemen had heard much of Mr. Stephenson's abilities; they became his fast friends, and in after years were of eminent service to him. When the High Pit was sunk and the coal ready for working, Stephenson erected his first winding-engine to draw up the coals, and also a pumping-engine for another colliery, both of which proved perfectly successful. His house was now a complete museum of models and curious contrivances: he fastened his garden door in such an ingenious manner, that no one but himself could open it; he excited the wonder of all the women of the neighborhood by connecting their cradles with the smoke-jack, thus making them self-acting, and delighted the pitmen by attaching an alarum to

the clock of the watchman whose duty it was to call them in the morning. His rooms displayed miniature engines, self-acting planes, perpetual-motion machines, and a wonderful lamp, which burned under water, thus attracting fish, which were easily caught. He now thoroughly comprehended the steam-engine in its most abstruse and difficult combinations; he began to ponder much upon the locomotive, existing as yet but in embryo, and regarded by all but him as an impracticable and expensive toy; and he projected and laid down a self-acting incline along the declivity of the Willington Ballast Quay, so arranged that full wagons descending to the vessels drew up the emptied ones.

The education of his son Robert was now rapidly progressing at Newcastle school, and the father contrived to make his son's improvement further his own. The youth was also entered as a member of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, where he spent much of his leisure time in reading and studying, on Saturdays bringing home a volume of the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, or some other work affording a store of useful information to both father and son. The parent taught his child at an early age the principles of mechanical drawing. He was wont to say that a good plan should always explain itself, and, placing one before the boy, he would call upon him to describe its adjustment and action. Thus young Stephenson learned to read a drawing as he would read the page of a book, and they both acquired such facility as to understand at a glance all the details of the most complicated machine. The diligence of Mr. Stephenson and his son attracted the attention of the Rev. William Turner, one of the Secretaries of the Newcastle Society; he cheerfully and zealously helped them in their joint inquiries, and was of signal service in guiding them in their acquisition of scientific knowledge.

We may now turn aside from the direct course of Mr. Smiles's narrative, and before entering on George Stephenson's career as the perfecter of the locomotive and the famous railway constructor, advert to an episode in his life less known, but in which he displayed original and successful genius. We allude to his invention of the miner's safety-lamp, iden-

tical in its principle with the celebrated one of Sir Humphrey Davy, and which justly should have redounded far more to his fame than it ever has. The controversy regarding its priority of construction over that of the brilliant chemist,—a controversy into which Mr. Stephenson was most unwillingly dragged, which affected his peace of mind for a season, and which led to a bitter feeling between the friends of the rival claimants,—is an interesting one. As also illustrating Mr. Stephenson's varied attainments, it fully deserves mention. There are few scenes so terrific as a colliery explosion. Sometimes at mid-day, when everything appears calm and bright, when the miners are engaged in their subterranean labors, and their families above are busied with household duties, a sudden and awful cry of alarm carries terror to the hearts of hundreds, who rush from their dwellings in frantic haste as they learn that the mine is on fire. Hurrying to the mouth of the pit, they may find the explosion so violent that the flames are driven up the shaft high into the air as from a volcano, and that all attempts for the rescue of the sufferers are vain, as no one can descend into the mine. Days, and sometimes weeks afterward, when the fire is subdued, the charred bodies of the miners are brought to light, bearing witness of the fearful death they met, while their wives and children are cast upon the wide world without a protector. Such frightful casualties had made a deep impression on the minds of many benevolent persons, and, among others, Stephenson determined to devise, if possible, some means of greater safety to the working miners. One day in the year 1814, a workman hurried into his cottage to tell him that the deepest main of the colliery was on fire. He immediately hastened to the mouth of the pit, and, in that energetic voice of command which instantly secures obedience, ordered the engineman to lower him down the shaft. Those who saw the brave man descend, and heard the cries of agony below from the miners, never expected again to see him alive. As soon as he was at the bottom, in the midst of the workmen, who were paralyzed with fright, he leaped from the bucket, and called out, "Stand back! Are there six men among you who have courage enough

to follow me? If so, come, and we will put the fire out." The Killingworth men had learnt to place the utmost confidence in Stephenson, and they instantly volunteered to follow him. Bricks, mortar, and tools, at hand in every mine, were quickly seized, and a wall was raised at the entrance of the main, so that the atmospheric air was excluded, the fire extinguished, and the miners and mine preserved. Stephenson at once set to work with his experiments on fire-damp; but before he could fairly introduce his safety-lamp to the public, his brilliant competitor attracted the notice of the whole scientific world by the invention to which his own fame at once gave celebrity, and bore away the honors justly due to the Killingworth engine-wright.

The chief object to be attained by any one who desired to prevent accidents from fire-damp, was to devise a lamp that should give sufficient light, without communicating flame to the inflammable gas, which frequently accumulated in certain parts of the pit. Many attempts had been made with little success. One of them consisted of a steel wheel made to revolve in contact with flint, and thus to throw off a succession of sparks; but the apparatus always required one person to work it, it gave out a feeble light, and was liable to explode. In 1813, Dr. Clanny, of Sunderland, invented a lamp, which he supplied with air through water by means of a bellows, and which went out of itself in inflammable gas. It was found, however, too unwieldy to be used by the miners. A committee of gentlemen was formed at Sunderland, to investigate the cause of explosions, and at their suggestion Sir Humphrey Davy, then at the meridian of his fame, agreed to turn his attention to the matter. For this purpose he visited the collieries near Newcastle, on August 24th, 1815, and on the 9th of November of the same year he read his celebrated paper "On the Fire-Damp of Coal Mines, and on Methods of lighting the Mine so as to prevent its Explosion," before the Royal Society of London. It at once gave additional lustre to the brilliancy of his reputation, and was universally hailed as a splendid triumph of science. Here was a chemist who by experiment on a few phials of fire-damp, brought hundreds of miles from its mine, discovered that it would not burn

through tubes of a certain diameter, although atmospheric air freely passed through them, and, proceeding to multiply while he shortened the tubes, finally ascertained that an enclosure of wire-work was indeed but an aggregation of tubes, admitting the necessary air, excluding the fire-damp, and giving all the lamp required, and that the principle thus established in the laboratory of the Royal Institution would hold good in any colliery in the universe. Seldom, indeed, in so short a time, has the philosopher been rewarded by such a brilliant discovery. Sir Humphrey was forthwith hailed as a genius of almost superhuman intuition, and "the Davy" very shortly came into general use.

But what had George Stephenson been doing all this time? For several years before the attention of Sir Humphrey had been called to the matter, he was making experiments with fire-damp in the Killingworth mine itself, at the risk of his life. Many years afterward, when examined by a committee of the House of Commons, which sat on the subject of accidents in mines, he detailed the experiments connected with fire-damp which led him to the construction of his safety-lamp, and we give his own words: —

"I will give the Committee," said he, "my idea mechanically, because I knew nothing of chemistry at the time. Seeing the gas lighted up,* and observing the velocity with which the flame passed along the roof, my attention was drawn to the contriving of a lamp, seeing it required a given time to pass over a given distance. My idea of making a lamp was entirely on mechanical principles; and I think I shall be found entirely correct in my views, from mechanical reasoning. I knew well that the heated air from the fire drove round a smoke-jack, and that caused me to know that I could have a power from it. I also knew very well that a steam-engine chimney was built for the purpose of causing a strong current of air through the fire. Having these facts before me, and knowing the properties of heated air, I amused myself with lighting one of the blowers in the neighborhood of where I had to erect machinery. I had it on fire; the volume of flame was coming out the size of my two hands, but was not so large but that I could approach close to it. Holding my candle to the windward of the flame, I

* In order to make his experiments, he would set fire to the gas in the mine as it blew out of the fissure.

observed that it changed its color. I then got two candles, and again placed them to the windward of the flame; it changed color still more, and became duller. I got a number of candles, and placing them all to the windward, the blower ceased to burn. This then gave me the idea, that if I could construct my lamp so as, with a chimney at the top, to cause a current, it would never fire at the top of the chimney; and by seeing the velocity with which the ignited fire-damp passed along the roof, I considered that, if I could produce a current through tubes in a lamp equal to the current that I saw passing along the roof, I should make a lamp that could be taken into an explosive mixture without exploding externally."

On such a theory, Mr. Stephenson proceeded to embody his idea in a practical form, and in August, 1815, he requested his friend, Mr. Wood, the head viewer of the colliery, to make a drawing of the lamp according to his suggestions. This was done, and the lamp was constructed from the plan by Messrs. Hogg, tinmen, in Newcastle. On the 21st of October it was received from the makers, and taken to Killingworth for trial on the same day. Stephenson, with two or three friends, at once went down into the mine. They soon found where the fire-damp was, and his companions declined going further.

"Apprehensive of danger, they retired into a safe place, out of sight of the lamp, which gradually disappeared with its bearer, in the recesses of the mine. It was a critical moment; and the danger was such as would have tried the stoutest heart. Stephenson, advancing alone, with his yet untried lamp, in the depths of those underground workings, — calmly venturing his own life in the determination to discover a mode by which the lives of many might be saved and death disarmed in these fatal caverns, — presented an example of intrepid nerve and manly courage, more noble even than that which, in the excitement of a battle and the collective impetuosity of a charge, carries a man up to the cannon's mouth. Advancing to the place of danger, and entering within the fouled air, his lighted lamp in hand, Stephenson held it firmly out, in the full current of the blower, and within a few inches of its mouth! Thus exposed, the flame of the lamp at first increased, and then flickered and went out; but there was no explosion of the gas. Stephenson returned to his companions, who were still at a distance, and told them what had occurred. Having now acquired somewhat more confidence, they advanced with him to a point from which they could observe him repeat his experiment, — but still at

a safe distance. They saw that when the lighted lamp was held within the explosive mixture, there was a great flame; the lamp was almost full of fire; and then it smothered out. Again returning to his companions, he relighted the lamp, and repeated the experiment. This he did several times, with the same result. At length Wood and Moodie ventured to advance close to the fouled part of the pit; and, in making some of the later trials, Mr. Wood himself held up the lighted lamp to the blower. Such was the result of the first experiments with the *first practical Miner's Safety-Lamp;* and such the daring resolution of its inventor in testing its valuable qualities."

It should be borne in mind, that this trial of the lamp was made on the 21st of October, and that Sir Humphrey Davy did not read his paper to the Royal Society until the 9th of November following. But when Mr. Stephenson's friends attempted to substantiate his claim to priority of invention, they were met by a shout of indignation and derision. What chance, indeed, had the humble engine-wright, as yet scarce heard of half a mile from home, except to a few such gentlemen as the Earls of Ravensworth and of Strathmore, in competition with the brilliant Davy, whose discoveries had astonished all Europe, the courted of London drawing-rooms, whose lectures attracted the most aristocratic peeresses of the realm, and were attended by Coleridge that their eloquence might "increase his stock of metaphors"? In many points the controversy between the two inventors bears resemblance to the famous one of Newton and Leibnitz as to the Differential and Integral Calculus, or to that of later times regarding the discovery of the planet Neptune by Adams and Le Verrier; as, in both these instances, the merits of one discoverer did not derogate in the least from that of the other. Sir Humphrey Davy had never heard Stephenson's name, and no doubt felt himself very justly annoyed at having his invention claimed, regarding it, as he naturally might, as one of his greatest scientific triumphs. Mr. Stephenson probably did know that Sir Humphrey was experimenting, though in what way he was of course ignorant; but when the Davy lamp was first exhibited to the coal-miners at Newcastle, some of them exclaimed, "Why, it is the same as Stephenson's." The two men had struck upon the same idea hundreds of miles apart,

Davy scientifically, Stephenson mechanically; but no degree of acrimonious zeal in the partisans of either could ever elicit the slightest proof that they had not independently arrived at the same safety-lamp, and were in consequence equally deserving of the honor. But Stephenson did invent his lamp before Sir Humphrey Davy produced his, as may be shown by irrefragable testimony, and therefore he in his turn felt aggrieved when, at a meeting of coal-miners and others, resolutions were passed in honor of the chemist, not for "the invention of *his* safety-lamp," as at first drafted, but for "his invention of *the* safety-lamp." This was giving the whole honor to Sir Humphrey Davy, and allowing Mr. Stephenson none; and accordingly the friends of the latter gentleman proceeded to assert his claims as the original inventor. They were outvoted, however, and the sum of £2,000 was raised to be presented to Sir Humphrey, £100 being assigned at the same time to Mr. Stephenson. This being very unsatisfactory to the inventor as well as to his partisans, a subscription was commenced in 1817, and a committee formed by the Earl of Strathmore, Mr. Brandling, and other influential gentlemen, for the purpose of presenting Mr. Stephenson with some adequate testimonial. The list was headed by the Earl of Ravensworth with one hundred guineas, and on the 18th of January, 1818, the handsome sum of £1,000 and a silver tankard were presented at a public dinner in the assembly-rooms at Newcastle. This was no more than Mr. Stephenson's due; but what said Sir Humphrey Davy when he heard of the matter? He characterized the proceedings as "infamous," accused Stephenson of having "pirated" his invention, and denounced the engine-wright's own invention as "a gross imposture." Davy was the spoiled child of success and fashion; he displayed ill-temper and a pretentious hauteur to rivals on more than one occasion, and was quite wanting in that generosity which should accompany true greatness. Forty years and more have elapsed since the invention of the lamps and the controversy to which they gave rise; all bitterness of feeling has long since passed away, and we should not have recurred to the dispute, but from a sincere desire to place the claims of Mr. Stephenson in a proper light. It should be remarked,

that, although his lamp never came into general use, as Sir Humphrey's did, yet it is still employed, and in extreme danger regarded as the safer of the two; for where "the Davy" in excessive fire-damp explodes, "the Geordy" lamp is extinguished.

Railways and locomotives, however, claimed Mr. Stephenson's principal attention; and for the greater part of his life he regarded all his other occupations as subordinate. Although railroads had been in use in the mining districts for a long period, they were still considered as of merely local value for the easier conveyance of heavy burdens. As a means of transporting passengers they had not been dreamed of, and indeed for all practical purposes were still in their infancy. As early as 1630, one Master Beaumont laid down wooden rails between his coal-pits near Newcastle and the river Tyne. Similar wagon-roads came into use in other parts of the country; and the first iron rails are supposed to have been laid down at Whitehaven in 1738. Improvements were slowly made, and in 1800 Mr. Benjamin Outram, of Little Eaton, in Derbyshire, used stone props instead of timber for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails. These roads soon became known as "Outram roads," and afterward simply as "tram-roads." We cannot take time to detail all the successive improvements on railroads up to the time when locomotives came into use, nor all those attending steam-carriage building. The first actual model of a locomotive of which there is any written account was made by a Frenchman named Cugnot, who exhibited it to the Marshal de Saxe in 1763. A second one which he made for the king is now preserved in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. It was considered too dangerous a monster to be trusted, as when set in motion it rushed forward and knocked down a wall, after which it was shut up. Oliver Evans, an American inventor, constructed in 1772 a steam-carriage to travel on common roads, and in 1787 he obtained from the State of Maryland the exclusive right to make and use such carriages. His invention, however, never came into practical play, and to this day no attempt at using locomotives except on railroads has ever fairly succeeded.

The first English model of a steam-carriage was made in 1784, by William Murdoch, a friend of Watt. It was on the high-pressure principle, it ran on three wheels, and the boiler was heated by a spirit-lamp. It was only a little more than a foot high, and on one occasion was tried at night by its inventor, after returning from his duties at Redruth Mine in Cornwall. It was on the walk leading to the church that the little machine was placed, and, steam having been raised, it started off and ran ahead of its owner. He soon heard cries of terror, and at length coming up with it, he found that it had nearly frightened the clergyman out of his wits, he believing that the hissing, fiery little monster was the evil one himself. In 1802, Richard Trevethick constructed a high-pressure locomotive for common roads, in which decided improvements were made on any built before it, and which performed its work with considerable success. It having attracted much interest in the remote district, near Land's End, where it was constructed, it was determined to take it to London for exhibition. Accordingly, Trevethick and his cousin, Andrew Vivian, set out with it to Plymouth, whence it was to be shipped to London. Coleridge relates that, as it was proceeding along the high-road at the top of its speed, Vivian, who saw a toll-gate ahead, called to Trevethick to shut off steam. He at once did so, but the momentum was so great that the machine did not stop until it came just up with the gate, which was opened like lightning by the keeper. "'What have us got to pay here?' asked Vivian. The poor toll-man, trembling in every limb, his teeth chattering in his head, essayed a reply — 'Na-na-na-na- — ' 'What have us got to pay, I say?' 'No-noth-nothing to pay! My de-dear Mr. Devil, do drive on as fast as you can! Nothing to pay!'" The machine was duly exhibited in London; but the badness of the English roads at that time rendered it impossible to bring the steam-carriage into general use, and, after showing it in the metropolis as a curiosity, Trevethick abandoned it as a practical failure. In 1804, he constructed another steam-carriage to be used upon a railway in South Wales, and on its first trial it succeeded in drawing several wagons, containing ten tons of bar-iron, and attained a speed of about five miles

an hour. But this also proved a practical failure, was never employed to do regular work, and was abandoned after a few experiments. The cast-iron road was then very slight in its construction, and was champed up by the jolting motion of the locomotive. Trevethick was a volatile genius, who, although possessed of great ingenuity, soon grew tired of his projects, and wanted that perseverance which was the distinguishing characteristic of Stephenson. His idea was, and it long prevailed with other engineers, that, if any heavy weight were placed behind the engine, the grip or "bite" of the smooth wheels of the locomotive upon the equally smooth iron rail would be so slight that the wheels would slip around, and he recommended that they should be made rough by the projection of nuts or bolts. This was tried, and the progress of the machine was, in consequence, but a succession of jolts, which would have worn out the road in a short time.

The presumed difficulty of securing the proper "bite" on the rails led Mr. Blenkinsop of Leeds, in 1811, to take out a patent for a racked or toothed rail, to be laid along on one side of the road, into which the toothed wheel of the locomotive should work. The boiler of the engine was supported by a carriage with four toothless wheels, acting independently of the machinery, and progress was effected by means of the cogged wheels working into the cogged rail. The locomotive was improved by having two cylinders instead of one. Mr. Blenkinsop's machines began to run on the railroad, about three miles and a half long, between the Middleton collieries and the town of Leeds, on the 12th of August, 1812, and for many years were considered the greatest curiosities of the neighborhood. In 1816, they attracted the admiration of the Grand Duke Nicholas, of Russia, as one of them dragged not less than thirty coal-wagons, at a speed of three miles and a quarter an hour.

The Messrs. Chapman of Newcastle also, in 1812, patented a locomotive, with the design to overcome the fancied difficulty of want of adhesion between the wheel and the rail, by means of a chain stretched along the road from end to end. This chain was passed once around a grooved barrel-

wheel, under the centre of the engine, so that when the wheel turned, the machine, as it were, dragged itself along the railway. It was found very clumsy, expensive, and difficult to keep in repair. Another inventor, Mr. Brunton of Derbyshire, in 1813, patented a locomotive which he called a "Mechanical Traveller," to go *upon legs*, working alternately like those of a horse. This extraordinary machine never got beyond an experimental state; for in one of its early trials it blew up and killed several persons.

Mr. Blackett of Wylam made persevering efforts in this direction, built several engines, and was not disheartened by repeated failures. The first machine constructed for him proved one of the most awkward imaginable. It had a single cylinder, six inches in diameter, with a fly-wheel at one side to aid in carrying the cranks over the dead points, and was described as having "lots of pumps, cog-wheels, and plugs, requiring constant attention while at work." It weighed about six tons, and after a vast deal of labor it was got upon the road, where it would not move an inch, although placed on a frame with four wheels detached from the machinery. When this was set in motion it flew all to pieces, and the useless engine was taken off the road and sold. Another one, subsequently made, was not much more satisfactory, as it sometimes took six hours to travel the five miles from the colliery to the shipping place at Lemington. It frequently ran off the track and stuck; its plugs, pumps, and cranks constantly fell into disorder, and horses were often sent to draw it along when it gave out. In short, the workmen cursed the locomotive as "a perfect plague." Mr. Blackett, however, did signal service, in proving beyond doubt, by his experiments, that the weight of the engine would be of itself sufficient to produce adhesion enough to enable it to drag after it on a smooth tram-road the requisite number of wagons in any kind of weather. Thus the fallacy which had so long prevailed about the necessity of racks and toothed wheels, endless chains and "legs," was completely dissipated.

In order to diminish the noise of the waste steam, which caused great annoyance in frightening horses, it had been turned by the workmen into the chimneys of both Treve-

thick's and Blackett's engines, without the least idea, however, that in so doing, under proper regulations, the power of the engine was vastly increased. It was reserved for George Stephenson to demonstrate the value of the steam-blast, and to prove that in fact it forms the very life-blood of the locomotive engine.

Meanwhile, Stephenson was anxiously brooding over this same subject at Killingworth. As soon as he became engine-wright of the collieries, his attention was directed to the subject of coal-transportation, and he determined to endeavor to devise means to facilitate the transit. In the first place, he proceeded to make himself thoroughly acquainted with what had previously been done. Accordingly he lost no opportunity of studying every part of Blackett's and Trevethick's engines at work on the Wylam tram-way, and, after carefully observing them, he did not hesitate to declare that he himself could make a much better engine than Trevethick's, — one that would draw more steadily and work at less cost. He also minutely inspected one of Blenkinsop's Leeds engines, which was placed on the tram-way leading from the collieries of Kenton and Coxlodge, on the 2d of September, 1813, and drew sixteen chaldron wagons, containing about seventy tons' weight, at a rate of about three miles an hour. It was, however, found very unsteady and costly in working, it pulled the rails to pieces, its entire strain coming on the rack rail on one side, which was deemed indispensable, and the boiler shortly blew up.

An efficient and economical locomotive engine still remained to be invented, and Mr. Stephenson applied himself to the production of one, as yet probably with little idea of the immense impetus it would give to travel, or of its benefits to society. He brought the subject of his "Travelling Engine" to the notice of the lessees of the Killingworth Colliery in 1813, and was authorized by Lord Ravensworth, the principal partner, who had formed a very high opinion of Stephenson's capabilities, both above and below ground, to construct one, his lordship advancing the money for it. Many serious difficulties were to be overcome before the work could be completed, the greatest trouble consisting in the

scarcity of good machinists at that time, they being almost exclusively confined to Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, and London; while the tools in use about the collieries were of the rudest order. At length, after ten months had elapsed, the locomotive emerged from the shops at the West Moor.

"The boiler was cylindrical, eight feet in length, and thirty-four inches in diameter, with an internal flue tube twenty inches wide passing through the boiler. The engine had two vertical cylinders of eight inches diameter and two feet stroke let into the boiler, working the propelling gear with cross heads and connecting rods. The power of the two cylinders was continued by means of spurwheels, which communicated the motive power to the wheels supporting the engine on the rail, instead of, as in Blenkinsop's engine, to cogwheels which acted on the cogged rail independent of the four supporting wheels. This adoption of spur gear was the chief peculiarity of the new engine: it worked upon what is termed the second motion. The chimney was of wrought iron, around which was a chamber extending back to the feed-pumps, for the purpose of heating the water previous to its injection into the boiler. The engine had no springs whatever, and was mounted upon a wooden frame supported on four wheels. In order, however, to neutralize as much as possible the jolts and shocks which such an engine would naturally encounter from the obstacles and inequalities of the then very imperfect plateway, the water-barrel which served for a tender was fixed to the end of a lever and weighted, the other end of the lever being connected with the frame of the locomotive carriage. By this means the weight of the two was more equally distributed, though the contrivance did not by any means compensate for the total absence of springs."

The wheels of the new engine were all smooth, as Mr. Stephenson was early convinced that there would be sufficient adhesion between the smooth wheel and an edge rail. He had verified his theory by many experiments, and when his engine was placed on the Killingworth Railway, on the 25th of July, 1814, its powers were tried at once. On an ascending grade of 1 in 450 the engine drew eight loaded carriages of thirty tons' weight at about four miles an hour. It was the most successful machine yet constructed, but still was very clumsy and imperfect. The economical result was not flattering, and at the end of a year steam-power and horse-power were found to be nearly equal in point of cost. The

speed of the engine, too, was not greater than that of a horse's walk, and it could not on an average, with a train of wagons, exceed three miles an hour. At this juncture, when its very existence depended on its speed, Mr. Stephenson invented the steam-blast, and at once doubled the power of the locomotive.

Although the waste steam from the engine had been turned into the chimneys of Trevethick's and Blackett's engines, as already stated, it was done merely with a view to lessening the frightful noise it caused. But Mr. Stephenson's attention was called to the circumstance of the much greater velocity with which the steam escaped, than that with which the smoke issued from the chimney of the engine, and he determined to try the effect of conducting the eduction steam into the chimney, and there allowing it to escape in a vertical direction, by doing which he felt assured that the draft would be greatly increased and the power of generating steam augmented. No sooner was the trial made, than Stephenson found to his delight that his theory was the true one, and in his hands the locomotive began to show the powers of a young giant. He then, perceiving the numerous defects of his first engine, went to work to contrive a second one, and in 1815 he succeeded in building a steam-carriage which included the following important improvements upon all attempts in the same direction, namely: "simple and direct communication between the cylinder and the wheels rolling upon the rails; joint adhesion of all the wheels, attained by the use of horizontal connecting rods; and finally, a beautiful method of exciting the combustion of the fuel by employing the waste steam, which had formerly been allowed uselessly to escape into the air."

It would occupy much more space than we can command to detail all the successive steps by which Mr. Stephenson improved the railway as well as the locomotive. He found the rails in a very imperfect state, loosely put together, easily deranged, and liable to be soon worn out, and in 1816 he, in company with Mr. Losh, a rich iron-manufacturer, took out a patent for an improved rail and chair, which were found of great use in facilitating locomotion. The wheels of the engine, too, were altered from cast to malleable iron, by which they were made lighter, as well as more durable and safe.

Before springs for locomotives were invented, or even deemed practicable, Mr. Stephenson contrived an ingenious arrangement, by which the steam generated in the boiler was made to perform this important office.

"He so arranged the boiler of his new patent locomotive that it was supported upon the frame of the engine by four cylinders, which opened into the interior of the boiler. These cylinders were occupied with pistons with rods, which passed downwards and pressed upon the upper sides of the axles. The cylinders opening into the interior of the boiler, allowed the pressure of steam to be applied to the upper side of the piston; and that pressure being nearly equivalent to one fourth of the weight of the engine, each axle, whatever might be its position, had at all times nearly the same amount of weight to bear, and consequently the entire weight was at all times pretty equally distributed amongst the four wheels of the locomotive. Thus the four floating pistons were ingeniously made to serve the purpose of springs in equalizing the weight, and in softening the jerks of the machine."

This contrivance was used until steel springs strong enough for steam-carriages could be made. The excellence of Mr. Stephenson's work is proved by the fact that his engines made as far back as 1816 are still in daily use on the Killingworth railway.

While he was thus employed, the education of his son was not neglected; and perceiving his eminent capabilities for the profession of an engineer, he determined to give him every advantage with this end in view. He remembered his own early struggles and the labor which his knowledge had cost him, and in the year 1820 he sent his son to the Edinburgh University, where he made the most rapid progress, attending the natural history classes of Jameson, the chemical lectures of Dr. Hope, and those on natural philosophy by Sir John Leslie. This six months' study cost his father £ 80, a large sum for him in those days; but he was amply repaid by his son's gaining the prize for mathematics, as well as by his subsequent distinguished career.

By this time Mr. Stephenson was not left alone to muse over the probabilities of steam locomotion; for several railway pioneers began to attract public attention. Bold men indeed they were, who first advocated railroads as superior to com-

mon highways, and no class of men were ever called to endure heavier showers of abuse and ridicule. Several of these gentlemen, such as William James, Edward Pease, and Thomas Gray, were thoroughly convinced of the feasibility of railroads for the transportation both of passengers and of freight, and were continually projecting enterprises, often with large losses of money, calling public attention to the subject, writing pamphlets, and talking perpetually of the iron way. Gray especially was indefatigable, and is thus spoken of by William Howitt: "Begin where you would, on whatever subject — the weather, the news, the political movement or event of the day — it would not be many minutes before you would be enveloped with steam, and listening to an harangue on the practicability and immense advantages, to the nation and to every man in it, of 'a general iron railway.'" In short, he unfolded to every one he could seize by the button his extraordinary scheme. He talked of railroads, until friends who saw him coming hid from him as a bore, and he wrote of railroads until readers declared him mad. A universal jubilee in his opinion was soon to take place, when the whole world should go "whirr! whirr! all by wheels! — whiz! whiz! all by steam!"

While such men had need of all their courage, George Stephenson was doing more than they, by building good railways, and efficient steam-carriages to work upon them. In 1819, the directors of the Hetton Colliery in the county of Durham determined to have their wagon-way changed to a locomotive railroad, as they found the working of the Killingworth road altogether satisfactory. The Hetton road was about eight miles long, part of it crossing one of the highest hills in the district. Over such grades as the locomotive could not surmount, stationary engines of sixty horse-power did the work, and the steam-carriage effected the rest. On the 18th of November, 1822, the day of opening the road, crowds of spectators were assembled to witness the working of the new and powerful machinery, which was altogether successful. On that occasion, five of Stephenson's locomotives were on the road, each engine dragging seventeen loaded wagons, weighing about sixty-four tons.

In 1821, the project of a tram-road between Liverpool and Manchester began to be seriously talked of, especially at Liverpool, canal accommodation being altogether inadequate. The rapidity of the increase of trade between these places then seemed marvellous. In nine years the quantity of cotton sent from one town to another had increased by 50,000,000 pounds' weight. Up to this time, the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and the Irwell and Mersey navigation, had chiefly supplied the means of transport; but the vast demands of the trade now were tenfold in advance of their capabilities. Cotton lay sometimes at Liverpool a much longer time than it had occupied in crossing the Atlantic. Carts and wagons were tried in addition to the water-ways, without success; and when the canals were frozen, business came to a stand-still. At length a few gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Pease, went out to inspect the ground near Liverpool, at the point at which it was deemed advisable to bring in the tram-road. The surveyors at once had to contend with popular ignorance, inflamed by absurd reports concerning the nature of railways. They were hooted at, pelted with stones, driven off the field, in short, forced to desist from their survey. At several places the same obstacles were thrown in their way; men were stationed at the field-gates with pitchforks, and even with guns; they seized one chainman and threatened to hurl him down a coal-pit, and ran a pitchfork into the back of another as he was climbing over a gate. But of all the instruments, the theodolite excited the greatest rage, being regarded as some newly invented field-piece, intended to sweep everything before it. A powerful bruiser was hired to protect it, but one day a St. Helen's collier attacked him, and was soundly pummelled, when the natives came to his aid, poured in a volley of stones on the surveyors, and demolished the theodolite. In some places the engineers were under the necessity of proceeding with their work in the early dawn, before the people were abroad. Chat Moss, an enormous bog across which the line was carried, — at one period regarded as no more practicable for such a project than the Goodwin Sands, but now indissolubly connected with the fame of Mr. Stephenson, — was surveyed by placing hurdles upon it. In the mean time Mr.

James and other gentlemen had examined Stephenson's locomotives, were entirely convinced of their economical working and powerful aid to transportation, and made every endeavor to secure their adoption on newly projected roads.

The act authorizing the construction of the Stockton and Darlington Railway was passed in Parliament before that touching the Liverpool and Manchester line was reached, and one day, near the end of the year 1821, Stephenson and his friend Nicholas Wood, viewer at Killingworth, called at Mr. Pease's house in Darlington. Mr. Pease was one of the most influential railway pioneers in the kingdom, a member of the Society of Friends, and one of the principal shareholders in the new line. Stephenson brought with him a strong letter of introduction from Mr. Lambert, the manager at Killingworth, and the result of it was that Mr. Pease examined the locomotives at that place, was entirely satisfied with them, and, moreover, so pleased with Stephenson as to procure his appointment to re-survey the line. This he accomplished in about six weeks, going over every foot of ground himself, and being aided in the work by his son Robert. His labors showed that, by certain deviations, a line shorter by about three miles might be constructed, at a considerable saving in expense, and with more favorable gradients. Mr. Stephenson was then directed to prepare the specifications for rails and chairs, and to enter into contracts for the supply of stone and wooden blocks on which to lay them. The first rail of the Stockton and Darlington Railway was laid with considerable ceremony on the 23d of May, 1822. The next year the act was amended, and, at Stephenson's urgent request, Mr. Pease had a clause inserted, enabling the railway to work by means of locomotive engines for the transportation of passengers as well as merchandise. Mr. Pease gave a stronger proof of his faith in steam-carriages by entering into partnership with Stephenson, in the following year, for the establishment of a locomotive foundery and workshop in Newcastle. The second Stockton and Darlington act was passed in 1823, not without much opposition, and Mr. Stephenson was appointed the company's engineer at a salary of £ 300 per annum.

Stephenson now found himself in his proper place, and

he was indefatigable in fulfilling its duties. In adjusting the grades, he took all the sights himself with the spirit-level, working from the dawn of day until dusk, and charging his attendants, when the day's work was done and they had to walk several miles to their lodgings, to be sure to be on the ground next morning at dawn.

Many things were left to his judgment; among others, the width of gauge, which was virtually determined by the width of the first tram-roads, which were 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. As the time for opening the line approached, the question of its tractive power was much discussed. At one part of the line, the Brusselton incline, fixed engines were of necessity to be made use of, and these were completed by young Robert Stephenson previously to his departure for South America in 1824. It was also thought that horses should be largely employed, and arrangements were made for purchasing them, while at the same time it was decided that locomotives should have a thorough trial. Three, ordered from George Stephenson & Co., were accordingly placed upon the road, and, when put to the top of their speed, ran at the rate of from twelve to sixteen miles an hour; but they were better adapted for the heavy work of hauling coal trains at low speed. At the time of their adoption, the directors did not contemplate their use in connection with passengers, and indeed for human travel never dreamed of their entering into competition with the stage-coaches. But Mr. Stephenson looked more clearly into the future. One day at Stockton, having made a tour of inspection with his son and another friend, after dinner he ventured upon the unusual measure of ordering in a bottle of wine to drink success to the new railway.

"'Now, lads,' said he to the two young men, 'I will tell you that I think you will live to see the day, though I may not live so long, when railways will come to supersede almost all other methods of conveyance in this country, — when mail-coaches will go by railway, and railroads will become the Great Highway for the king and all his subjects. The time is coming when it will be cheaper for a working man to travel on a railway than to walk on foot. I know there are great and almost insurmountable difficulties that will have to be encountered; but what I have said will come to pass as sure as we live.

I only wish I may live to see the day, though that I can scarcely hope for, as I know how slow all human progress is, and with what difficulty I have been able to get the locomotive adopted, notwithstanding my more than ten years' successful experiment at Killingworth.'"

The Stockton and Darlington road was opened on the 27th of September, 1825, and a vast concourse of people assembled to behold the ceremony, — most of them from genuine curiosity, some few in intelligent faith; not a few came prepared to see "the bubble burst," while the croakers would not of course lose the sight, most gratifying as it would prove to them, of an exploded boiler, with a few persons killed and wounded. These last were intensely disappointed. The proceedings commenced at the Brusselton incline, about nine miles above Darlington, when the fixed engine drew a train of loaded wagons up the incline from the west, and lowered them on the east side. At the foot of the incline a locomotive was waiting with Mr. Stephenson as driver. Then came six wagons loaded with coals and flour; then the passenger-coach filled with the directors and their friends; and then twenty-one wagons with temporary seats for passengers, followed finally by six wagon-loads of coal; in all, a train of thirty-eight vehicles.

"The signal being given," said a newspaper, "the engine started off with this immense train of carriages; and such was its velocity, that in some parts the speed was frequently 12 miles an hour; and at that time the number of passengers was counted to be 450, which, together with the coals, merchandise, and carriages, would amount to near 90 tons. The engine, with its load, arrived at Darlington, a distance of $8\frac{3}{4}$ miles, in 65 minutes. The six wagons loaded with coals, intended for Darlington, were then left behind; and, obtaining a fresh supply of water and arranging the procession to accommodate a band of music, and numerous passengers from Darlington, the engine set off again, and arrived at Stockton in 3 hours and 7 minutes, including stoppages, the distance being nearly 12 miles.

This announcement may appear very absurd to the reader in 1858; but it recorded a grand achievement in 1825. No sooner was the line in working order, than its results astonished even the most sanguine of its projectors, and they found traffic flowing in upon them that they had never dreamed of.

When the bill was before Parliament, Mr. Lambton, afterward Earl of Durham, succeeded in having a clause inserted limiting the freight of all coals to Stockton-on-Tees, for the purpose of shipment, to one half-penny per ton per mile, while that for local use was allowed fourpence per ton. Mr. Lambton of course did this to protect his own coals, and the directors of the Stockton road considered it a ruinous rate. But this rate, so far from crippling the road, as Mr. Lambton intended it should, proved its very vital element, and in the course of a few years the annual shipment of coal from the road exceeded 500,000 tons.

Other results followed. It was not till the work was in progress that a passenger car was thought of, and a very rude one was constructed as an "Experiment," and indeed was thus named. It at once became so popular, that large numbers of passengers presented themselves, and it not only succeeded itself, but revived on the high-road a stage-coach which had been starved off for want of support. In a very short time several passenger-cars were placed upon the railway, drawn by horses, and let out to coaching companies.

But the most remarkable effect of the Stockton and Darlington line was the creation of the town of Middlesborough-on-Tees. In 1825, when the railroad was opened, the site of this place was occupied by a solitary farm-house. But when the coal-export trade was started on its gigantic growth, Mr. Pease, with a few of his Quaker friends, bought five or six hundred acres of land five miles below Stockton for the purpose of forming there a new seaport. The locality was rapidly changed; churches, chapels, schools, banks, ship-yards, a custom-house, and a mechanics' institute, soon came into existence; and in 1845 more than 500,000 tons of coal were shipped in the nine-acre dock, and 15,000 persons now occupy the site of the original farm-house and its grounds.

During the progress of the Stockton road, Mr. Stephenson laid the foundation of a locomotive-factory at Newcastle, which has since grown into an immense establishment, and turned out many of the most powerful steam-carriages in the world. In 1824 the project of the Liverpool and Manchester line was revived, and its projectors prepared for a pitched

battle with "vested rights," aristocratic landholders, popular ignorance, and official red-tapists. In the first place, they waited on the Duke of Bridgewater's canal agent, Mr. Bradshaw, in the hope of inducing him to increase the means of conveyance or reduce the charges; he refused to do either. They then proposed to him to take some shares in the new railway, and he answered, "All or none." Well might the canal proprietors cling to their monopoly; and they rejoiced in the prospect of enjoying for ever their enormous dividends. Of their undertakings a single one (the Old Quay) had paid to its thirty-nine proprietors every two years for half a century the total amount of their original investment, and the income from the Duke's canal amounted to not less than £100,000 per annum. As for the projected railway, the canal owners laughed at it; it was proposed years ago, and ended in talk, and so it would again.

The Liverpool and Manchester merchants, however, were determined to submit to the extortion of the canal companies no longer. The first prospectus of the scheme was dated the 29th of October, 1824, and the estimated expense of building a double-track line between the two cities was put down at £400,000 sterling. This sum proved far too small. A subscription list was opened, and four thousand shares of £100 each were at once subscribed. No one person was to hold more than ten shares; but had the amount required been four million pounds, it would have been readily subscribed. Three journeys were made by the projectors to Killingworth, in order to examine Mr. Stephenson's locomotives, and, after thorough scrutiny, that gentleman was invited to undertake the survey of the road. In this, as in the case of the Stockton and Darlington road, he met with great opposition, especially from the Earl of Derby and Lord Sefton, and from officials at the place where the line crossed the Duke of Bridgewater's canal. The Duke's farmers obstinately refused permission to enter their fields, and they were backed by Mr. Bradshaw. Stephenson was obliged to perform a great deal of the survey by stealth, while the people were at dinner. When the canal companies found that the Liverpool merchants were determined to push on their road in spite of all obstacles, they

endeavored to effect a compromise by offering steam navigation on the Mersey and on the canals. The offers were too late: the railroad projectors had gone too far in their scheme to recede, and arrangements were made for proceeding with the bill in the Parliamentary session of 1825. When this was known, the "vested rights" men set no bounds to their rage. They flooded the country with pamphlets, and hired newspapers to vilify the railway. The most extravagant stories were circulated. The construction of the road would prevent cows from grazing and hens from laying eggs. The noxious air from the locomotive chimneys would kill birds as they flew over them, and it would no longer be possible to keep up the game-preserves. Houses near the line would be burned. Horses would be driven out of use, and if railroads were extended the species would be annihilated, and oats and hay be unsalable commodities. All travel would be at the risk of destruction, country inns would be closed and fall to ruin, boilers would blow up and kill all the passengers, — in short, none of the prophets of old foretold more fearful things to come. But there was always this comfort, — the locomotive was so heavy that it never could move, and therefore, even if the road were made, it could never be worked by steam-power. Indeed, many sensible persons, not in the least influenced by these hired scribblers, regarded the new railroad as one of the mere speculations of the moment; for it was a period of the most extravagant scheming, "when balloon companies proposed to work passenger traffic through the air at forty miles an hour, and when road companies projected carriages to run on turnpikes at twelve miles an hour, with relays of bottled gas instead of horses."

The Liverpool and Manchester bill went into committee of the House of Commons on the 21st of March, 1825. An extraordinary array of legal talent was marshalled on the occasion, especially for the opponents of the measure. Evidence was taken at great length, and it was the 21st of April before the committee came to the engineering evidence, which was the most important part of the question. On the 25th of the month, Mr. Stephenson was called into the witness-box, which he styled "that most unpleasant of all

positions," and was examined and cross-examined with all the care which astute counsel so well know how to employ. He narrated his whole experience relating to locomotives, honestly and fearlessly, undismayed by the sneers and badgering of the lawyers, some of whom, on account of his Northumbrian accent, declared him a foreigner, and others pronounced him "mad" when he avowed his ability to build a locomotive which could run twelve miles an hour. One of the learned counsel thought to pose him by asking, "Suppose, now, one of these engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of the engine; would not that, think you, be a very awkward circumstance?" "Yes," replied Mr. Stephenson, "very awkward indeed—*for the coo!*" The learned counsel asked no more questions.

The principal difficulty in the way of the construction of the road was presumed to lie in Chat Moss, which might be likened more to the Slough of Despond in Pilgrim's Progress than to anything else, and which indeed was a formidable barrier, as we shall soon see. Mr. Giles, a civil engineer of twenty-two years' experience, pronounced the construction of a road across this bog impossible; Mr. Stephenson, in an examination of three days, maintained its feasibility. The counsel for and against the road summed up in long and powerful speeches, and on a division the first clause, empowering the company to make the road, was lost by a vote of nineteen to thirteen. In the same manner, the next clause, empowering the company to take land, was lost, on which the promoters withdrew their bill. Nothing daunted, however, they soon renewed their suit, Mr. Huskisson, among others, speaking powerfully in its favor. It passed the House of Commons by a vote of eighty-eight to forty-one, and the House of Lords almost unanimously. The cost of obtaining this act amounted to the immense sum of £ 27,000 sterling.

Mr. Stephenson was forthwith appointed engineer, at a salary of £ 1,000 per annum, and he at once began his work with Chat Moss, over which engineers had declared it impossible to carry the road. The draining of the Moss

commenced in June, 1826. It appeared an impassable dreary waste. Roscoe, the historian of Leo X., had buried his fortune in it in a vain attempt to cultivate it. It extended for four miles along the line of railway; the drainage was found to be exceedingly difficult, and perplexities continually presented themselves, which were met with extraordinary sagacity by the engineer. Deep drains were cut five yards apart, and when the moss between them had become dry, it was used to form the embankment. When the longitudinal drains were cut along either side of the intended railway, the oozy fluid of the bog poured in, threatening to fill it up entirely, and bring it back to the original level. Stephenson sent to Liverpool and Manchester, and bought all the old tallow-casks he could get, which he had inserted along the bottom, their ends thrust into one another, and then pressed down with clay. The embankment, however, continued to sink, notwithstanding all that was put upon it; it seemed as if the insatiate bog would swallow it up; the directors became alarmed, and held a meeting on the Moss to decide whether the project should not be abandoned. Stephenson said, "We must persevere," — the watchword of his life. He persevered, and accomplished his work. His idea was simply this: he knew that a ship would float; and he maintained that the Moss was certainly much more capable of supporting such a work than water was, and that, if he could once get his material to float, he should succeed. Trains of locomotives and carriages therefore pass over the rails, somewhat as a train of artillery is borne up on a pontoon bridge across a stream. The railway floats on Chat Moss, and there may it float for centuries to bear witness to the genius of George Stephenson! His giant labor was accomplished, too, without excessive pecuniary outlay. The road across Chat Moss cost about £ 28,000, while Mr. Giles's estimate was £ 270,000.

Although the works on this road are not of the stupendous character of many since constructed, they are very important, and at the time of its construction were regarded with wonder. There are sixty-three bridges over and under the line, and the Sankey viaduct is of nine arches of fifty feet span, rising seventy feet above the Sankey Canal. The tunnel

under the town of Liverpool, and the Olive Mount excavation, a deep cutting through the solid rock, two miles long, are formidable works.

Even while the vast undertaking was in progress, no decision had been arrived at regarding the employment of locomotives, and Mr. Stephenson stood almost alone in advocating their use in preference to fixed engines and ropes, although the Killingworth steam-carriages had been in regular use for fifteen years. The most eminent engineers were consulted, and they, even after thorough examination of the locomotives, persisted in recommending stationary engines, so difficult was it to overcome the prejudice against the new machines. Accordingly, it was proposed to divide the road between Liverpool and Manchester into *nineteen stages of about a mile and a half each, with twenty-one engines to work the trains forward.* And this was to be the result of all George Stephenson's labors! He implored the directors not to enter on such an expensive and abortive plan, and solemnly engaged, if they gave him time, to build a locomotive that should satisfy all their requirements, as to speed and power. Fortunately for all parties, the directors were sensible men; they had confidence in Stephenson; they had seen his Herculean labors on Chat Moss succeed, when all but him despaired; and they were finally induced to offer a prize of five hundred pounds for a locomotive which, under certain specifications as to construction, should be capable of drawing twenty tons' weight at a speed of *ten* miles an hour.

Stephenson at once commenced the building of his famous "Rocket" engine, and it will suffice for our purpose to say, that its excellence consisted in the combination of the "multitubular" boiler with the steam-blast. Stephenson was not the inventor of the multitubular boiler, but he made great improvements in it, and was the first to use it in locomotives.

"The [Rocket's] boiler was cylindrical with flat ends, six feet in length, and three feet four inches in diameter. The upper half of the boiler was used as a reservoir for the steam, the lower half being filled with water. Through the lower part, twenty-five copper tubes of three inches diameter extended, which were open to the fire-box at

one end and to the chimney at the other. The fire-box, or furnace, two feet wide and three feet high, was attached immediately behind the boiler, and was also surrounded with water. The waste steam was thrown into the chimney by two pipes, which opened from the cylinder."

The engine, together with its load of water, weighed only four tons and a quarter. Three other engines, constructed by Messrs. Braithwait and Ericsson, Mr. Hackworth, and Mr. Burstall, were entered for the trial, which took place on the 6th of October, 1829. Neither of them met the conditions or succeeded. Mr. Stephenson's was first tested, steam being raised until it lifted the safety-valve loaded to a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch. It then started on its journey to make the specified number of trips forward and back on two miles of the road, running the first thirty-five miles, including stoppages, in an hour and forty-eight minutes, dragging after it about thirteen tons' weight in wagons. Its maximum velocity was *twenty-nine miles an hour*, about three times the speed which scientific men had declared possible. Dr. Lardner, who afterwards distinguished himself by prophesying that steam-ships could never cross the ocean, had affirmed that "carriages could not go at anything like the contemplated speed; if driven to it, the wheels would merely spin on their axles, and the carriages would stand stock-still." Another gentleman, holding an official position, maintained "that it had been *proved* to be impossible to make a locomotive engine go at ten miles an hour; but if it ever was done, he would eat a stewed engine-wheel to his breakfast." But when the Rocket, having complied with all the conditions of the trial, came to the platform at the close of its successful day, Mr. Cropper, one of the directors who had been most decided for the plan of the stationary engines, lifted up his hands and exclaimed, "Now has George Stephenson at last delivered himself."

The public opening of the railway, so long and anxiously looked for, took place on the 15th of September, 1830. Eight of Mr. Stephenson's locomotives had been finished and placed upon the road. There was no more talk of fixed engines. On the opening day he drove the "Northumbrian" himself,

while the "North Star" and the "Phœnix" were driven respectively by his brother Robert and his son Robert. All of the eight engines had been repeatedly tried with entire success. The completion of the great work was justly regarded as a national event, and was celebrated accordingly. The Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, Secretary of State, Mr. Huskisson, then member of Parliament from Liverpool, and many other distinguished personages, were present. That was a memorable meeting. There was the great Duke, the most famous soldier of his time, Napoleon Bonaparte alone excepted, on whom wealth and titles had been heaped without limit, — on whom panegyric had been exhausted, — who had won the proudest honors of the senate, as of the battle-field. And there was the railway engineer, known but by his honest English name, who had fought his way from obscurest poverty; who, without the aid of a penny from government, had persevered for twenty years against ignorance, and prejudice, and official stupidity, and the insolence of "vested rights"; who had singly created a new motive-power, and who now, without any adequate reward for his unparalleled services, stood ready with his little phalanx of locomotives to inaugurate a new reign of peace, — to demonstrate to the millions of the British Isles, and thence to spread the truth over the civilized earth, that the dead customs of a feudal past were dissipated for ever, and could no longer restrain the march of progress, more than the darkness of the tunnel could impede the flaming torch of the engine, whose irresistible rush was to trample down the despotic opinion of the age, with a mightier momentum than the last decisive charge of the Guards at Waterloo.

The "Northumbrian" engine took the lead, with the carriage containing the Duke and the most distinguished visitors, while the others followed. Thousands upon thousands of persons lined each side of the railway for miles, and all through the country vehicles were drawn up and elevated stands erected, whence the multitude greeted the flying trains with tumultuous cheering. At Parkside, seventeen miles from Liverpool, the engines stopped to take in water; and here a terrible accident cast a gloom over the further proceed-

ings of the day. Contrary to the request of the railroad directors, most of the passengers alighted and were standing upon the opposite track, when the Duke, between whom and Mr. Huskisson some coolness had existed, bowed and held out his hand. Mr. Huskisson grasped it, and just then the "Rocket" was observed rapidly coming up, and a cry of "Get in, get in," was heard. Mr. Huskisson became confused, and, in his attempt to avoid danger, was struck down by the "Rocket," which instantly ran over his leg and crushed it. "I have met my death," were his first words. Mr. Stephenson was at once despatched with the unfortunate gentleman to the parsonage of Eccles, fifteen miles off, where he died that evening. The engine on this melancholy trip ran at the then astounding speed of thirty-six miles an hour. It was proposed by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel to return at once to Liverpool; but during the delay the borough-reeve of Manchester arrived at Parkside, saying that the immense concourse of people at the terminus were becoming very impatient, and, if the procession did not appear as announced, he would not be answerable for the consequences. It was then determined to proceed, but to forego all festivities; and the complete and successful opening of the road was beheld throughout its length by at least five hundred thousand persons.

So strong an impression did the death of Mr. Huskisson make on the Duke of Wellington, that he would not for thirteen years afterward trust himself behind a locomotive engine. Gradually, however, all ranks of people, even the most aristocratic, who had always journeyed, when not in their own carriages, in post-chaises, came to regard railway travel as the most agreeable and convenient. One man, however, the late Duke of Northumberland, it is said, never travelled by railroad; but, before and after the sittings of Parliament, solemnly rolled in his own carriage from Alnwick to London, and from London back to his castle. We have heard a distinguished American author speak of his sojourn at feudal Alnwick. There was not a bell in the castle, but a servant was stationed at every door to receive the commands of the visitors. Neither Josceline de Louvaine, nor Agnes de Perci, had ever rung a

bell or travelled in a railroad train, and of course it was impossible for the Duke of Northumberland to do either.

So completely successful was the Liverpool and Manchester line, that it soon reconciled nearly all parties; and even the Earl of Derby and Lord Sefton, who had so bitterly opposed it, a few years later patronized a rival line, on the condition that it should pass through their own property. But some inveterate croakers and grumblers mourned and refused to be comforted. Beyond all hope were such men as Sir Robert Harry Inglis, — who for many years in Parliament represented Oxford University in its most benighted state, — a man with the mind of a priest of the Middle Age, who almost yearned for the fires of Smithfield and the repeal of the statute of mortmain; and Colonel Sibthorp, the unterrified, who while his life lasted never lost an opportunity of informing the House of Commons how "he hated those infernal railroads." He even went so far as to say emphatically, that "he would rather meet a highwayman, or see a burglar on his premises, than an engineer; he should be much more safe, and of the two classes he thought the former more respectable."

With the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, Mr. Stephenson acquired abundant fame, and was now on the high-road to fortune. Did we narrate in detail, as we have thus far done, the succeeding events of his crowded life, this article would easily grow to double its length. We can, therefore, but glance at the operations in which he was concerned after the period when his eminent abilities were universally recognized. The London and Birmingham road, in which he was next interested, was an undertaking of tenfold the magnitude of the Liverpool line. Before a rail was laid, a tremendous battle had to be fought again with country clowns and benighted croakers, sleek churchmen and smooth lawyers, red-hot orators and cool officials; and the expense of carrying the bill through Parliament alone amounted to nearly £ 73,000 sterling, a sum large enough to build a road fifteen miles long in the United States. The cost of one work upon the line, the great Kilsby Tunnel, owing to unforeseen difficulties in construction, amounted to $ 1,750,000,

and thirty-six millions of bricks were used in building it. The total cost of the road, one hundred and twelve miles long, was twenty-five millions of dollars.

"The following striking comparison has been made between this railway and one of the greatest works of ancient times. The great Pyramid of Egypt was, according to Diodorus Siculus, constructed by three hundred thousand — according to Herodotus by one hundred thousand — men. It required for its execution twenty years, and the labor expended upon it has been estimated as equivalent to lifting 15,733,000,000 of cubic feet of stone one foot high. Whereas, if in the same manner the labor expended in constructing the London and Birmingham Railway be reduced to one common denomination, the result is 25,000,000,000 of cubic feet *more* than was lifted for the Great Pyramid; and yet the English work was performed by about 20,000 men in less than five years."

Mr. Stephenson resided in Liverpool until after the completion of the Liverpool and Manchester line, and then removed to Alton Grange in Leicestershire, where he lived for several years, to superintend the working of a coal-pit which he had purchased in connection with several other gentlemen. But as railways were now springing up all over England, he was frequently called from home to make surveys. He had now indeed scarce a moment which he could regard as his own, completely occupied as he was with his colliery, his locomotive factory, and various railroads. From 1833 to 1837 he was engaged in the survey of the North Midland, from Derby to Leeds, the York and North Midland, from Normanton to York, the Manchester and Leeds, the Birmingham and Derby, and the Sheffield and Rotherham railways, — of all of which he was the chief engineer. He possessed astonishing powers of endurance and labor. During this busiest part of his life, he travelled with his secretary upwards of twenty thousand miles by post-chaise, on many nights snatching sleep in his carriage, and at the dawn of day at work and on until dark, — and this for several weeks in succession. He disliked writing letters, having learned too late; but he could dictate with the most unerring accuracy and precision, and his secretary in 1835 related that in one day he dictated no less than thirty-seven

letters, many of them embodying the results of much close calculation. He could fall asleep at any moment he pleased, awake at any hour, and go to work at once, — a faculty which has been conspicuous in some military men, among them the Duke of Wellington.

Railways were now belting the whole country with their iron bands, and the croakers hid their diminished heads as rival lines rushed by them in all directions. We cannot even name all those in which Mr. Stephenson and his son were more or less interested. Some of the greatest the father did not live to see completed, among them the Chester and Holyhead line, with its grand original feature of the iron tubular bridge over Menai Strait. Many of the readers of the "Illustrated London News" will remember their interest in the pictorial progress of this immense work, from the raising of the first section of the tube to the completion of the whole, as Mr. Robert Stephenson drove the last rivet.

In 1836 and 1837 there was a rush in Parliament for railway acts. In the former year, 34 bills passed the legislature, authorizing the formation of 994 miles of railway at an estimated cost of £17,595,000; and in the following session 118 notices of new bills were given. The furor then ceased for a while, wholesome Parliamentary checks being imposed, and in 1838 and 1839 only five new acts were obtained; in 1840, not one; in 1841, only one; the next two years were quiet; and not until 1844 did the spirit of speculation again burst forth, when it did so with the suddenness of Law's Mississippi scheme or of the California fever, raging beyond all control, until, in the third year following, speculators and dupes were alike slaughtered and crushed out of existence by the railway Juggernaut of 1847.

Whoever will glance at the "London News" for those years, will find, not only sketches depicting the mania, but all sorts of impracticable and impossible contrivances to do away with the steam-engine, to run at the rate of one hundred miles an hour by atmospheric pressure, and the like. Some of these projects, if we may judge by their multiplication of cranks, wheels, and cogs, would seem to have had no purpose but to increase friction, instead of lessening it.

They ruined their inventors and stockholders, and while the rails remain, the triumphant locomotive runs and whistles over them all.

Prominent among the visionary class of engineers was Mr. Brunel, a man of much ability, who has built many excellent works, but who has always been engaged in some gigantic scheme which has never succeeded. He made the Great Western road, from London to Bristol, on the broad-gauge system, with the rails seven feet apart, requiring, of course, wider embankments, and larger and heavier locomotives and cars, adding immensely to the expense, and causing infinite annoyance, in connection with other roads, by the break of gauge. He constructed the Thames Tunnel, a useless mine. He advocated the atmospheric-pressure principle, of which Mr. Stephenson rightly decided, "It won't do." He has of late built the "Leviathan" steamship, of 22,500 tons; and, judging from his past experiments, we wait with great curiosity, and without entire confidence, for its results.

Never, since the days of the South Sea scheme, has England beheld such extravagance of speculation as seized upon her in 1845 and 1846. The whole nation went mad on the subject of railway shares. Hundreds of lines were projected that never could have been constructed; but the premiums on the shares constituted their sole worth, in the opinion of speculators. Shares! shares! was the universal cry. What they were worth to hold for a time, and then sell, was the sole question. Of real value they had no more than the *Semper Augustus* tulip-bulbs of Holland's mania. All classes became infatuated; social distinctions on 'Change were utterly forgotten; noblemen were known as "stags" in Capel Court, learned prelates as "bulls," and delicate ladies as "bears"; the son of a charwoman, a clerk in a broker's office at twelve shillings a week, was found to have his name down as a subscriber, in the London and York line, for £ 52,000, and the Duke of St. James might be seen arm in arm with Jeremy Diddler. Who has not relished Thackeray's inimitable satire in "Punch," which narrates how Jeames Plush, of Berkeley Square, servant to Mr. Flimsey of the firm of Flimsey and Flash, one morning came into the breakfast-room to

inform his master that he could no longer wait as a menial, because he had made £ 30,000 by speculating in railway shares, — how Mr. Flimsey at once arose, grasped him by the hand, and begged him to take a seat at the table, — how it was soon discovered that Mr. Plush was of a very ancient family, as Hugo de la Pluche came over with William the Conqueror, — and how Miss Emily Flimsey remarked, that, even in Mr. Plush's humble situation, she had noticed his high demeanor? At last the bubble burst, and ruined multitudes. No man had contributed toward its inflation more than George Hudson, worshipped for a time by his dupes as "the railway king," and when the crash came, cursed as a railway Moloch.

Mr. Stephenson was not in the least affected either by the wild schemes or by the wilder panic that succeeded; he never speculated in railway shares, and always dissuaded others from doing so. He had now become a rich man, and there was no necessity for him to enter into speculations, from which, however, he was restrained by principle, and not by policy. In 1837 he had purchased Tapton House, an elegant seat near the town of Chesterfield, where he led the life of a country gentleman, gradually withdrawing from active business, which he gave up to his son. He erected gigantic lime-works on his estate, and purchased extensive collieries in addition to those he already worked. His business sagacity and judgment were great, his undertakings prospered, and wealth rapidly flowed in upon him. His fame had gone abroad, and Leopold, King of the Belgians, sent for him and his son, when railroads were projected in his kingdom under his encouragement. The consequence was, that all the frightful Parliamentary expenses were avoided, the whole capital was remunerative, and the Belgians obtained the full advantages of railways at less than one half the average cost of those in England. For his eminent assistance to the Belgian system of roads, the king created Mr. Stephenson a Knight of the Order of Leopold in 1835, and in 1841 a like honor was conferred upon his son. Mr. Stephenson also visited Spain, to examine the merits of a proposed line, the "Royal North of Spain Railway," which, however, did not meet his approbation.

At Tapton he sought repose after the fatigues of a hard life; but he was always busy, and entered into the enjoyment of nature as heartily as he had labored on his locomotive. He built melon-houses, pineries, and graperies of great extent, — a pine house sixty-eight feet long, and another hot-house one hundred and forty feet. His workmen were kept employed in building until he had no less than ten forcing-houses heated with hot water. His fruits became well known far and wide, and since his death his pines and grapes have taken the first prize in a competition open to all England, and this even over the famous products of Chatsworth. His early affection for birds and animals revived: he had favorite breeds of dogs, cows, horses, and rabbits, and not a bird's nest on his grounds escaped his attention. "Whilst walking in the woods or through the grounds, he would arrest his friends' attention by allusion to some simple object, — such as a leaf, a blade of grass, a bit of bark, a nest of birds, or an ant carrying its eggs across the path, — and descant in glowing terms upon the creative power of the Divine Mechanician, whose contrivances were so exhaustless and so wonderful." He had no love of in-door life; he read very little; but he delighted in intelligent conversation, and acquired a vast deal of knowledge from the superior minds with which he came in contact.

As in youth he was prudent and frugal, so in his prosperity he was open-hearted and liberal. He dispensed elegant hospitality at Tapton, and his friends always readily accepted invitations to visit him. He delighted to fight his battles over again; nor did he ever display the least false shame of his humble origin, or treat with coldness one of his early friends. He was several times offered knighthood by the Prime Minister; but he always refused it, and made no use of his Belgian title. He frequently invited to his house the humble companions of his youth, talked over the past and present with them, and generally concluded by opening his purse and forcing upon them some solid token of his kindness. When he visited Newcastle, he invariably went his rounds to discover old acquaintances; and if they were retiring and shrank into their cottages, he followed them, striking on the floor with his stick, and holding his noble person up-

right, while he asked kindly, "Well, and how 's all here to-day?"

His forehead was large and high, projecting over the eyes, and of massive breadth across the lower part. The eyes were gray and keen, the mouth strongly chiselled, while a benignant expression was stamped upon his fair, clear, ruddy face. His hair became gray at an early age, and at the close of his life it was white and silken. He usually dressed in black, with a white neckcloth, and wore a watch-ribbon with a large bunch of seals, and a coat of rather old-fashioned cut having large square pockets in the skirts. His manners and deportment always at once arrested attention, and marked the gentleman; he appeared to advantage in the most distinguished society, and it was frequently remarked of him by thorough-bred aristocrats, that he was one of nature's noblemen.

His health had already begun to decline, from the period of an attack of pleurisy soon after his return from Spain. In July, 1848, he was seized with intermittent fever, from which he seemed to be recovering, when a sudden effusion of blood from the lungs terminated his life on the 12th of August, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. His funeral procession was headed by the corporation of the town of Chesterfield, and followed by a large body of his work-people and many of the neighboring gentry. His remains were buried under Trinity Church, Chesterfield, where a simple tablet marks the last resting-place of a good and great man.

The fame and fortune of Stephenson were due solely to his perfect knowledge of the value of time, united with his unswerving rectitude of purpose. He stands an eminent example of the worth of diligence and character, and his success is but another proof that patient continuance in well-doing, and incorruptible integrity, have their reward even in this world. Wherever he appeared, he inspired confidence. He loved truth himself, and exacted it from others. He scorned cant; he hated humbug. He was always ready to aid young men, either through mechanics' institutes, in which he was deeply interested, or when they sought his advice singly. He could tolerate dulness if coupled with industry, but with witless affectation he had no patience. His life-motto was, *Persevere.*

He had always as a humble workman carefully preserved his own self-respect; and afterward, when visiting Sir Robert Peel at Tamworth, in company with the most distinguished society in the kingdom, he made his mark and maintained his position.

He had strong powers of observation, and was a daring thinker on many scientific questions, which he treated in a manner peculiarly his own. One day, while on a visit to Sir Robert Peel, he was on the terrace in conversation with Dr. Buckland, the geologist. Suddenly they saw in the distance a railroad train, throwing behind it a long line of white steam.

"'Now, Buckland,' said Mr. Stephenson, 'I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?' 'Well,' said the other, 'I suppose it is one of your big engines.' 'But what drives the engine?' 'Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver.' 'What do you say to the light of the sun?' 'How can that be?' asked the doctor. 'It is nothing else,' said the engineer: 'it is light bottled up in the earth for tens of thousands of years, — light, absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, if it be not carbon in another form, — and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in the fields of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, made to work, as in that locomotive, for great human purposes.' The idea was certainly a most striking and original one: like a flash of light, it illuminated in an instant an entire field of science."

We heartily recommend Mr. Smiles's book to the perusal of our readers, pre-eminent as his subject was among the scientific men of the nineteenth century.

When England shall come to estimate the triumphs of her soldiers of peace, as meet for the rewards which she lavishes on her heroes whose swords have won them fame, — when she shall spread broad before the nations the scroll whereon is written the list of her mighty public benefactors, and shall point to it with the pride she now feels in her "meteor flag," which has

> "braved a thousand years
> The battle and the breeze," —

among those names not one will shine with purer lustre than that of George Stephenson, the Railway Engineer.

ART. III.—1. *Exploration of the Country between the Missouri and Platte Rivers, &c. In a Topographical Survey, by* LIEUT. G. K. WARREN. Washington. 1857.

2. *An Historical Sketch and Business Review of the City of Leavenworth, Kanzas Territory, &c.* By A. G. HAWES. Leavenworth. 1857.

NEBRASKA and Kanzas, as given to us by the recent government surveys, may be divided into three main sections. The first of these comprises the bottom-lands on the rivers, and the arable prairies that rise up from them. The second consists of the Bad Lands, or the *Mauvaises Terres* of the French trappers. Back of the latter, seamed by volcanic fissures, and desolated by sheets of fossil deposit, are spread out vast rainless plains, sometimes, though rarely, broken by streams of water, yet usually covered by a short grass, sufficient for the ordinary purposes of pasturage. How far these plains can be made to support any but a nomadic population, is a question which has lately begun to command no small degree of curiosity on the part of emigrants. It is, in fact, a momentous question; for by it is to be decided whether American emigration in the Missouri Valley has now reached its extreme western boundary, or whether it is to go on, occupying and organizing new States, until it meets the base of the Rocky Mountains. The weight of authority now seems to be, that, when the Bad Lands are reached, a final barrier is interposed to the establishment of large agricultural, mercantile, or even pastoral communities. This conclusion rests on the following reasons.

1. *The insufficiency of water.* The central plains are not only generally rainless, but this rainlessness results from a necessity of their position. Rain, as is well known, is produced by the condensation which ensues when two volumes of atmosphere of different temperatures, and of unlike degrees of moisture, come in contact with each other. The moist and hot air of the equator, moving in the current of the trade-winds from the south to the north, meets the cooler air of the ocean, as well as that which flows down from the

poles, and thus forms the rain by which the seaboard is supplied. To water, however, the central lands both of our own continent and of the Eastern hemisphere, another device is necessary. There, the layer of atmosphere which rests on the earth becomes heated far beyond that of the seaboard, by the vast expanses of the sun-baked plains which there is no sea to relieve; while, on the other hand, an excess of rain is necessary, to supply those immense rivers, without which the country cannot be irrigated. This object is effected by means at once simple and grand. The philosopher has but lately noticed that nothing seems better to condense a current of humid air than an elevated plain. The wind strikes the foot of such a plain, and mounts the ascent until it comes in contact with the higher and cooler layers. This produces a rapid condensation, the results of which are seen in the rivers which pour down the side of the declivity which the winds strike. To use the language of Guyot: —

"The mountain chains are the great condensers, placed by nature here and there along the continents, to rob the winds of their treasures, to serve as reservoirs for the rain-waters, and to distribute them afterwards, as they are needed, over the surrounding plains. Their wet and cloudy summits seem to be untiringly occupied with this important work. From their sides flow numberless torrents and rivers, carrying in all directions wealth and life."

It is to this process that we owe the magnificent rivers that water what would otherwise be the arid valleys of the Mississippi and Missouri. The trade-winds from the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico — the easternmost of them only partially arrested by the Alleghanies, the southern not at all — strike the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. There the great process of condensation commences. There, from the mountain showers, gush forth the Northern Mississippi, the Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Platte, the Arkansas, the Red River, and the Rio Grande. But here the work stops. Before the trade-winds reach the summit, their moisture is exhausted. No more rain falls, because no more moisture is condensed. It is not until the western descent of these great plains presents itself to the breezes which arise from the tropical Pacific, that rain begins again to fall. It falls there, it is

true, but lightly, — for the southwestern winds are much less fully freighted with moisture than the southeastern, — yet in sufficient quantity to supply the comparatively moderate requirements of the narrow Pacific coast, and to fill the sources of the only two rivers by which the coast is traversed, the Columbia and the Colorado. It leaves, however, between the western and eastern slopes, the vast area of rainless table-land which we recognize as the great plains.*

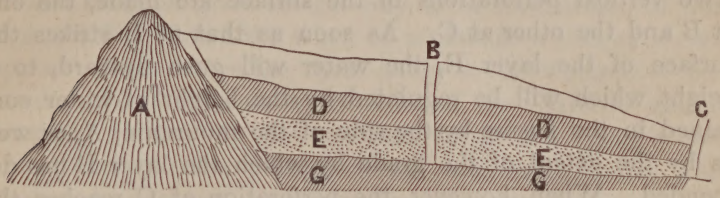
That the great plains, without some method of watering, must remain incapable of agriculture, is clear. Even Colonel Benton, whose indomitable will would have made him one of the last to surrender a project so dearly cherished as that of continuous American civilization, tells us that the country "must

* In McCosh and Dickie on Creation, the general beneficence of such an arrangement is thus treated. "In the New World, the chain of the Andes — its great back-bone — is situated not far from its western border; to the east of this vast range are extensive plains, with interspersed secondary mountain-ranges; and this peculiarity of conformation has a most important and necessary relation to its climatic peculiarities. The trade-winds from the Atlantic, in their progress, first reach the eastern slope, where the secondary chains of mountains condense part of the moisture in refreshing showers; and finally, coming in contact with the great and elevated principal ranges, the air is robbed of most of the vapor which remains. Hence, a continual flow of water down the eastern slope, clothing that fertile region with the richest vegetation, and giving it the largest river systems in the world. A necessary result of this influence exerted on the moist trade-wind in its progress to the west is, that, by the time it reaches the western side of the Andes, nearly all its moisture has been lost, and a line of coast on the Pacific presents the character of an arid desert. The extent, however, of this region of drought is very small, compared with that which profits at its expense. The advantage derived from the arrangement on the one side of the Andes far more than compensates for the disadvantage, and then this latter is still farther lessened by local peculiarities; for the Chilian desert would have presented greater latitudinal extent if the Cordilleras toward the north had been higher, and the continent of greater breadth.

"Imagine a different arrangement of surface; the great mountain chains, for example, transferred to the eastern, instead of occupying the western side; the consequence would have been that the Atlantic trade-wind must have had its progress arrested, and its vapor condensed, at a comparatively early part of its course; the ocean, giving up a portion of its waters to the passing wind, would have received them back again at no great distance in space, and after a short lapse of time; no extensive river systems could have possibly existed as at present; in a word, the whole influence of the genial wind would have been far more extensive, and the change in the land surface, and the resulting effect in climatic peculiarity, would have resulted in a very different distribution of organic forms, — would have given rise to new features in the zones of animal and vegetable life, and changed the habitations of man, and the relations of one part of mankind to another."

be helped out by wells as soon as settled." The only well by which substantial aid can be afforded, is the Artesian; and it is this agency, indeed, which is looked forward to by many very intelligent men as the means by which the plains are to be brought under cultivation.

There are, however, one or two practical difficulties in the way of the opening of such water-sources. Artesian fountains, it is now well understood, are drawn from the reservoirs of rain-water collected in those vast, but irregular, stone cisterns, which are formed, in stratified countries, by the superposition of beds of rock intermingled with layers of gravel or sand. Thus, let us suppose that the rain, descending the east-

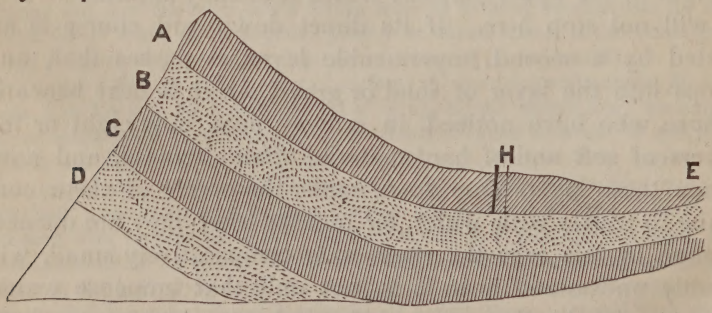


ern slope of the mountain, A, insinuates itself into the fissure between A and the edges of the strata D, E, and G, which we may assume, as is not unfrequently the case, to have been tilted upward against the sides of the mountain, A. Now, in the ordinary alternation of tertiary stratification, the water will trickle by the rocky layer, D, and will percolate into the bed of sand or gravel, E. This bed it will gradually fill, first by virtue of its own gravity, and then by the pressure of its weight in the upper portions which it already saturates. But it will not stop here. If its direct downward course is arrested by a second impermeable layer, it passes that, and drops into the layer of sand or gravel which is next beneath. Those who have noticed, in railway cuts, how eight or ten layers of soft and of hard material often alternate, and how, when these layers crop downwards, the softer of them continue to trickle with water for months after they are opened, though in this case the reservoir is comparatively small, will readily understand how it is, not only that immense watercourses may be thus opened from these subterranean riverbeds, but that, in piercing the earth downward, there may be

as many distinct fountains as there are strata. The first of these truths is illustrated by the fountain of Vaucluse, which issues forth quite a little river of its own, emitting on an average 9,360 cubic feet per minute, or 5,030,000,000 cubic feet in the year. The second we find evidenced in the coal mines near St. Nicholas d'Aliermont, not far from Dieppe, where, in a perpendicular shaft, seven distinct sources were struck; the first between 80 and 100 feet from the surface, the second at 328 feet, the third from 570 to 590 feet, the fourth from 690 to 710 feet, the fifth at 820 feet, the sixth at 940 feet, and the seventh at 1,090 feet.

How the water is brought to the surface is readily seen. Two vertical perforations of the surface are made, the one at B and the other at C. As soon as that at B strikes the surface of the layer E, the water will gush upward, to a height which will be regulated by the height of water contained in the fissure by the side of the mountain, A, as well as by the extent of the grade by which the layer E has descended. When, however, the perforation at C reaches the layer E, the water will at once gush to the surface. There, the level of the surface of the soil is much below the upper surface of the reservoir from which the water is drawn. The consequence is, that a stream flows forth, whose capacity is limited only by the extent and tilt of the sand or gravel bed from which it issues.

A still more simple supply is found in cases where the strata crop upwards and uncover themselves by the side of a hilly slope.



Here the water drifts in by the exposed hill, and fills the

reservoir B. There may be, we will suppose, an orifice at H, in which case the water will gush upwards to the height of B. Supposing, however, that the valley of which H is the centre begins to swell upward towards another hill, and that hence the layer B becomes again exposed at E, we have a natural spring, whose force will be regulated by the extent of the prior descent.

It will hence be seen that two elements are necessary to the supply of an Artesian well. The first of these is rain. Now as to this, so far as concerns the great central plains, there is a unanimity of opinion. Even Colonel Gilpin, the most sanguine of the explorers, declares them to be "rainless." Colonel Fremont gives several very vivid illustrations of this. Thus, on July 13th, 1842, when on a plateau which we should suppose of all others the most likely to be watered, — that between the North and South forks of the Platte, — and in a country seamed by fissures, into which the water would percolate if the two conditions of rain and reservoir were supplied, he declares, speaking of a particular ridge : —

"At the foot of the northern slope was the bed of a creek, some forty feet wide, coming, by frequent falls, from the bench above. It was shut in by high perpendicular banks, in which were strata of white laminated marl. *Its bed was perfectly dry, and the leading feature of the whole region is one of remarkable aridity, and perfect freedom from moisture.* . . . . . We had suffered much to-day, both men and horses, for want of water, having met with it but once in our uninterrupted march of forty miles."

If here, where rains were not unfrequent, such aridity could take place, how much more irremediable would be the evil on the great rainless plains of the Southwest!

So far as concerns the stratification of the plains, the information at our command is not sufficient to enable us to speak. We must look forward, for more definite statistics, to the results of the exploration now recommenced under the auspices of Lieutenant Warren.

2. *The inadequacy of the soil* renders the compact settlement of the Bad Lands still more doubtful. The result which scientific observation has here reached, has been sustained by the practical experience of emigrants. They agree in saying

that, even where the land is not a mass of volcanic deposit, it presents, with rare exceptions, no soil which the agriculturist can till. The chief of the exceptions is the narrow but most beautiful valley of the Yellowstone, where indeed the land is as fertile as the scenery is wild and lovely. But beyond this and the valley of the Upper Missouri, the highest degree of productiveness of which the soil is usually capable is represented by a short though wide-spread grass. "Agricultural settlements," says Lieutenant Warren, "have now nearly reached their western limits on our great plains; the tracts beyond must ever be occupied by a pastoral people, whether savage or civilized." The causes of a portion at least of this devastation, Colonel Fremont traces to the great evaporation on the sandy surface; and the saline efflorescences, which whiten the ground, and shine like lakes reflecting the sun, make the soil wholly unfit for cultivation. The effect of this want of verdure, which is in some regions so great as to prevent even the buffalo from finding sustenance, is painfully exhibited in the condition of the resident tribes. "They are miserably poor," we are told by the same authority, "armed only with bows and arrows, or clubs; and, as the country they inhabit is almost destitute of game, they have no means of obtaining better arms. Roots, seeds, and grass, every vegetable that affords any nourishment, and every living animal thing, insect or worm, they eat. Nearly approaching to the lower animal creation, their sole employment is to obtain food; and they are constantly occupied in a struggle to support existence."

That a great civilized, pastoral community can be raised on the better portion, at least, of these plains, is maintained with much ingenuity in a very interesting recent letter from Colonel W. Gilpin, from which the following extracts are taken: —

"The pastoral characteristics, being novel to our people, need a minute explanation. In traversing the continent from the Atlantic beach to the South Pass, the point of greatest altitude and remoteness from the sea, we cross successively the timbered region of soft soil and long annual grasses, and finally the great plains. The first two are irrigated by the rains coming from the sea, and are *arable;* the last is rainless, of a compact soil, resisting the plough, and is therefore *pastoral.*

The herbage is peculiarly adapted to the climate and the dryness of the soil and atmosphere, and is perennial. It is edible and nutritious throughout the year. This is the 'gramma' or 'buffalo-grass.' It covers the ground one inch in height, has the appearance of a delicate moss, and its leaf has the fineness and spiral texture of a negro's hair. During the melting of the snows in the immense mountain masses at the back of the great plains, the rivers swell like the Nile, and yield a copious evaporation of their long sinuous courses across the plains; storm-clouds gather on the summits, roll down the mountain flanks, and discharge themselves in vernal showers. During this temporary prevalence of moist atmosphere, these delicate grasses grow, seed in the root, and *are cured into hay upon the ground* by the gradually returning drought. It is this longitudinal belt of perennial pasture upon which the buffalo finds his *winter food*, dwelling upon it without regard to latitude; and here are the infinite herds of *aboriginal* cattle peculiar to North America, — wild horses, elk, antelope, white and black-tailed deer, mountain sheep, the grizzly bear, wolves, the hare, badger, porcupine, and smaller animals innumerable. The aggregate number of cattle, by calculation from sound data, exceeds one hundred million. No annual fires ever sweep over the great plains; they are confined to the prairie regions. . . . . .

"The pastoral region is longitudinal. The bulk of it is under the temperate zone, out of which it runs into the arctic zone on the north, and into the tropical zone on the south. The parallel Atlantic and arable region flanks it on the east, that of the Pacific on the west. The great plains, then, at once separate and bind together these flanks, rounding out both the variety and compactness of arrangement in the elementary details of society, which enable a continent to govern itself with the same ease as a single city.

"Assuming, then, that the advancing column of progress, having reached and established itself in force all along the eastern front of the great plains, from Louisiana to Minnesota, — having jumped over and flanked them also to occupy California and Oregon, — assuming that this column is about to debouch upon them to the front, and occupy them with the embodied impulse of our thirty millions of population, heretofore scattered upon the flanks, but now converging into phalanx upon the centre, some reflection, legitimately made, may cheer the timid, and confirm those who hesitate from old opinion and the prejudice of adverse education.

"It is well established that six tenths of the food of the human family is, or ought to be, animal food, the result of pastoral agriculture. The cattle of the world consume eight times the food per head, as compared

with the human family. Meat, milk, butter, cheese, poultry, eggs, wool, leather, and honey, are the productions of pastoral agriculture. Fish is the spontaneous production of the water. Nine tenths of the labor of arable culture is expended to produce the grain and grasses that sustain the present supplies to the world of the above enumerated articles of the pastoral order. If, then, a country can be found where pastoral produce is spontaneously sustained by nature, as fish in the ocean, it is manifest that arable labor, being reduced to the production of bread-food only, may condense itself to a very small percentage of its present volume, and the cultivated ground be greatly reduced in acres.

"At present the pastoral culture of the American people results exclusively from the plough, and this is its amount: —

Cattle of all kinds, ...	18,378,907
Horses and mules, ...	4,896,050
Sheep, ...	21,722,220
Swine, ...	30,334,213
Value, . . .	$ 655,883,658.

"It is probable that the aggregate *aboriginal* stock of the great plains still exceeds in amount the above table. It is all spontaneously supported by nature, as are the fish of the sea. Every kind of our domestic animals flourishes upon the great plains equally well with the wild ones. Three tame animals may be substituted for every wild one, and vast territories reoccupied, from which the wild stock has been exterminated by indiscriminate slaughter and the increase of wolves.

"The American people are about, then, to inaugurate a new and immense order of industrial production, — PASTORAL AGRICULTURE. Its fields will be the great plains intermediate between the oceans. Once commenced, it will develop very rapidly. We trace in their history the successive inauguration and systematic growth of several of these distinct orders. The tobacco culture, the rice culture, the cotton culture, the immense provision culture of cereals and meats, leather and wool, the gold culture, navigation external and internal, transportation by land and water, the hemp culture, the fisheries, the manufactures.

"Each of these has arisen as time has ripened the necessity for each, and noiselessly taken and filled its appropriate place in the general economy of our industrial empire.

"This pastoral property transports itself on the hoof, and finds its food ready furnished by nature. In these elevated countries, fresh meats become the preferable food for man, to the exclusion of bread,

vegetables, and salted articles. The atmosphere of the great plains is perpetually brilliant with sunshine, — tonic, healthy, and inspiring to the temper. It corresponds with and surpasses the historic climate of Syria and Arabia, from whence we inherit all that is ethereal and refined in our system of civilization, — our religion, our sciences, our alphabet, our numerals, our written languages, our articles of food, our learning, and our system of social manners."

Supposing, however, that with central Nebraska and Kanzas civilization outside of the river-bottoms must cease, the question arises, What effect will this important fact have on these young territories themselves, as well as on the country at large?

Nebraska and Kanzas will, in that case, be the shores at which will terminate a vast ocean-desert, nearly one thousand miles in breath. To the west of that desert lie California and Oregon, great producing, and yet not capable of becoming great manufacturing countries; the former containing the finer, but not the coarser metals, together with breadstuffs abundant for her own support; the latter eminent for her wheat-growths, her fisheries, and her lumber. But in neither California nor Oregon is to be found the coal capable of working, nor the iron for framing, those great machines by which the wool of a country can be turned into its clothing, — by which the hides of the millions of cattle that range the prairies can be used for the shoes and the furniture of the nations on either side, — by which the buttons can be turned and the nails cut. On the other hand, on the eastern coast of this great desert sea will lie Kanzas and Nebraska, of all countries the best suited for the sites of vast manufactories. There run rivers whose descents and whose copiousness adapt them as well to turn the wheel as to irrigate the land. There, underneath a soil which can support a million of workmen, are spread layers of coal which will form the fuel for tens of thousands of square miles. There is the iron which is to form both the engine and the staple, — the arm that strikes, as well as the material that is struck. There, in fact, are the great furnishing ware-rooms, where the people of California will exchange their gold and quicksilver, and those of Oregon their fish and lumber, for

the hardware, the clothes, and the furniture which the manufactories of the Missouri Valley will produce. If this view be correct, the scene at one of these prairie seaports of the West will be not unlike that at one of our ocean-ports in the East. At the docks of the great cities which will then spring up on this shore of civilization, will arrive fleet after fleet of the future ships of the desert, each dashing on over its iron track to the destined port. There, on the levee at which these waves of sand will terminate, will be strewn the boxes containing, not only the gold of the Sacramento and of the San Joaquin, and the quicksilver of New Almaden, but the wines which are even now beginning to be drawn from the vineyards of Los Angeles, and cotton and sugar from the south of the Sierra Nevada. There will be found, in an abundance which New England herself can but rival, the dried and salted fish of the Columbia and the Willamette, and the furs which the Oregon hunting-grounds produce in such rare abundance. There will be seen warehouses and shops like those which, in New York and Philadelphia, collect for Western inspection the products of Europe and of New England. It will be cheaper for the Pacific merchant to come here and purchase, than it would be to visit the cities of the Atlantic. Manufacturers on the Kanzas River, on the Blue River, on the Osage, can sell heavy goods at least twenty per cent cheaper than manufacturers in Connecticut or Pennsylvania. Freight, amounting to five dollars to the hundred-weight, will be a sufficient protection to force the manufactories of the Missouri Valley at once into energetic action. The time will come when the Western merchant, who leaves California by the cars to buy his stock at the East, will find in Topeka, in Nebraska City, in Lawrence, warehouses which will unite the products of the Atlantic States and of Europe with the goods which the abundance of breadstuffs, the proximity of the raw material, and the relief from the burden of freight which bears so heavily on transportation across the Alleghanies, will enable the factories of Kanzas and Nebraska to present on the spot, to the exclusion of Eastern competitors.

In the people of the great plains, the markets of Kanzas

and Nebraska will not find purchasers alone. Those plains, desert-like as they may be, are dotted with islands of great beauty and richness. Even in the sterile wastes intervening between the South Fork of the Platte and the Arkansas, these frequently occur; "little valleys," as they are called by Colonel Fremont, "with pure crystal water, here leaping swiftly along, and there losing itself in the sands; green spots of luxurious grass, flowers of all colors, and timber of different kinds."* Sometimes these valleys spread themselves into extensive territories, of one of which, on the westernmost slope of the Rocky Mountains, the same explorer tells us, that it is twenty miles in diameter, "covered with a rich soil, abundantly watered, and surrounded by high and well-timbered mountains, — a place where a farmer would delight to establish himself, if he were content to live in the seclusion which it imposes."† Sometimes the arable land is distributed in zones, like that which surrounds the Salt Lake. Not unlike the ocean, this vast sweep of desert is broken by islands that are themselves continents in extent and variety of produce, as well as by islands that are mere specks of rock and sand. It will be to the first coast that checks the waves of sand by which these islands are girt, — in other words, it will be to the prairie-banks of Nebraska and Kanzas, — that this insular commerce of the desert will tend.

There is one other view, however, which is calculated still more to enhance the importance of this frontier of our East-American mainland. When the time comes for the inland transportation of the goods of China and India from the Pacific to the Atlantic, it will be found that there is one route whose cheapness, at least for heavy goods, will enable it to outbid all competitors. The Pacific shores, unlike those of the more sociable and restless Atlantic, rise up in uniform and dignified seclusion from the approaches of the sea. The coast of the Atlantic is perforated by bays and seamed by rivers. There is scarcely an area of ten miles square, east of the Rocky Mountains, which does not send its

* Exploring Report, p. 113. † Ibid., p. 178.

tributary to the Atlantic. Far different is the case with the western slope of North America. South of the Columbia River, two ranges of mountains rear their heads, the westernmost of which approaches so closely to the sea as to leave no room for a river of any length to strike inland. The rivers which run into the Bay of San Francisco traverse merely the coast. But the Columbia River, as if for the very purpose of affording an avenue for inland trade, while it forms one vast and navigable stream from the ocean to the centre of the Oregon plain, flares out at the latter point into three forks, each of which offers a pass, and the only passes here accessible, through the Rocky Mountains. It is the Columbia alone that breaks through the mountains of the Cascade and Sierra Nevada; it is the Columbia alone that holds the keys to the passes of the mountains, from which, on the easternmost side, run the tributaries of the Platte. The forks of the Columbia will, therefore, have on one side of them the only navigable waters leading to the Pacific, and on the other the only highways through whose mountain-gates the locomotive can course on its way to the Missouri Valley. That the Platte and the Kanzas are incapable of navigation, we think is now abundantly proved; but it is equally clear, that the valleys through which they run are the natural courses through which the canal must be opened and the railway laid. Thus there will pour into the great depôts which these frontier States will present, not only the products of Eastern and Western America, but those of China and India.

To these considerations is to be added the fact, that the corn and wheat prairies of Nebraska, Iowa, and Kanzas stand on the banks of that great river, which, with a volume, a force, and through an extent of territory no other stream can equal, shoots down the freight committed to it on the vast corn-consuming plains of the Southern Mississippi. It is as if the staple and the producer were placed at the top of a great natural inclined plane, and the consumer at the bottom. Never was there such an avenue for such a freight. For five hundred miles these magnificent prairies slope upward from the river-banks. For one thousand miles the river dashes

down with a velocity which enables even the slower class of steamboats to make the descent in from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. It is here that the Missouri has a great advantage over the Mississippi. The prairie country is scarcely reached by the latter river, so far as continuous navigation is concerned. The rapids at Keokuk interpose a serious barrier to the continuous shipment of freight from any but the south-east corner of Iowa and the southern lobe of Illinois. Were it not for this, the shallows above Dubuque interpose still greater difficulties in the way of the produce of Wisconsin and of Minnesota. The navigation of the Missouri, on the other hand, continues nearly one thousand miles beyond where that of the Mississippi stops. Where the languid waters of the latter have scarcely force enough to propel, or depth enough to float, a raft, the powerful current of the former enables the heaviest boats to double their speed. It is on account of the cheapness and rapidity which transportation in such a channel gives, that we think that the market of the Gulf country will be supplied from the valley of the Missouri, not from that of the Mississippi.

The character of the soil in the vast territories watered by the Missouri cannot be understood, without taking in view the geological as well as the riparian formation. Originally a great ocean swept through central North America, having for one of its shores the Rocky Mountains, and for the other the Alleghanies. As this ocean was contracted more and more, it left in its bottom a series of seams, the main one of which is now traversed by the Missouri. The bottom-lands, of which the base of this seam is composed, form a plain, extending in breadth from five to twenty-five miles, and accompanying the river through nearly its whole course. The flatness of this plain, and the very soft soil of which it is composed, may explain the fact that, of all streams, taking into account even those of the least pretensions, there is none whose evolutions are so capriciously eccentric as those of this giant and otherwise majestic river. It doubles and curves, for instance, to such an extent, around a line of a hundred miles between Leavenworth and Nebraska City, as to make that one hundred miles two hundred. It presents every possible

aspect to the sun, and the sun every possible aspect to it. One moment we may be reposing serenely under the shade of an awning, in the confidence that, for a time at least, we are well sheltered from the tremendous blaze of noonday; the next moment the stream wheels round, and we find ourselves sitting prominently out in one great, unsheltered glare. What is popularly called the western bank is, by turns, the northern, the southern, and the eastern. It is this remarkable circuity of course that will cause the river travel to be superseded almost entirely by that of the car.

The secret of so capricious a course on the part of this, otherwise the most available river in the world, is easily told. The Missouri, with its impetuous current, swollen by the entire eastern drainage of the Rocky Mountains, leaps down, with a force which earth cannot resist, on the vast parallelogram two thousand miles in length which forms its basin. In its impetuous career, it strikes at one moment upon a majestic tree, tears it up by its roots, and dashes with it down stream; but soon it finds its burden too heavy or too large for anything but its deepest channel, and the tree is dropped upon the first shoal. Then comes a new formation. The mud which the river holds in such immense quantities, aided by the drift-wood with which the stream is filled, collects around the shoal in which the tree is imbedded. The shoal becomes a bar; and the river, finding it in the way, bounds off in the opposite direction, and cuts for itself a channel out of the soft bottom-land to which it retreats. This, however, leads to new spoliations, — new annexations of territory, which prove too powerful for their conqueror to carry, — new changes of channel, — and new curvings and curvettings in a course already wayward enough.

The effect of this on the bottom-lands is easily perceived. It makes them, as farms, more or less uncertain. Besides this, it utterly destroys their uniformity. Sometimes the river leaves all the bottom on one side of it, and forces itself on the other entirely up to the foot of the bluffs by which it is hedged in. Then we see from ten to twenty miles of bottom-land on one side, and nothing but bluff on the other. Sometimes it divides the bottom-land equally; sometimes

it scallops each side, so as to furnish the bluffs each with an undulatory fringe-work of rich grass pasture or dark alluvial soil. But whatever may be its course, it leaves, on one side of it or the other, a rich bottom, which for immediate productiveness has probably no superior in the world. To this are added almost uniform belts of forest-trees, interposing themselves between the bottom and the bluff, which, along the States of Iowa and Missouri and the opposite shores, develop themselves in great beauty, variety, and grandeur. These trees, in connection with the stone with which the bluffs are often filled, give building materials to the settler in the richest abundance.

In Nebraska, the fertile bottom-lands on the Missouri River, according to the topographical survey of Lieutenant Warren, begin near the mouth of the Vermilion River, on the ninety-seventh meridian, about fifty miles from Sioux City, and about one thousand miles on the river course from the Mississippi. There, the trees on the river-bottom, which in Missouri and Kanzas are so immense and luxuriant, and which as we proceed north have been gradually thinning, shrink into a narrow belt, "varying," as we are told by the same accurate observer, "from a single tree to groves half a mile in width, alternating on either side, or occupying a few of the larger islands." The river at Sioux City forks into two branches, the main one of which, retaining the parent name, pursues a westwardly course, while the lesser, under the name of the Big Sioux, continues the prior course of the Missouri to the north. The bottom-lands, however, do not follow the course of the greater stream. Along the Missouri, west of the junction with the Sioux, they become narrow, and are so irregular and so subject to inundation as to give but an uncertain prospect of support. Nor, so far as can be learned from those who have tried the soil, are the table prairie-lands, which lie back from the bluffs, susceptible of much cultivation. The soil becomes thinner and thinner, and at last degenerates into a cold and desolate moor, on which no vegetation can live. The only exception is the mouth of the Eau-qui-court, which runs into the Missouri about sixty miles above the Big Sioux. Here there is a patch of very rich and fertile soil. So thin

and poor, however, does the country now become, that Lieutenant Warren declares it as his opinion, that "no point above the Vermilion could be relied on, for many years to come, to raise corn for the support of a cavalry post; above this it must be transported." It would seem as if the rich valley of bottom-land which accompanied the Missouri thus far, had deserted Nebraska at this point, and, by ascending the Big Sioux, had become the sole property of Iowa.

The Platte River has undoubtedly great advantage, as being the natural highway over which emigration from the Atlantic to the Pacific is to pass.*

The valley of the Platte is sodded with firm and yet nutritious grass, which affords at the same time a road for the wagons and food for the oxen or mules by which the wagons are drawn. From its languid, though always accessible waters, the emigrant is able to draw a constant supply. It is, in fact, from this expansion and this shallowness that it derives its name. "*Ne*," river, and "*Braska*," shallow, is its Indian title, which it imparts to the territory; and its French and more popular name, "Platte," signifies the same thing. About at its centre, it divides into two forks. The first of these springs from the Rocky Mountains, in latitude 42°, and under the name of the Sweet Water drains what are now

* The following table exhibits the statistical merits of the several proposed routes.

Routes.	Distance in straight line.	Distance by proposed railroad route.	Sum of ascents and descents.	Length of level route of equal working expense.	Comparative cost of different routes.	No. miles through arable land.	No. miles through uncultivable land, arable soil being in small areas.	No. square miles of sums of areas of largest bodies of arable land in uncultivable region.
	Miles.	Miles.	Feet.	Miles.	$			
Near 47th and 49th parallel, from St. Paul to Seattles,	1,410	2,025	19,100	2,387	140,871,000	535	1,490	1,000
Near 41° and 42°, *via* South Pass from Council Bluffs,	1,410	2,032	29,120	2,583	116,095,000	632	1,400	1,100
Near 38th and 39th parallel, from Westport to San Francisco,	1,740	2,080	49,986	3,125		620	1,46	1,100
Near 35th parallel, from Fort Smith to San Francisco,	1,360	2,174	50,670	3,137	169,210,265	644	1,530	2,300

known as the Rattlesnake Peaks. The second proceeds from a more southwesterly point, and springs from the ridge of that great water-shed from which fall on the one side the waters that descend into the Pacific, and on the other those that supply the Gulf of Mexico. From the mouth of the Platte to its forks, according to Lieutenant Warren's survey, the bluffs are from two to five miles from the water, making an intermediate bottom valley of from four to ten miles. The lowness of the bottom, however, subjects it to periodical inundations, which, though transient and light, render permanent improvements impracticable.

The bottom-lands of the Platte cease in a great measure at the river forks. From that point to Fort Laramie, the bluffs come down to the water's edge, and consequently the road has to cross the highlands of the ridges. From the mouth to Fort Kearny, cotton-wood of excellent quality is to be found. Above and around the forks, cedar is seen in considerable quantity.

The width of the Platte is generally one mile; and when it is full, its depth is six feet throughout. This, however, is very rarely the case. This year an effort was made to open steamboat navigation on the first fifty miles above its mouth. The attempt is now given up; and the general opinion of those who have had much opportunity of observation coincides with that of Lieutenant Warren, that the Platte "is of no use for navigation, as the bed is so broad that the water seldom attains sufficient depth, and then the rise is of short duration."

The arable prairies that arise from the bluffs by which the Platte is hemmed, do not spread to any considerable extent, after the first hundred and fifty miles of its course are passed.

Even at the forks, the river becomes so low as sometimes, at its deepest parts, to be scarcely more than a foot in depth. Colonel Fremont, who passed it on August 27, 1842, a short distance below the forks, says: —

"In many places, the large expanse of sands, with some occasional stunted trees on its banks, gave it the air of the sea-coast; the bed of the river being merely a succession of sandbars, among which the channel was divided into rivulets a few inches deep. We crossed and

re-crossed with our carts, repeatedly, and at our pleasure; and whenever an obstruction barred our way, in the shape of precipitous bluffs that came down upon the river, we turned directly into it, and made our way along the sandy bed, with no other inconvenience than the frequent quicksands, which greatly fatigued our animals."

Of the difficulties attending the navigation of the Platte at the confluence with the Sweet Water, the same explorer gives the following graphic sketch.

"In obedience to my instructions to survey the river Platte, if possible, I had determined to make an attempt at this place. The India-rubber boat was filled with air, placed in the water, and loaded with what was necessary for our operations; and I embarked with Mr. Preuss and a party of men. When we had dragged our boat for a mile or two over the sands, I abandoned the impossible undertaking, and waited for the arrival of the party, when we packed up our boat and equipage, and at 9 o'clock were again moving along on our land-journey. We continued along the valley on the right bank of the Sweet Water, where the formation, as already described, consists of a grayish micaceous sandstone, and fine-grained conglomerate and marl. We passed over a ridge which borders or constitutes the river hills of the Platte, consisting of huge blocks, sixty or eighty feet cube, of decomposing granite. The cement which united them was probably of easier decomposition, and has disappeared and left them isolate, and separated by small spaces. Numerous horns of the mountain goat were lying among the rocks; and in the ravines were cedars, whose trunks were of extraordinary size. From this ridge we descended to a small open plain at the mouth of the Sweet Water, which rushed with a rapid current into the Platte, here flowing along in a broad, tranquil, and apparently deep stream, which seemed, from its turbid appearance, to be considerably swollen. I obtained here some astronomical observations, and the afternoon was spent in getting our boat ready for navigation the next day.

"*August* 24. — We started before sunrise, intending to breakfast at Goat Island. I had directed the land party, in charge of Bernier, to proceed to this place, where they were to remain, should they find no note to apprise them of our having passed. In the event of receiving this information, they were to continue their route, passing by certain places which had been designated. Mr. Preuss had accompanied me, and with us were five of my best men, viz. C. Lambert, Basil Lajeunesse, Honoré Ayot, Benoist, and Descoteaux. Here appeared no scarcity of water, and we took on board, with various instruments and

baggage, provisions for ten or twelve days. We paddled down the river rapidly, for our little craft was light as a duck on the water; and the sun had been some time risen, when we heard before us a hollow roar, which we supposed to be that of a fall, of which we had heard a vague rumor, but whose exact locality no one had been able to describe to us. We were approaching a ridge, through which the river passes by a place called 'cañon' (pronounced *kanyon*), a Spanish word signifying a piece of artillery, the barrel of a gun, or any kind of a tube, and which, in this country, has been adopted to describe the passage of a river between perpendicular rocks of great height, which frequently approach each other so closely overhead as to form a kind of tunnel over the stream, which foams along below, half choked up by fallen fragments. Between the mouth of the Sweet Water and Goat Island there is probably a fall of 300 feet, and that was principally made in the cañons before us, as without them the water was comparatively smooth. As we neared the ridge, the river made a sudden turn, and swept squarely down against one of the walls of the cañon with a great velocity, and so steep a descent, that it had, to the eye, the appearance of an inclined plane. When we launched into this, the men jumped overboard to check the velocity of the boat, but were soon in water up to their necks, and our boat ran on; but we succeeded in bringing her to a small point of rocks on the right, at the mouth of the cañon. Here was a kind of elevated sand beach, not many yards square, backed by the rocks, and around the point the river swept at a right angle. Trunks of trees, deposited on jutting points 20 or 30 feet above, and other marks, showed that the water here frequently rose to a considerable height. The ridge was of the same decomposing granite already mentioned, and the water had worked the surface in many places into a wavy surface of ridges and holes. We ascended the rocks to reconnoitre the ground; and from the summit the passage appeared to be a continued cataract, foaming over many obstructions, and broken by a number of small falls. We saw nowhere a fall answering to that which had been described to us as having 20 or 25 feet; but still concluded this to be the place in question, as, in the season of floods, the rush of this river against the wall would produce a great rise, and the waters, reflected squarely off, would descend through the passage in a sheet of foam, having every appearance of a large fall. Eighteen years previous to this time, as I have subsequently learned from himself, Mr. Fitzpatrick, somewhere above on this river, had embarked with a valuable cargo of beaver. Unacquainted with the stream, which he believed would conduct him safely to the Missouri, he came unexpectedly into this cañon, where he was wrecked, with the

total loss of his furs. It would have been a work of great time and labor to pack our baggage across the ridge, and I determined to run the cañon. We all again embarked, and at first attempted to check the way of the boat; but the water swept through with so much violence that we narrowly escaped being swamped, and were obliged to let her go in the full force of the current, and trust to the skill of the boatmen. The dangerous places in this cañon were where huge rocks had fallen from above, and hemmed in the already narrow pass of the river to an open space of three or four and five feet. These obstructions raised the water considerably above, which was sometimes precipitated over in a fall, and at other places, where this dam was too high, rushed through the contracted opening with tremendous violence. Had our boat been made of wood, in passing the narrows she would have been staved; but her elasticity preserved her unhurt from every shock, and she seemed fairly to leap over the falls."

The region south of the Platte presents a much wider sweep for agricultural enterprise. The Blue River, which falls into the Kanzas about fifty miles west of Topeka, permeates and fructifies with its tributaries almost the whole of the prairie level included between the Platte, the Missouri, and the northern fork of the Kanzas. Here a climate not yet infected by the parching heats of the country below, is united with a soil of eminent fruitfulness. The arable land begins here to widen, and to enclose one of the loveliest regions that the world knows. In rapid succession follow one another the valleys of the Blue River, of the Osage, of the Kanzas, of the Neosho, and of the Upper Arkansas. But even with these aids, the arable soil does not extend on an average farther than from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles from the river-banks.

The general character of the bottom-lands, not only of the Missouri, but of the Kanzas, the Yellowstone, and the Platte, is of sand and clay, richly impregnated and saturated with carbon, and with the vast quantities of decayed vegetable matter which the rivers are constantly precipitating. Not unusually, corn, to the amount of one hundred and fifty bushels to the acre, is here produced, with scarcely any more preparation than the turning of a soil which is already so soft and pliable as to require only the ordinary plough-work. From this, which forms, more strictly speaking, the river-basin,

there rises not unfrequently a second or subsidiary bottom, at an average height of fifty feet from the river level, and sloping back to the bluff-heights which form the base of the inland prairies. Ordinarily, therefore, the river-banks arise in three terraces; — first, that of their own bottom; secondly, that of the middle slope; and thirdly, that of the bluff-heights, from which sweep away, sometimes in even plain, sometimes in billowy swells, the prairies themselves. These prairies, however, have their own distinctive undulations. The ridge, or water-shed, which divides two rivers or water-courses, and which is hence called the "Divide," forms very often a level road for miles. It would seem as if, when the waters which once covered this vast region subsided, they first receded from this ridge or *divide*, and, in dropping down its sides, opened at almost equal distances seams or ravines, which are now traversed, sometimes by rivulets; sometimes by sloughs or mud-pools, which continue to ooze along until the spring which supplies them is absorbed; and sometimes by mere wind-gaps. It is these troughs, almost always equal in their depression and their diameter, and generally covered with the richest verdure, that give to the prairies of the Missouri Valley a peculiar billowy beauty.

Of the agricultural qualities of the prairie soil, it is not necessary to speak. Undoubtedly, taking its permanency, its depth, its richness, and its extent into consideration, it can find nothing in the world to equal it. The great difficulty is the toughness of the vegetable canvas by which it is covered. For centuries, the long and strong threads of the grass-root have been knitted to and fro, until at last they have become a fabric, the tenacity of which no loom can rival. For centuries, birds have rendered their aid to complete the work, by dropping down seeds of an infinite variety of stunted but thick-set little plants, that clinch and rasp the sod above and beneath. For centuries, fires have periodically blazed over the whole surface, forcing vegetation, in very self-defence, to betake itself to underground work, where its enemy cannot reach it, building, or rather packing itself away, in cellars, two or three stories deep.

It is not here that the gopher, whose exploratory energies

so often help the plough in the damper lands of the bottom, excavates its catacombs. That indefatigable little miner shrinks from the tough roots below, and the conflagrations above, which mark the prairie levels, and takes up his abode mainly beneath the shadow of the bluffs. Hence it is that the work of breaking up this toughest of soils has difficulties which the Eastern farmer can hardly comprehend. In Nebraska and Kanzas, as many as six or eight yoke of oxen will be seen engaged at a single plough. Rarely is the work undertaken with less than four yoke. When once upturned, however, the sod rots in the course of a summer. After this, it may be ploughed by a single yoke. Corn and potatoes grow on it after the first ploughing; wheat not until after the second.

The toughness of the prairie sod may form some test of its age. Mr. Schoolcraft tells us, that it is "more permanent in its qualities than even the firmest sandstones and limestones of the West, the latter of which are known to crumble and waste away under the combined influences of rain, frost, and other atmospheric phenomena of the climate." We have, however, a more accurate method of measurement. In 1827, an oak-tree was cut down, whose roots interpenetrated the sod which lay over one of those ancient mounds by which this section of country is marked. The tree measured thirty-eight inches in diameter at the height of twenty-six inches above the ground, which gave three hundred and twenty-five cortical layers, indicating an age of three hundred and twenty-five years. One century, therefore, before the French entered the St. Lawrence, one century and a quarter before the Puritans landed at Plymouth Rock, the prairie-grass was busy in knitting this ancient garment for the preservation of the still more ancient aboriginal monuments beneath.

To the same era the present formation of prairies may at least in part be referred. Mr. Schoolcraft, in his great work, gives us a series of plates representing the outlines of some of the more remarkable of those ancient farms, of which the prairies in the Missouri Valley show indications that may be clearly traced. The fields of which these farms consist are, in most cases, covered by the sod of which mention has just been

made, which carries their origin back for a period certainly exceeding three hundred years. They are to be found in the richest and best-watered sections, and extend from one to three hundred acres each in area. The elaborate nicety with which these fields are laid out betrays a much higher degree of mechanical skill, and of agricultural care, than we find in the wandering tribes, which alone European enterprise has been able to discover on the North American continent. In one case, a parallelogram of a hundred acres is divided into four squares, separated from one another by neatly-defined walks. Each square is divided into a series of rows or beds, laid down with great accuracy and precision. "Nearly all the lines of each area or sub-area of beds," Mr. Schoolcraft tells us, "are rectangular and parallel. Others admit of half-circles, and variously-curved beds with avenues, and are differently grouped and disposed." To the fact that these beds, from the want of cattle capable of drawing the plough, were worked and cemented by the hand, year after year, is to be attributed the toughness which they gradually assumed, and which, under the covering of the prairie grass, has enabled them to withstand the passage of centuries.

We have, therefore, in these ancient fields and gardens, the cause of at least a portion of those wide sweeps of prairie by which the forest is uprooted as well as the valley smoothed. When, with an art more refined, though not more laborious, the gardens of Pompeii and Herculaneum were cut into their long alleys and their graceful curves, races now gone were moulding these gardens of the Missouri, which a vesture equally impervious with the lava of Vesuvius was to preserve for the inspection of ages to come.

> "A race, that long has passed away,
> Built them; — a disciplined and populous race
> Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
> Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
> Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
> The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
> Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,
> When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
> And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.
> The solitude of centuries untold

> Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
> Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
> Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
> Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone, —
> All — save the piles of earth that hold their bones, —
> The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods, —
> The barriers which they builded from the soil
> To keep the foe at bay."

It is not unlikely, viewing the matter *a priori*, that such a race as those by which the mounds of the Missouri and Ohio Valleys were built should have left tracts of cleared ground, of which the more delicate and complex structure of the gardens just noticed would form but a small fraction. Should desolation, such as we might suppose to follow in the track of a barbarian foe, sweep over the Genesee Valley, and should the deserted fields of that most fertile tract be left to the approaches of the prairie-grass, it would require not a long course of years to cover the dark soil of the upturned turf with a beautiful, but tough carpet, whose texture would prevent a forest-growth. We should find similar plains open wherever the hand of the farmer had been busy in clearing the soil. The valley of the Connecticut River would glitter in the billowy verdure, at least as beautifully as that of the Des Moines. We may, by the same reasoning, be justified in concluding, that some portion, at least, of the prairie expanse was cleared by aboriginal culture.

But however this may be with the breaks which we find in the bosom of large forests, and with those artificial gardens in which the culture of the aboriginal husbandman may be specially traced, we must resort to the natural agencies of fire and water to explain the causes of that vast denudation by which the Missouri and Mississippi valleys are literally made bare. Fire is the Indian's harrow by which he tears up the *old* pasture; his manuring power by which he works in order to produce the *new*. Even in the month of July, when the spring grass has already become coarse and dry, the traveller will see, curling up in point after point on the horizon, the smoke which marks the process by which this cheap agriculture is carried on. In a few moments the prairie is covered with a reddish-brown crust. In a few days the

tender green grass springs up. Here the cattle congregate, leaving the older and drier pasture. Here the buffalo, in wilder regions, collects in countless hosts, to meet that race with whose destinies he is bound by so subtile and indissoluble a link.

But this process, however salutary it may be to the short-lived and vivacious grass, is fatal to those majestic trees whose life is centuries. No sapling can survive a prairie-fire; and as there are few prairies on the table-lands which are not on fire at least once in every two or three years, there is no sapling thus exposed that is not destroyed before it becomes a tree. It is thus that, in the higher and drier sections of the country, the general bareness of the prairies is to be explained. The exception denotes the cause. Wherever there is a deep ravine, with sudden and bare banks, down which the flame cannot lick, there, especially when there is a slough at the bottom so as utterly to exclude invasion, the young trees take refuge.

The bareness of the valleys and river-bottoms can be accounted for on another principle. The excursive character of the streams on the Missouri Valley of itself produces no denudation. Besides this, there is the record on every hill of the gradual emergence of the bottom-lands, at least, from the waters of a vast inland lake. The level and bare soil which the retirement of such a lake would leave, may be well understood as forming the present river-bottom prairies.

In respect to forests, Southeastern Nebraska and Eastern Kanzas have a great advantage over Illinois and Iowa. In the latter States, we may travel for miles without seeing the fringe of a single tree rise over the clear line of the horizon. The country in many sections is bald of all growths higher than grass. It is not so on the central valley of the Missouri. The cottonwood spreads itself in wonderful beauty along the bottom-lands, and with it the silver-poplar and the willow raise their flexible forms. Above, on the bluffs, are to be found the oak, the elm, the cedar, and the black-walnut. For fuel and for fencing, as well as for building, therefore, there is an abundance of material on the spot.

With these points may be considered the climate. Between the Missouri Valley and the same range of latitude

towards the east, the advantages, so far as evenness of temperature is concerned, are with the latter. Both in Kanzas and in Nebraska the thermometer ranges fifteen degrees higher in summer, and fifteen degrees lower in winter, than in Virginia and Pennsylvania. It is not uncommon for the mercury to sink to thirty degrees below zero in the one season, and to keep steady in the other, even as far north as Omaha City, at one hundred and ten. It is an error to seek the causes of these extremes in the as yet unsettled condition of the country. They result from the fact that, as we recede farther from the sea-coast, both heat and cold become in their degree greater. The reason is very simple. The ocean — from its comparative non-susceptibility to changes of temperature, from the readiness with which its layers, when overheated, give place to others that are cooler, and from its moisture — has a very sensible influence in retarding the processes of heating and cooling for the atmosphere lying upon it. This influence declines in proportion to our removal from its seat. To quote from Humboldt: —

"The temperature is raised by the proximity of a western coast in the temperate zone; the divided configuration of a continent into peninsulas, with deeply-indented bays and inland seas; the prevalence of southerly or westerly winds; chains of mountains acting as protecting walls against winds coming from colder regions; the vicinity of an oceanic current; and the constant serenity of the sky in the summer months. It is lowered by elevation above the level of the sea, when not forming part of an extended plain; the compact configuration of a continent having no littoral curvatures or bays; the vicinity of isolated peaks; mountain chains, whose mural form and direction impede the access of warm winds; and a cloudy summer sky, which weakens the action of the solar rays."

Two features, however, tend greatly to soften these extremes. The winter is relieved by the crisp dryness of the air, as contrasted with the piercing sharpness of our seaboard. The summer, to those who can take refuge in the shade, has nearly all its terrors removed by the cool and powerful breezes by which the prairies are incessantly swept.

It is in these breezes, in fact, that resides one of the main charms of prairie life. In their uniformity, their bracing purity,

their vigor, they rival those of the sea. They are greatly preferable in these respects to those that traverse our eastern Alleghany slopes. With us, the wind comes fractured into puffs, or slit into threads, by the forests, the narrow gorges, the mountain crags, and the deep ravines through which it passes. Its order, like that of a great army which has been forced to defile through a series of mountain-passes, is broken up; and it comes down upon us in squads and platoons, which, though brisk and energetic enough, lack at the same time the uniformity and steady march of a well-disciplined body. But the breezes of the prairies pass onward in one grand and unbroken sheet. They may not blow with the force of our occasional Eastern gusts, but they blow like the trade-winds, with an evenness and continuity which may be always relied on, and which, in summer at least, is as far from sinking at one time into a calm, as from rising at another into a hurricane. In winter the case is different, as the wind then covers the prairies with a cold and heavy weight, whose very uniformity aggravates its severity. But in the summer, the delicious coolness and the unfailing regularity of the prairie winds are blessings to which all travellers will bear a grateful testimony.

We have thus given a brief survey of the position and resources of the territory which, under the name of Nebraska and Kanzas, occupies no inconsiderable section of the west side of the Missouri Valley. From this survey, important conclusions follow. One of these is the damming up of the stream of American emigration at our present western frontier. Whether that stream is to fork northward or southward, — towards Canada or New Mexico, — whether, turned back upon its fountains, it is to fall eastward down on the islands of the Caribbean, — these are questions too momentous to be here discussed. One observation we may be permitted to hazard. If we have indeed reached our western inland frontier, it is a frontier well worthy of its destiny. Perhaps there is no more striking illustration of the wisdom of that Providence which presided over the formation of our country, than in the fact that emigration was first led to our eastern coast, rather than to the great valley of the Mississippi. Had

the latter been first occupied, it is doubtful whether the rocks and lagoons of the sea-board would ever have been settled. No man would have turned from the prairie-sward to the seamed slopes of the Atlantic edge. As it is, we have the energy and patience which the difficult soil of the East generates, with that magnificent sweep of Western territory which, had it been opened to us first, might, from its very luxuriousness, have generated among those occupying it an ignoble love of ease.

Art. IV.—1. *Les Parlements de France. Essai Historique.* Par le Vicomte de Bastard. Paris: Didier. 2 vols. 8vo.
2. *Robert Emmett.* Paris: Michel Levy. 12mo.
3. *Mémoires de l'Impératrice Joséphine.* Paris: Firmin Didot. 2 vols. 8vo.
4. *Études sur Pascal.* Par Victor Cousin. Paris: Didier. 8vo.
5. *Fragments et Souvenirs.* Par Victor Cousin. Paris: Didier. 8vo.
6. *La Tribune Moderne. Vie de Châteaubriand.* Par M. Villemain. Paris: Michel Levy. 8vo.

It seems a strange, and for that very reason it may not be an uninteresting study, to examine, at the very moment when France has almost ceased to have almost any liberties, what were the liberties she enjoyed from the thirteenth century up to the so-called great Revolution, and through the period when she was governed by what are usually denominated absolute, if not despotic monarchs.

When discussing, or in any way judging, the history of France, it is always necessary to separate her institutions from the manner in which they were administered, and from the men who administered them. It has been often remarked by statesmen, that nearly all institutions are in themselves good, and have failed only from the deficiencies of those in whose hands they were placed, and who had the duty of carrying them out. It is therefore, we think, somewhat a

mistake to inveigh against the *institutions* of France in past times, and to go on repeating, (as is too often done, especially in England,) that France never had any appetency for liberty, because she never had any opportunity in her form of government for judging what liberty really meant. The elements of what in England has now become irrevocably constitutional and representative government, were all contained in France two or three hundred years ago; but the utter want of moderation on the part of those who had the institutions of the country in charge, prevented them from producing their natural fruits, and compelled the nation to oscillate perpetually between two extremes, resulting from the victory of this party or that. The struggles we have witnessed in France, in modern times, "between the *ancien régime* and the Revolution," to use M. de Tocqueville's words,—that is, between anarchy and an exaggeration of the royal prerogative,—were as strong, though perhaps less fierce, when carried on, under another form, between the Parliaments and the crown; and in this struggle we find foreshadowed what were to be the future destinies, and indeed the future disasters, of France.

When the phrase "Parliamentary Government" is now used with regard to France, it is supposed to designate the men and the parties that have stood at the head of the French administration since 1789, and (barring the Empire) until 1851. Never was a greater error. France has never known what is meant by the genuineness and integrity of parliamentary power, and above all of *representative* government, since the decree for the suppression of the parliaments in the middle of the last century; for *since* that period, the same elements for the necessary balancing of forces have never existed.

Let our readers on this side the Atlantic understand, that we are not speaking from their point of view; for it would be radically impossible to do so with regard to an "old-world" kingdom of the European continent. The "old-world" point of view, and, in a certain degree, "old-world policy," are alone admissible, when judging of France. Therefore, our political philosophy upon this head must be received as relative, rather than absolute.

The origin of monarchy in France is a double one,—judicial

no less than military; and the first French kings were both judges and captains. The French are said to be a "nation of soldiers," and there is undoubtedly truth in the saying; but if ever a nation of *plaideurs* existed, the French is that nation also. An old author says of his countrymen:—

"The French are so essentially litigious, so naturally given to law-suits and pleadings, that their kings have been obliged to establish more parliaments, courts, and special jurisdictions, and a greater number of judges, than are to be found in all the other countries of Europe. And this inordinate number of judges and jurisdictions has produced ten times as many advocates, procurators, solicitors, and other men of law, who, in order that they may gain a goodly livelihood, provoke and foment such a host of actions and suits, that, in all France, there exists nothing that is not matter for litigation."

Now it may be said, that the entire legal history of this most litigious people is contained in M. de Bastard's two volumes upon the parliamentary history of France; and from this point of view it is one of the most curious works that have been published for several years, and one which the historical student cannot possibly ignore.

From the thirteenth century till the eighteenth, France was, to the full, as much governed by her parliaments as by the crown; and all the liberties of the individual, as of the nation, were guaranteed by those *grandes compagnies*, as they were denominated, over which the royal authority could exercise no intimidation, and in regard to which corruption was of no possible avail. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are full of the struggle between the parliaments and the crown; and here we have occasion to recur to the observation made at the outset, namely, that want of moderation is the cause of all the political failures of France. The parliamentary institutions of France, during the entire ascendency of the *ancien régime*, were about as well adapted to the national character as anything one can imagine. They united in themselves the facilities for just the degree of freedom and of governmental influence combined which the French race is capable of supporting; and they were framed with such wise elasticity, that, had they endured, they might easily have been made to correspond subsequently to all the exigencies of an improved age,

and of a people more advanced in political education. But they did not endure, because they could not; and they were incapable of enduring, because the exaggeration of right and authority, on the part of those to whom the working of the parliamentary machinery was intrusted, was so great, that it provoked a corresponding exaggeration in the crown; and the consequence was a determined struggle, in which the parliaments carried things so far, and with so high a hand, that in self-defence the crown could do nothing else than suppress them. The day of their suppression was a fatal day for France; but the parliaments themselves did everything in their power to make any other result impossible. It is often regretted that France (constituted as she is) has no aristocratic class which can, as in England, interpose between the people and the crown, and, while protecting either from the usurpations of the other, prevent both from aspiring to any exclusive concentration or possession of absolute power. France had two sources whence such an aristocracy might have sprung, — her *noblesse d'épée* and her *noblesse de robe*. Her army and her magistracy might each have given her the guardians of her freedom against the encroachments of the mob or of the crown. The first attempt at anything of the sort was made by the *noblesse* of the sword, and was found intolerable; for instead of serving as a counterbalancing force, the French feudal nobility dreamed of little else than of oppression on its own account, and for its own profit. Instead of shielding both the people and the crown, it threatened both, and rendered itself impossible. Richelieu saw this at a glance, and destroyed the military *noblesse;* but Richelieu died before he had constructed anything in the place of the power that was destroyed, and the crown and the people were left face to face with each other, with nothing between them to deaden the blows they might one day chance to deal upon each other. The sword being found to have been comparatively useless, politically speaking, and in the formation of a genuine aristocracy, the gown remained. How near the gown was to furnishing France with an upright, conscientious, deserving, hard-working, and liberal aristocracy, it is worth our reading M. de Bastard's book in order to

see. Two things in the volumes before us are particularly striking to those who have made the civilization of France their study, — the education of youth in the parliamentary centres of the country under the *ancien régime*, and the system favoring the absorption of the inferior by the superior classes, a feature hitherto thought by no means characteristic of the social constitution of the Gallo-Roman races. With regard to the former, nothing is better worth attention than the description given by M. de Bastard of what the youth of the French parliamentary families were, some hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago.

"The parliamentary youth of France," he observes, "were delivered from idle habits, and that uncertainty of the future which, at the present day, discourages so many, — being early in life incorporated into the ranks of the magistracy, and having thus the time and means afforded them of treading in the steps of their elders. The right of judging (*droit d'opiner*) was not, however, awarded to these young men till after several years of toil and experience; and the system adopted with regard to the variety of courts in nearly all the parliaments, operated well for the educating of future magistrates."

There is no doubt that this was the inducement for a very considerable portion of the upper and middle classes in France to obtain an education such as no class in the country has been in the habit of receiving since, and such as fitted those who did obtain it to place themselves profitably at the head of the country, and to aid in the work of guiding its destinies by framing and applying its laws. In innumerable cases the young men (sons and relatives of magistrates) who entered actively upon an official career were too young to be able to assume any responsibility; frequently, habitually even, lads of seventeen were accepted as successors of their fathers or uncles; but, although they became immediately partakers in all the labors of the courts in which they took their seats thus early, they did not, as M. de Bastard observes, acquire the right of "judging" their fellow-citizens, but prepared themselves for the period when this "right" should be awarded them.

Napoleon I. was so thoroughly well aware of the greatness and high morality of the old parliamentary families of the

ancien régime, and of the weight such a class ought to possess in the state, that he aimed at re-constituting a sort of legal aristocracy, or a species of legal *caste*, by the establishment of what he termed the *Judicial Novitiate*, by means of which the younger relations of magistrates and high judicial functionaries should hold it as an honor to tread in the steps of their elders, and should prepare themselves, through a series of years, for the occupancy of the places in which their predecessors had done credit to their names, and good service to their country. But, like all regulations framed merely by the hand of man, and not reposing in any way upon the habits and manners of the people, this "judicial novitiate" produced nothing beyond a few isolated families, and vanished, leaving no trace, after the fall of Napoleon, in 1815. The parliamentary families of pre-Revolutionary France were a caste, because the parliaments were a power, and represented the local organization of free, and then uncentralized France. With the gradual growth of centralization, and the destruction of the parliamentary centres, these families ceased to represent anything; and the legal youth of France, if we may so call them, instead of helping to form what the English have, aptly enough, of late years termed the "governing classes," would simply have been required to swell the army of public functionaries, remunerated by the central authority, and subject to a despotic will. From this the descendants of the ancient and time-honored judicial houses of France revolted; and Napoleon's "judicial novitiate" failed to create anything in the shape of a class or caste.

We repeat that, in the face of the truly deplorable condition to which the youth of France (especially in the superior ranks) have now sunk, — a condition of which foreigners even can be good judges, from the tone of the stage, of literature, and of the press in that country, — it is assuredly interesting for the philosophical or historical student to perceive what was the radical, the almost incredible difference, caused by national institutions and habits, in the same race, one hundred and fifty or two hundred years ago.

The other point to which we alluded is equally important, and touches equally upon one of the peculiarities of the

Gallo-Roman civilization; namely, the absorption of the inferior by the superior classes.

In France and Germany (and in the former — will it be believed? — more even than in the latter) there has been a tendency to social stagnation. Wherever it is contrary to the national manners, habits, and feelings to believe that what is new can be equally excellent with what is old, there will be witnessed what we have termed the tendency to stagnation, — namely, the tendency to imagine that a certain social superiority can be the privilege only of a small number. This is the case in France more than in any other Continental country; less, as we know, in England than in any country in Europe. The consequence is, that, while England counts the most numerous aristocracy of any nation in Europe, France, on the contrary, has a nobility that is every day dying out. The curious thing is, that, as ideas enlarge, and as the progress of the entire world becomes in nearly every respect more manifest, France shuts herself up more and more in her antiquated notions. The farther off she is from the origin of all superiority, therefore of all *aristocracy* in its real sense, namely, from merit, which is the source of all distinction, — the farther off her noble races are from this, the more they seem resolved to immure themselves in the past only, and to refuse to recognize the rights of actual living and breathing merit. The proof that this is the case is the peculiar feeling of the enemies of all social distinctions in France. Ask any avowed revolutionist, from Brest to Marseilles, what he thinks of some count or marquis whose father was a carpet-maker or an ironmonger, and mark with what exquisite contempt he will treat him as "being nobody at all," — as being a pretender, and not "the real thing." He hates the Montmorencys and La Tremouilles and La Rochefoucaulds, and the whole set of men, from first to last, whom he looks upon as the representatives of a superior order. But the curious feature of the case is, that he never denies their being something that he can never be; and this is the very reason for which he would have them all suppressed. The Anglo-Saxon feeling is a very different one. An English "Radical" or democrat will tell you, "One man is worth

another." He makes no difference between Lord Lyndhurst, whose father was a painter, and Lord Arundel, whose ancestors figured in the Crusades; between a Wellesley and a Talbot, except that, of these two, the former appears to him immeasurably greater than the latter. His sentiment of equality is the true one, for it is based upon the recognition of individual merit; whereas the Frenchman has become stagnant to such a degree, that he esteems no nobility valid, that of birth excepted; and not being able to give himself the long line of ancestors he regards as indispensable, he would sweep from the earth every man who does not date from yesterday, avowing thereby that, in his mind, ancestral descent does alone constitute nobility. It is impossible to comprehend many of the characteristics of the French race, or indeed thoroughly to penetrate all the causes of its frequent revolutions (far more social than political), unless the peculiarities we here allude to be minutely studied. But this feeling of exclusiveness was by no means so prevalent two centuries ago as it now is; and strangely enough, at the time when nobility of birth was in the highest enjoyment of its highest privileges, the nobility of merit was the most easily obtained, and the most widely honored on all hands.

"The establishment and growth of families in our ancient cities," says M. de Bastard, "is one of the most interesting facts that have to be studied in the formation of society in France. It is a fact to be studied everywhere in the parliamentary centres. Few things are more admirable than this organization of society in past times in France. The work of transformation was slow, but surely progressive and ascendant; and the labors of each individual raised a whole generation above the generation immediately preceding it, while, however, to rise in the social scale, the toil of a life was often necessary."

The author of the work before us shows us this slow, but perpetual, work of transformation going on in such cities as Toulouse, and in those where the parliaments held their sittings; and he refers us to other writers, who have noted how incessantly this progress towards the establishment of a practical and rational aristocracy continued in the capital. An interesting statistical work might be made upon the gradual formation in Paris of what are now termed "noble

races," whose origin was as follows. A stranger (for few of the high Parisian families had Parisians for their founders) fixed himself in the capital, at some early period, as a shop-assistant, and perhaps himself became a shop-keeper; his descendants successively attained to the positions of town councillor, *echevin*, notary, lawyer, *conseiller au chatelet*, substitute of the *procureur général*, king's advocate, parliamentary counsellor, president of a court of inquiry, *avocat général, président à mortier;* and thus, in four or five generations, the descendant of the shop-assistant is the equal of many of the highest-born lords of the land. "It would be easy," says M. de Bastard, "to quote names in plenty in support of what is here alleged." But this readiness to admit merit as the determining cause of rank (without which admission there is no possibility of forming a political aristocracy) began to slacken by degrees, as the old *noblesse* of birth came to be less deserving, and to arrogate by mere privilege what it perhaps felt itself becoming incapable of winning by merit. With the Revolution of 1789–93, all the really liberal opinions and sentiments that are to be recognized in the various classes of Frenchmen in the seventeenth century disappear, and make way for narrow-mindedness of every kind and description, under the disguise of the loftiest-sounding names. The two classes became two *castes*, and were distinguished only for their rank hatred of each other; the plebeians demanding the total destruction of the *noblesse*, and the *noblesse* refusing now to owe any distinction save to a source unattainable by their enemies, that is, to ancient birth.

Our generation, and indeed that which preceded ours, have had no opportunity of judging in France of anything save of what has been the direct product of the Revolution; therefore, this violent antagonism between patricians and plebeians is one of the social and political features which to our eyes particularly characterize the French nation. It is consequently of the deepest interest to find authentic documentary evidence of the long and well-established existence of a diametrically opposite order of things; and here is one of the reasons for which we recommend to all historical

students a serious perusal of M. de Bastard's History of the Parliaments of France.

From the now extinct twelve parliaments of Gaul, to the last Irish Parliament previous to the Union, it may perhaps be said that the transition is not a very abrupt one; but in the little volume entitled *Robert Emmett*, and semi-anonymously presented to the Parisian public, what concerns the Parliament of Dublin is by far the least important part of the whole work. Before proceeding further, let us explain the term "semi-anonymously." In Paris, when the volume referred to was on the eve of publication, early in the present year, rumors, at first vague, began to circulate as to its authorship, and the name of M. de Rémusat (the younger, the author of several clever articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*) was pronounced very generally. But a few days sufficed to clear up the mystery, and to put all Paris in possession of the name of the writer of a book, the subject of which was utterly unknown to ninety-nine hundredths of those who were preparing to discuss it. Therefore we venture to say, that, though *Robert Emmett* bears no name upon its title-page, it is but a semi-anonymous production; for throughout every fraction of Parisian society, of no matter what opinions, the question addressed by most men to their neighbors has been, "Have you read Madame d'Haussonville's book, and what do you think of it?"

If ever "fair ladye" had a right to publish a book, the author of the little volume in question has that right indubitably. Madame la Comtesse d'Haussonville is the granddaughter of Madame de Staël, — the daughter of the Duc de Broglie, and of his beautiful, accomplished, excellent, and far-famed duchess, Albertine de Staël. The Duchesse de Broglie, at her premature demise, left three children, — the distinguished writer, Prince Albert de Broglie, whose works have contributed not a little to enrich the political and constitutional department of French history; another son, now in the navy; and Mademoiselle de Broglie, now the wife of Count d'Haussonville, the author of several esteemed productions, and latterly of an excellent History of Lorraine. It will be acknowledged that Madame d'Haussonville could

hardly escape an author's fate. The book she has just brought out is one not very easy to judge of, — one whose merits are rather negative than positive, and the originality of which consists above all in what its author does not say. This may require explanation. Nothing would have been so easy as to launch out into declamation without end on England and the revolutionary movements of 1798. Madame d'Haussonville's great merit is, that, from the beginning to the end of her book, there is not a declamatory line. She might have said a vast deal more than she has; she might have said all she has said differently. Would the book have gained thereby? Some there are who unhesitatingly say, Yes; others, who dogmatically say, No. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that these opposite opinions belong to the two so widely opposite schools which divide the modern literature of France. On the one side stand the partisans of what the English press has recently undertaken to ridicule as "fine writing," — the artists who maintain that emotion is produced by the manner and form of expression, by its poetry and imagery; on the other are placed the champions of "sobriety," as it is called, — those who affirm emotion to be dependent upon the fact, and not upon the manner in which it is expressed. It is the old quarrel over again of *Classiques* and *Romantiques*, — of the colorists, and of those who love only the sharp, pure outline. Madame d'Haussonville's book is fitted to enchant the classic school, and drives to despair the votaries of romantic art. To us the book has another and utterly different interest; and we are almost surprised that our point of view has not struck more of those French critics who have analyzed it, and expatiated upon it for the benefit of the French public.

The most singular feature of the work is its coming from the granddaughter of Madame de Staël. A more unequivocal condemnation of all the vain, frothy, rhapsodical rhetoric of *Corinne* is nowhere to be found than in the mathematically precise, dignified, and somewhat frigid prose of *Robert Emmett*. "Good heavens!" was the first exclamation of a famous Parisian critic, "where has all the grandmother's enthusiasm flown to? What has become of her *Lyrics?* Out of all the orchestra of poetic instruments that sigh and

wail through Madame de Staël's works of fiction, not so much as the echo of an Æolian harp is to be found in her grandchild's book!" This is true; and the "Lyre" of Corinne would seem in the eyes of Madame d'Haussonville to be as *rococo* as the too famous yellow turban which has grown to be identified with the features of her illustrious grandmother, and which gives them (to those who have seen only her portrait) such a harsh, forbidding, intensely unpleasant air. That, up to a certain point, Madame d'Haussonville has judged soundly of this, we think there can be little doubt; the Lyrics of *Corinne* (which, after all, — we beg Madame de Staël's pardon for saying it, — were only the necessary consequence of the false, declamatory tone of the Empire) — the Lyrics of *Corinne* are completely out of date; and we are grateful to the author of *Robert Emmett* for not having treated her public to any "harp-music," even when on the subject of Sarah Curran, who has been far too much "sung" by Moore in his Irish Melodies, and only once properly dealt with, and sketched, in the *chiar' oscuro* tints that befitted her, by our own Washington Irving, in his exquisite *Broken Heart*. But between the "Lyrics" of the school personified in Chateaubriand and Madame de Staël, and the total absence of all emotion, there is a distance wide enough to admit of something that shall keep clear of both exaggerations. We are not quite sure that we should not wish the tragic tale of Robert Emmett — the patriot of twenty-three years of age, who loved Ireland perhaps "not wisely, but too well," and who, at all events, paid the price of his imprudence with his life — to be told with more feeling, and less as though the narrator were merely registering a succession of facts that could not by any means enlist her sympathies on either side. Such a desire may be very weak on our part; but we confess that, after reading this most correctly written, yet to us unsatisfactory volume, we were inclined to echo the exclamation made by a child, to whom, in Berlin, the splendid *Grisaille* mural pictures of Cornelius were shown, and their extraordinary beauties explained: "May be! but I wish there were live people in them!" Here, in our mind, is the defect of Madame d'Haussonville's book. It

is, in its pure, cold outlines, an estimable, nay, a remarkable work of art; but it is not the fit record of the deeds and thoughts of those who loved what they loved so passionately as to die for it. It is wanting in life, and therefore in truth. It fails in animation, because it was composed by a writer perpetually afraid of becoming exaggerated or heroic. Madame d'Haussonville is possessed by a natural, and perhaps salutary, dread of what, in his book on Pascal, M. Cousin calls "that poetic prose, the fatal sign of a literature verging on decay, which, at the end of the last and at the commencement of the present century, made its appearance in France"; but she has fallen into the contrary extreme.

The very faults of this little semi-romantic, semi-historical volume upon Robert Emmett prepare us for a better appreciation of M. Cousin's untiring efforts to maintain French prose at the height to which it was raised by the great authors and thinkers of the seventeenth century. It may not be excessive to say, that no man in our age has done so much for the French language as Cousin. While withstanding every effort made by the so-called *Romantiques* to alter the character of that tongue, by the sudden assimilation of elements wholly foreign to its nature, he has at the same time, by his own example and by his commentaries on others, victoriously proved that there is no passion, however intense, no sentiment, however sublime, to the expression of which French prose is not perfectly adequate. To quote M. Cousin's own words: —

"England and Germany, Italy and Spain, have poets equal and often superior to ours. Imagination, the charming and dangerous muse, is, and always has been, somewhat strange to us, and we make up for her coyness by imitation of the most laboriously extravagant kind. But in prose no nation of modern times has any writers that at all approach ours."

This assertion is so true, that the conscientious student of various tongues will, if he identify himself successively with one idiom after another, be obliged to confess that, were there any hope of ever translating Tacitus without losing the energy, conciseness, and precision of the original, the one only language in which the attempt could be made would be

the French. Goethe — the master of all form and style, the arch-lapidary of modern times, the fashioner of words, who never rested so long as the expressions found were not exactly adequate to the impression received, and in turn to be conveyed — felt so profoundly this superiority of French prose, that, after he had transformed his own redundant idiom, compressing it till he tortured it into something like conciseness, he had in the latter years of his life but one perpetual exclamation upon his lips: "Ah! if I could but write my thoughts in French!"

Of all the great prose-writers who flourished in France in her most illustrious age, the seventeenth century, none offers so many deeply interesting points to the study of both the linguist and the philosopher as Pascal. It is not, therefore, astonishing, that such a thinker and such a writer as Cousin should be attracted and held captive by such a writer and such a thinker as Pascal.

"The peculiar qualities of Pascal's prose," he writes, "are all but impossible to define; and the power of feeling them even can be gained only by the most assiduous communication with the genius of him who wrote. Pascal's style is, above all, an exquisite mixture of *naïveté* and grandeur. It is by turns full of familiar simplicity and of the strongest poetic inspiration, without ever falling into affected negligence, — that worst of affectations, — or into the vulgar amalgamation of two opposite styles, whence is derived what is now termed *poetical prose*. . . . . Pascal stayed but a short time upon earth; but however rapidly he passed away, during his quick passage he had a distinct vision of Perfect Beauty; he attached himself to it with all the power of his mind and of his heart, and let nothing escape from his hands that did not bear its indelible sign. Such was in him the passion for the Perfect, that it is notorious that he wrote *thirteen times over* the seventeenth *Provinciale!*"

Here we interrupt our quotation for what seems an absolutely necessary remark, — necessary to the perfect comprehension of both Pascal and M. Cousin. In what regards the mere expression, the outward form of all art, as in what regards the conception or idea to be expressed, there are two schools; — one, that of inspiration; the other, that of reflection. The latter tells you, with Boileau and Voltaire, that a

work must be "woven and rewoven" fifty times before it is fit to be given to the public, and that apparent facility is to be won only by untiring toil; the former asserts, with Goethe, that, do what you will, "you will never win the road to others' hearts, if what you say does not spring from your own." The generality of authors in all times and tongues are divisible into these two categories; — those who grow tiresome and pretentious from perpetually retouching their work, because they are wholly preoccupied with its outside, while of inside there is little or none; and those who grow vague, declamatory, and incomprehensible, because they pour forth at once all they fancy their inspiration commands them to pour forth, and because in reality they are in wild pursuit of their own idea, which they have never yet positively caught, or been able to hold fast. Yet the clear-sighted, mathematical, but intensely-inspired Pascal, — the man so full of strange contradictions that in childhood he re-discovered Euclid's problems, proving them as Euclid had done,* and having, by what was strongest in him, reason, attained to the highest range of Christian faith, cast reason from him as an illegitimate ground of belief, — the man whose strong, *painful* sense of poetry comes from the same sources whence Shakespeare derived his, — the man whom no human weakness escapes and whom no human loftiness can surprise, and who would appear, from the dawn of youth upward, to have had every one of his feelings immediately accountable to himself, and therefore immediately *expressible;* — this man, Pascal, wrote the seventeenth *Provinciale* thirteen times over! Why? Was he not sure, before taking pen in hand, of what he meant to say? Did he, like secondary spirits, doubt whether he intended to express this or that? Or was he, could he be, preoccupied by the mere puerilities of the outward grace and charm of this, rather than that, expression? No! Pascal here is still the same as ever, — proud, uneasy, toiling to reach another species of faith than that he possesses, disdaining all literary fame and all purely literary art, — wholly,

* It will be remembered that, when twelve years old, Pascal *invented* (for he had no previous knowledge of them) the thirty-two propositions of the first book of the "Elements."

exclusively, incomparably himself, and for ever searching throughout the entire world of linguistic forms for that which should the most perfectly, the most inevitably, embody his thought. "The Perfect" of which Cousin speaks as being the object of Pascal's ceaseless passion, is that through which he — the finite creature of an infinite Creator — can manifest himself the most clearly, and by the utmost amount of truth in outward form and phrase convey to other minds the strongest impression of the True. Seen from this point of view, all Pascal's perpetual alterations of the text of his manuscripts are not only explicable, they are necessary. But the discovery of these alterations, and therefore of one of the most interesting traits of Pascal's individuality, is owing solely to M. Cousin; and we in the nineteenth century should be less capable of judging one of the mightiest manifestations of intellect it has pleased Providence to send to our earth, if a kindred genius had not been found, who, like the immortal thinker of the *Pensées*, feels respect and admiration for an author only "so far as he is the complete and sincere expression of *a man*."

Not only has M. Cousin, as the issue of his long labors, reestablished the original text of the *Pensées*, which he gives us in his present volume, but the public owes to him the discovery of a document that completes Pascal from another point of view. Some fifteen years ago, in studying the catalogue of manuscripts in the library of St. Germain des Prés, M. Cousin, then a peer of France, just released from the duties of the Ministry of Public Instruction, and laden with the activities and honors of parliamentary and political life, happened to have his attention called to a mass of manuscript papers, containing, according to their title-page, "Writings by Nicole, Pascal, and St. Evremond." Impatiently he turned to the leaves thus marked, and discovered nothing less than a *Discours sur les Passions de l'Amour*, by the man in whose whole life no trace had as yet been found of any passionate feeling for a being of the other sex.

"Of all the discoveries we had made, or could make, touching Pascal, this was assuredly the least expected," observes M. Cousin. And he adds: "It is a totally different phase of the life so early spent that lies here opened to our inspection. The pages here rescued from obliv-

ion would seem more fittingly to emanate from the Hôtel Rambouillet, than from Port Royal. The subject of them is love! — the *passion* of love! — not mystical or divine love, but the love of the earth, with its long train of grandeurs and misfortunes. . . . . Nay, even if I am to say all I feel upon this most strange document, I must own that, at times, I can fancy that beneath my hand I catch, as it were, the beatings of a yet unquiet heart; and there is a chaste, yet tender emotion throughout the whole of the passages where the charms of an '*exalted friendship*' are described, which is to me the secret echo and the involuntary revelation of a passion that Pascal had himself experienced. . . . . Pascal *never* wrote a line save under the impulse of an irresistible sentiment, the weight whereof he lessened by expressing it. With him *the man creates, and alone instigates the writer;* and, if I am not much deceived, the *discourse* in question betrays, in the inmost consciousness of Pascal, a mystery which may perhaps never be wholly explained."

It is certain that the discovery of this document was an event in France. Of course, at first, those who are wont to doubt everything pretended to doubt its authenticity; but little by little it made its way, and at the end of a few years it was admitted on all hands to be the production of the same pen that had written the *Pensées* and the *Provinciales.* Material proof of its genuineness was found in the end; but had this failed, M. Cousin's reasoning remains sound. "If not Pascal's, *whose could it be?*" Nearly every one, in the seventeenth century, however great, is imitable, *except* Pascal; "but where," save in him, very properly asks M. Cousin, "could be traced that ardent and haughty air, that wonderful amount of passion and of sense, that language at once so lofty and so insinuating, that accent, that tone which is to be recognized from among a million?" It rests, therefore, with the French public to thank the continuator of Descartes, the translator of Plato, the reviver of really Christian and spiritual philosophy in France, for having restored to the literature of the country one of the most precious of all its gems. Nor is it only the French public that is thus indebted. A farther insight into any one of those bright, deep, individual intellects in which it has pleased the Almighty to "glass himself in power," is a service rendered to the world at large; and for the discovery of what a mind like Pascal's conceived of the

passion of love, all those should be grateful to M. Cousin who, instead of being merely bound within the narrow limits of national distinctions, are citizens of God's infinite, eternal universe of thought.

After this volume has been attentively perused, a more correct and complete notion of M. Cousin himself will be attained by the reader, who will thus be better prepared to appreciate the merits and the interest of the *Fragments et Souvenirs*, which constitutes perhaps the first book in which the illustrious philosopher enters personally into communication with the public, and treats, not of his opinions or of his systems, but of himself. As such, this last volume is one of extraordinary attractiveness, and possesses an intimate charm, which may be sought in vain in any of the writer's more abstract, and perhaps profounder publications. The *Souvenirs d'Allemagne* are the record of the impression made by the land of Goethe and Herder, of Kant and Fichte, upon the youthful imagination of him who, thirty years later, was to give to the world that impression modified, but not effaced, in the world-famous treatise entitled *Du Vrai, du Beau, et du Bien.* The "Studies upon the Style of Jean Jacques Rousseau" are the result of the sensations through which the author himself passed, before arriving at the grandly simple style he has now made so peculiarly his own; they tell, as it were, of the strong poetical emotions of early years. But, above all, what appears to us most precious in the whole volume is the essay upon M. de Santa Rosa. The hero of this sketch was a Piedmontese statesman, an exile from Italy for having been too devoted to Italy's weal; and the pages devoted to him by M. Cousin are the narrative of the strong affection, founded on mutual confidence and esteem, which bound together these two magnanimous natures. It is impossible to give any analysis of this chapter of the *Fragments;* it must be read, and we are convinced no one will read it once who will not recur to it over and over again, and rejoice in having, through its pages so warm from the heart, penetrated into the intimacy of a far more than illustrious, — of a truly great man.

If it is interesting to note the opinions of a mind like Pas-

cal's upon the passion of love, how intensely curious is it to mark the influence of that passion itself upon a man whose whole life is one of action, and whose preoccupations are those of ambition and of conquest! For some few years past, and especially since the appearance of a sort of half-finished (and certainly very imperfectly written) romance, published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it has been the fashion to say that there was more of genuine *sentiment* in the first Emperor's character than had ever been supposed. Now that the Memoirs of the Empress Josephine have appeared, and in them the minute and voluminous correspondence comprising the letters interchanged by the hero of Marengo and Austerlitz with his bride, our only subject of surprise is, that any doubt should ever have existed as to the passionate nature of Napoleon Bonaparte. No correspondence celebrated for its depth of passion only, no reciprocation of glowing thoughts and vows, can surpass, in the intensity of its ardor, the correspondence of General Bonaparte with his wife, Josephine de Beauharnais. Jean Jacques, Petrarch, and Shakespeare even, can never aspire to be more than the equals of the great Corsican; and there is in the rhapsodies of this warlike lover a something which no fiction, however magnificent, can quite compass. The fire of the Southern sun scorches through every line which the separated husband addresses to his wife, and the imagination and heart are so confounded in the temperament of the young warrior, that, as he loves really with all his faculties, there is truth in his wildest fancies, and poetry in the smallest and most realistic details of his attachment.

The story of Napoleon and Josephine is a singular one, and pre-eminently illustrative of Byron's theory: —

> "Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
> And fevers into false creation."

The young hero of Toulon had had no mistress save glory, and of what might be the object of his infinite aspirations, under another form than warlike renown, he knew nothing. The flame was in him, but it smouldered; for it had as yet found nothing to devour. Why Josephine Tascher, the widowed Marquise de Beauharnais, should have been the precise object selected by fate to ignite all that was combustible in a

nature whose very element was fire, would be a question worthy the research of all the philosophers and psychologists in the universe. Yet so it was. Madame de Beauharnais was several years older than her lover. She was graceful, as are most Creoles; but not only had she no claims to what is usually termed beauty, but there were certain details of her appearance which might have been the very reverse of attractive. To all she wanted, the future Emperor was apparently blind; what she possessed, or what his fancy recognized in her, inspired him with absolute idolatry. It was the earliest invasion of human, earthly passion, in a soul that had been all-absorbed by abstract ideas. From first to last,—taking even her own letters as the proof,—Josephine is inferior to Napoleon. We will not seek to establish here the fact of her frailty, nor is it to this that we allude when we speak of her inferiority. She is inferior in the truth and in the measure of the affection with which she repays the love poured out at her feet. She here and there seems so thoroughly aware of this, that she strives to exaggerate, and to represent what she does not feel. The effect is not favorable, and the spectator at this distance of time is astonished that it could deceive him for whom it was invented. When, in her letters to her husband, Madame Bonaparte seeks to alter her usual tone, and to assume one that shall better correspond with the missives of flame she receives from him, she ceases to be either natural or sincere. She is not less cold, but less modest; not less frivolous, but less graceful. Whereas it is to be remarked that, on the side of Napoleon, (as happens almost invariably with a really intense passion,) the expression in which the lava-like flood of his idolatry is conveyed is always pure and chaste.

These volumes help perhaps further to a conclusion as to what Bonaparte's nature really was, than all the profound treatises which the most learned civil or military historians have ever written or will ever write. If it be so, we confess that, philosophically speaking, the Attila of our age would gain considerably in our esteem; and while condemning his later acts none the less, we might be inclined to ask how far their cause may be accepted by the Universal Judge as an extenuation. "No man," Herder

used to say, "has a right to outstep the boundaries of humanity"; and it is certain that whenever one does so, he rushes into a chaos of crime or of weakness. But how, if the most intensely fervent human feelings were the origin? How, if the most boundless love man ever felt,— how, if that love, one day betrayed, were the reason of all the madness? This does not alter the acts, but it alters their meaning as regards the perpetrator. There is in all this a mystery which we will not attempt to dive into or clear up. A day came, the whole world knows it, when Napoleon Bonaparte was the scourge of humanity, and when his conduct with regard to the purest women was atrocious, from its cynicism and brutality; yet, only a few short years before, there was *one* woman to whom he wrote: "I know nothing, care nothing, for glory; every single act of my life has *you only* for its object." We do not say that the Empress Josephine's Memoirs entirely explain Bonaparte's character, but we recommend all those to study them who desire to unravel some of the strings by which this vast mind was moved.

As we have already had occasion to remark, the Emperor Napoleon has, directly or indirectly, furnished material for an entire modern literature in France; and perhaps the work we have just quoted, concerning the Empress Josephine, is the only one in which, upon the whole, the Charlemagne of our days is shown in a favorable light. In nearly all the other histories, biographies, memoirs, and *souvenirs*, whether compiled by enemies or by friends, by authors military or civil, the tyrant so outbalances the hero even, and the hero is often, to use M. de Narbonne's phrase, so thoroughly "midway between Olympus and Bedlam," that in the despotism the glory is well-nigh lost, and the giddiness to which ambition rose shocks us by the total oblivion it induced of all justice and all principle.

M. Villemain's new work, *La Tribune Moderne*, will not help to place Napoleon Bonaparte upon an eminence, in the eyes of those politicians and philosophers who believe that right is in the end stronger than force, and who hold, with Carlyle, that "two wrongs will never make one right." The act of the Emperor's life which, from its date and its conse-

quences, most preoccupies the eloquent writer of the work under our eyes, is the one darkest stain upon his earlier career, the deed of violence and treachery that severed him irreparably from all that was upright, high-minded, and independent in the French nation, — the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. This most unpardonable act it was that cost the Emperor the secession from his service of Chateaubriand, than whom at that moment he could scarcely have lost a better adherent; and with regard to Chateaubriand himself, the resolution to secede from the empire may be said to have formed the turning-point in his destiny, and to have caused the whole of his later existence to be what it was.

There were anomalies in Chateaubriand's character that would perhaps have better fitted him to be the agent of a great chief like Bonaparte, than the minister of legitimate kings. An aristocrat to the very backbone, he had, at the same time, lived long enough in our backwoods to dislike intensely the conventionalities of aristocratic courts, and the laws of etiquette which, under the rule of a Bourbon, made him necessarily subordinate in a thousand ways to a Montmorency or a Perigord. A poet in grain (and none the less so that he was steeped in selfishness), there was in the individuality of Bonaparte something dazzling, unconventional, strange, which attracted irresistibly the author of *René*. "He had not been what he was had *the Muse* not been there," he remarked of the Emperor; and no doubt Chateaubriand's imagination was more naturally charmed, and a hundred times more easily compelled, by the adventurous young Corsican, in whom he asked nothing better than to see another Alexander, than by the formal brothers of Louis XVI., before whom he afterwards bowed down as before the representatives of a principle, in which it may be fairly questioned whether he sincerely believed.

Not only is M. Villemain's book extremely curious from the profound insight it gives us into the character of Chateaubriand, but it is still more interesting from certain peculiarities it forces us to note in that of the Emperor, and from the description it gives of the juxtaposition in which, for so many years, stood the monarch and the earliest in date of the many

illustrious writers who adorned the annals of French literature during the first thirty years of the present century. The Emperor and M. de Chateaubriand were never indifferent to each other, although it may be disputed whether Napoleon was at first sight attracted towards Chateaubriand in the irresistible fashion the latter would, by his *Mémoires d' Outre Tombe*, induce the public to believe. Let that be as it may, after he had had his attention once called to the young royalist writer, there is no doubt that Bonaparte was exceedingly anxious to attach him to the imperial government; and this was accomplished through the intervention of M. de Fontanes, then Grand Master of the University, and a little later President of the Legislative Corps. The *Génie du Christianisme*, with its celebrated episodes of *Atala*, *Les Natchez*, and others, had already appeared, and its author's fame was great. He was despatched to Rome in the capacity of secretary of embassy to Cardinal Fesch, the Emperor's uncle, and at that period ambassador from France to the Papal See. What ensued was not difficult to foresee. Chateaubriand's personal importance was too considerable to allow of his coming to a sufficiently cordial understanding with his superior, whose talents were by no means on a level with his position. This was the cause of endless bickerings and annoyances, and nothing is more curious than to read the *notes* addressed by the secretary to the Emperor, in which he sneers at the ambassador's want of intelligence and dignity, and by the ambassador to his imperial nephew, in which he abuses his secretary without mercy, going so far as to call him an *intrigant*, and to add: "Cet intrigant est tout de même un méchant homme!" The mutual situation of the subaltern and the chief grew to be absolutely insupportable; and before a year was past, M. de Fontanes wrote to M. de Chateaubriand, informing him that the Emperor had appointed him Minister of France to the little Swiss République du Valais, then newly recognized. The secretary hastened back from Rome to Paris, desired Madame de Chateaubriand to join him, and was preparing for his mission, when, a few days only before his intended departure, he heard a street-crier upon the Boulevard des Invalides an-

nounce "the condemnation to death and the execution of Louis Antoine de Bourbon, Duc d'Enghien." M. de Chateaubriand could not, and, to his credit be it spoken, did not hesitate a moment; neither did his wife seek in any way to influence him. His resignation of the diplomatic post assigned to him was immediately written and carried to the Emperor, who ever after that used to style him "ce cerveau boulé de Chateaubriand."

We observed above, that between the Emperor and Chateaubriand indifference never established itself. The proofs of this statement are as manifest as they are curious, yet they are not generally known. We select a few. At the very time when Chateaubriand was regarded as a "marked man," as one with whom it was unwise to hold too intimate relations, Girodet, the painter, executed a splendid portrait of him. The exhibition of paintings was opened; and the director of the *Musée* thought it best not to allow the picture of Girodet to be exposed. Napoleon paid a state visit to the gallery; and in the midst of it asked, "Where is Girodet's portrait of Chateaubriand?" of which he had already heard through public report. Great was the perplexity of the courtier tribe; but the portrait was brought forth, and the Emperor, after examining for some time the likeness, which was rather darker in hue than even the original, turned away, saying, "He looks like a conspirator who has got sooty by sliding down a chimney."

But a much more remarkable act of Napoleon's took place in the year 1809. "The Martyrs" was published, and "by order" every newspaper in France abused the book, which the public devoured eagerly, and which raised its author's fame higher than ever. Hardly a few weeks elapsed, when a cousin of the illustrious historian, Armand de Chateaubriand, was seized, upon the pretext of an "illicit correspondence" with some members of the disaffected parties, and made to stand his trial before a court-martial. Madame de Rémusat applied to the Empress Josephine, whose influence was by that time much diminished. Chateaubriand went so far as to address to the sovereign himself a petition for his relative's life. The petition was delivered by Josephine to her husband,

read, and impatiently flung into the fire. Armand de Chateaubriand and his friend, M. de Goyon, were shot upon the plain of Grenelle, with no witnesses to their execution save the soldiers who put them to death; and upon this sad tragedy, an act of the most inhuman despotism, not one word was ever printed in the journals of the day. Not long after, the "Five Classes of the Institute of France" were called upon to make a report to the Emperor upon the works judged worthy of receiving the prizes his Majesty had awarded to such authors and inventors as should be pointed out to him by the Academy. Chateaubriand's was a name held too dangerous to be mentioned; therefore no allusion was hazarded to the only book which, for many years, had been read from one end of the country to the other. The Emperor found the report an absurd one, and signified that he would not distribute the prizes. A few weeks later, he caused his Minister of the Interior to ask of the director of the "Class of French Literature" at the Institute, why the reporters of the prize-works "had chosen to pass over in silence the *Génie du Christianisme*, that work being the subject of public attention, and having reached its seventh or eighth edition." It may be conceived what a delicate question this was for the Institute. The reply, however, was exacted, and was given in a most labored and tortuous style, — literary envy in some, and servility in nearly all, struggling against the current of what was almost universal admiration. At the same moment, Joseph Chénier, the Academician, died, and *unanimously* Chateaubriand was elected to the vacant *fauteuil*. On the evening of the day of the election, M. de Fontanes acquainted his imperial master with the occurrence. "Ah!" said Napoleon, smiling gravely, "you try to escape me, gentlemen of the Institute; you adopt the man, instead of the book. I, in turn, will see if there be not some means of giving the new member some high literary appointment, such as, for instance, a general direction of all the public libraries of the empire."

M. Villemain's book is full of the records of such facts as these. Those who are familiar with the nature of Bonaparte will find in it numerous points of view which will enable

them to examine it in a thoroughly new light; and as to the individuality of M. de Chateaubriand, it may be said to be revealed to the public for the first time. It is the *truth* spoken with regard to that famous personage, after the fables of his own Memoirs, given posthumously to the world. As a writer, the genius and influence of Chateaubriand are raised higher than they have ever been; as a man, he sinks down to his natural level of selfishness, vanity, and disingenuousness. Never was stricter or more absolute justice done to any one than has been done by Villemain to his subject, and assuredly never was it done in a more masterly style.

Art. V.—1. *A Memoir of His Honor Samuel Phillips, LL. D.* By Rev. John L. Taylor. Boston: Congregational Board of Publication. 1856.

2. *Catalogue of the Officers and Students of the Phillips Exeter Academy for the Academic Year* 1857–8.

The failure of a contributor to fulfil his engagement has prevented, until this late day, any notice in our pages of Mr. Taylor's Memoir of Judge Phillips. The intrinsic merits of the work, as well as the elevated character of its subject, deserve a larger space than we can even now bestow. We can do little more than to express our high sense of the research and fidelity of the writer, and our admiration of the "Christian statesman, scholar, and philanthropist" to whose intimacy he has introduced us. The ancestry and personal history of a man remarkable in all the relations of life, sketched in an appreciative spirit and with a skilful hand, are never without interest. Especially in these days, when politicians are publicly bought and sold at the Washington brokers' board, and quoted daily in the money articles of the commercial press like fancy railroad stock or copper-mine shares, it is pleasant, for the novelty of the thing, to contemplate the character of a patriot of the olden time. It is a consolation, too, to know, that the wealth which now flaunts

in the grotesque extravagance of our modern pill and panacea aristocracy, once was employed in founding institutions of learning, and consecrated with many prayers "Christo et Ecclesiæ."

Among the distinguished passengers on board the ship Arbella, which entered the harbor of Salem on the twelfth day of June, 1630, was the Rev. George Phillips, "a godly man, specially gifted," who used to talk to the sturdy old Puritans of Watertown "at such a rate as marvellously ministered grace unto the hearers." He was the intimate friend, as well as fellow-voyager, of Governor John Winthrop and Sir Richard Saltonstall, and seems to have been a leading spirit in moulding the civil and ecclesiastical institutions of the early New England Colonies. Cotton Mather's quaint epitaph upon him introduces us to his son Samuel: —

> "Hic jacet Georgius Phillippi,
> Vir incomparabilis, *nisi Samuelem genuisset.*"

This same son, whose lustre had dimmed the father's fame, was an eminent preacher of the Word at old Rowley for forty-five years, from 1651 to 1696. Among the fruits of his ministry we find, in the line of regular succession, a son who inherited the paternal prænomen, though the prophetic mantle fell upon a younger brother. We know of this patronymic descendant, only that he was a successful goldsmith in Salem, and that he transmitted the favorite family name to the Rev. Samuel Phillips, a man of striking individuality and energy of character, whose pastoral relation to the old South Church at Andover commenced with its origin, in 1711, and continued without interruption for a period of sixty years. His charge of ordination, on the eighteenth day of November, 1730, to the Rev. Timothy Walker, the first minister settled in that "remote part of the wilderness" then called Penacook, but now known as Concord, New Hampshire, is still extant. Besides this, he left behind him numerous sermons of marked ability, and three sons, Samuel, John, and William, the founders of the Phillips Academies at Andover and Exeter. Of these, the first was the father of His Honor Samuel Phillips, Jr., or, as he is more commonly called,

Judge Phillips, the subject of Mr. Taylor's Memoir. The former of these titles, the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, held during the last year of his life, gave to him; the latter he earned by sixteen years' laborious service on the bench of the Court of Common Pleas for Essex County.

The son of religious parents, without brothers or sisters, young Phillips grew up, in the companionship of his elders, a grave and manly boy. The defeat of Braddock, the capture of Nova Scotia by Massachusetts troops, the repulse of Baron Dieskau by General Johnson near Lake George, and the thousand thrilling tales of the French and Indian wars, stirred the blood of his early childhood, and gave a military glow to his future life. In his quiet retreat at Byfield Academy, in 1765, he could hear the forensic thunders which foreboded the storm of revolution. The two Adamses were denouncing the Stamp Act, and proclaiming the doctrines of republican liberty; the breath of James Otis, like a flame of fire, was consuming writs of assistance, and kindling the patriotism of his countrymen; the clarion voice of "the Boston Cicero," Josiah Quincy, the honored sire of a no less honored son, was waking the echoes in old Faneuil Hall. Having completed his preparatory studies at Byfield, he entered Harvard in 1767. But the silence of its classic grounds was soon disturbed by the din of martial preparation. The legislature, in 1769 and in 1770, indignantly refused to sit in Boston, occupied as it was by British troops, and held their sessions in Cambridge. The students caught the spirit of their deliberations; and some of Phillips's college themes, still preserved, sound more like the Philippics of the Athenian orator, than like the literary essays of a smooth-faced boy of eighteen summers. He was graduated in 1771, with the Salutatory Oration. He seems to have been in college, as he was in his whole subsequent life, a model, not only of scholarly industry and refined manners, but of pure morals and rational piety. In 1773, at the age of twenty-one, he married Miss Phœbe Foxcroft, a highly cultivated and accomplished lady, his senior by nearly nine years, yet his junior in temperament and constitutional vivacity. The marriage was eminently happy. The wife was a beautiful counterpart of the husband.

The self-possessed dignity and solid virtues of her character admirably fitted her to preside over his household, and to manage his affairs during the long periods of his absence; while her exuberant hopefulness irradiated the clouds which sometimes lay dark in the western horizon of his life. Whether she was keeping for him the records of the town, or dispensing a generous hospitality, or the "cynosure of neighboring eyes" in the social circle, she was always and everywhere to him, as he used to express it in his stately, though affectionate letters, "his invaluable partner," "his best friend." She survived him nearly eleven years, and died in 1812, having nearly reached the allotted threescore and ten. Some five years before her death, she, in connection with her son, contributed $ 20,000 toward the establishment of the Theological Seminary at Andover, and thus carried into execution the partially formed plans of her husband. This institution was still further endowed by other members of the Phillips family. His Honor William Phillips, cousin of the Judge, bestowed upon it during his life $ 4,000, and at his death left it a legacy of $ 10,000. Samuel Abbot, grandson of the Samuel Phillips of Salem, and the wife of Moses Brown, great-granddaughter of the same, founded the Abbot and the Brown Professorships, — the former giving for this purpose $ 20,000, and the latter, together with her granddaughter, Mrs. Sarah W. Hale, $ 24,000. It is a noteworthy fact, too, that the Abbot Female Seminary had its origin in the munificence of a descendant of the same Salem goldsmith.

In contemplating the career of Judge Phillips, we are amazed at the amount and variety of labor which he performed. There was hardly any sphere of action, public or private, into which he did not enter, and in which he did not succeed. His body was literally a "living sacrifice" to God and duty. Though "he completed his self-immolation at mid-life," yet, philosophically speaking, his death at fifty was not premature. He died old and full of years, because his life had been crowded with action and with thought.

> "We live in deeds, not years, — in thoughts, not breaths, —
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

At the age of twenty-three years, he was chosen a representative to the Provincial Congress, which met at Watertown, July 19, 1775. The records show that he was especially efficient and influential in all the deliberations of its four successive sessions. When the tide of war turned towards the South and West, and the people began to think of inaugurating a new government upon the basis of republican principles, he was elected a delegate from Andover to the Constitutional Convention, which met at Cambridge, September 1, 1779, and was a conspicuous member of the committee of thirty-one, chosen by ballot to prepare "a frame of government and declaration of rights." His associates were such men as John Adams, Samuel Adams, John Hancock, James Bowdoin, Levi Lincoln, John Lowell, Theophilus Parsons, John Pickering, and Caleb Strong. There were giants in those days. After the formation and adoption of the Constitution, he was chosen under it to the Senate, in 1780, and continued to be re-elected for twenty years, for fifteen of which he was President of that body. He occupied this high position, too, it should be remembered, when statesmen, as Josiah Quincy quaintly remarks, "were not made out of every sort of wood." It was during this period, in the summer of 1786, that Shays's rebellion assumed an alarming aspect. The conspirators had gathered in large numbers, with arms in their hands, at Northampton and various other places in Western Massachusetts. The same riotous spirit had begun to exhibit itself in New York and Vermont; and in New Hampshire it had menaced the legislature, then in session at Exeter. John Sullivan, the President of New Hampshire, (as the governor was called under the constitution of 1784,) attempted to convince the insurgents of the unlawful and revolutionary character of their proceedings; but "leges in armis silent." At the point of the bayonet they demanded, among other things, an emission of paper money, a release from debts, and an equal distribution of property. The citizens of Exeter, incensed at their audacity, flocked together at once, in such numbers, and with such manifest hostility, that the rebels retired to a hill a mile distant, where, on the next morning, General Cilley charging

upon them with a troop of horse, "they were instantly broken, and fled without firing a gun." The dispersion of the rebels in New Hampshire had disheartened their confederates in Massachusetts. Governor Bowdoin, February 19, 1787, issued his proclamation, "setting a price of £ 150 upon the head of Shays, and £ 100 upon each of the other three leaders, Wheeler, Parsons, and Day." These men soon found it discreet, if not valiant, to leave the State, and it became evident that large numbers of their followers were anxious to return to their allegiance to the government. A special commission, therefore, was created by the legislature, to treat with the disaffected, and receive their submission. Judge Phillips, General Lincoln, and Samuel Allyne Otis were appointed commissioners. The delicate and responsible trust confided to them was discharged with most gratifying success, and the clouds which overhung the infant commonwealth passed away. The next year Judge Phillips returned to his position in the Senate, which he continued to occupy until he was elected, the year before his death, Lieutenant-Governor. In addition to the arduous duties connected with these public stations, he served, with eminent ability, as one of the judges of the Essex Court of Common Pleas from 1781 until 1798, — having been absent in all that time in but two cases, when some other public duty rendered his presence impossible. His associates on the bench were Benjamin Greenleaf, Samuel Holton, and John Pickering.

It would seem that these manifold civil labors were enough to absorb the interest and exhaust the energies of any common man. But yet, in the midst of them all, he gave, as Knapp expresses it, "incredible attentions to business." He was an extensive and successful farmer. His saw-mill, grist-mill, and paper-mill, under his watchful supervision, were constant sources of revenue. The powder-mill which he had erected in the winter of 1775–6, when Washington was compelled to lie inactive at Cambridge for want of ammunition, and General Putnam was roughly praying, "Powder, powder, powder! ye gods, give us powder!" after playing a most important part in the Revolutionary drama, was blown

up in 1796. His stores at Andover and Methuen felt the influence of his ubiquitous presence, and became places of extensive traffic and corresponding income. His thrift is sufficiently indicated in the fact, that his property, exclusive of the estate of Madam Phillips, was appraised after his decease at nearly $ 150,000. But neither the pursuits of wealth, nor the discharge of civic trusts, could divert his interest from the subject of education. "The times had made him a man of business; had associated him with powder and politic ; had agitated him with public cares, and consumed him with public toils; but in all this he had shown how completely a far-seeing patriot scholar can sacrifice his predilections in great public exigencies." His native temperament, his intellectual qualities, his moral affinities, are all exhibited in his enthusiastic exertions in behalf of sound learning and the Christian faith. He gave $ 5,000 as a perpetual fund, for the purpose of lengthening the common schools of his native town, and scattering religious books among the people. As Senator, he was *ex officio* an Overseer of Harvard University for twenty years, and his paternal counsels to the students were not the least attractive feature of the Senior examinations. He was one of the original members of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, incorporated May 4, 1780. His address from the bench to the grand-jury, upon the importance of educating the youth of the community and the pitiable parsimony of employing cheap instructors, is replete with profound thought and wise suggestions, not inappropriate to these times and this meridian. But he is more widely and favorably known as the projector of the Phillips Andover Academy. In the establishment and well-being of this institution, he exerted a controlling influence, and its honorable fame is a monument to him more lasting than brass. Though he did not himself bestow upon it any very considerable sums of money, yet he "subsidized a family of kindred spirits, and unlocked their hoards and hearts." His father gave to it $ 6,000, his uncles John and William $ 31,000 and $ 6,000 respectively, and his cousin William $ 28,000. The various benefactions of this extraordinary family, amounting to more than $ 100,000, have

made Andover a place sacred for evermore to letters and religion.

But, commending Mr. Taylor's book to the general reader, as a beautiful tribute to the fragrant memory of "the accurate scholar, the enlightened statesman, the accomplished gentleman, and the exemplary Christian," we propose now to turn aside, and spend an hour among the trees and in the halls of an institution, planted by one of the uncles just alluded to, in the pleasant town of Exeter.

Phillips Exeter Academy was incorporated April 3, 1781, just six months, lacking one day, subsequent to the incorporation of the Phillips Andover Academy. It is the oldest institution of learning in New Hampshire established by the legislature, Dartmouth College having been chartered by royal grant in 1769. The provisional government, which, commencing with the Declaration of Independence, was supplanted at the close of the Revolutionary war by the constitution of 1784, was then in force. The act of incorporation, signed by John Langdon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Meshech Weare, President of the Council, is a liberal and enlightened document, worthy of a people who knew that the freedom for which they were battling could rest secure only on the basis of intelligence and virtue. After setting forth in its preamble the great advantages accruing to society from the education of the young, the act proceeds: "Be it therefore enacted, by the Council and House of Representatives in General Assembly convened, and by the authority of the same, that there be and hereby is established, in the town of Exeter and County of Rockingham, an Academy, for the purpose of promoting Piety and Virtue; and for the Education of Youth in the English, Latin, and Greek languages; in Writing, Arithmetic, Music, the Art of Speaking, Practical Geometry, Logic, and Geography, and such other of the liberal Arts and Sciences or Languages as opportunity may hereafter permit, or as the Trustees hereinafter provided shall direct." The entire management of the institution is vested in a Board of Trustees, not to exceed seven in number nor to be less than four, a majority of whom must be "laymen and respectable free-

holders," and a majority, too, non-residents of Exeter. These Trustees constitute a close corporation; and whenever any vacancies occur in their number, the survivors are authorized to fill them by ballot "in perpetual succession for ever." The last clause of the act declares, that "all the lands, tenements, and personal estate, that shall be given to said Trustees of said Academy, shall be and hereby are for ever exempted from all taxes whatsoever." The Academy was named after the person who was the prime mover and efficient agent in its organization, and to whose princely munificence it is indebted for its capabilities of usefulness. Of the character of "the founder," the scanty materials at our command enable us to give only a meagre sketch.

The Hon. JOHN PHILLIPS, LL. D., was born December 27, 1719. Of his early youth we know but little. He was graduated with distinction at Harvard College in 1735, the same year in which Rev. Eleazer Wheelock opened, in Lebanon, Connecticut, the school, which, thirty-five years afterwards, was removed to Hanover, New Hampshire, and transformed into Dartmouth College. After his graduation, he pursued the business of teaching for several years, during which time he studied theology with such helps as he could command. The religious element was the controlling one in his character. "An angel had troubled" the fountains of his being; and in the outflow of his life there were cleansing and health. While in charge of a private classical school at Exeter, he was unanimously invited to the pastorate of the First Church; but not being able to overcome his natural diffidence, he declined, and the vacancy was filled by the Rev. Woodbridge Odlin. The wonderful eloquence of Whitefield, whose preaching at that time in the region round about had caused the "Great Awakening," seems to have elevated the standard of pulpit oratory in the esteem of young Phillips to such an unattainable height, that he abandoned at once his ministerial plans, and devoted himself to business. The energy and sagacity of a mind vigorous by nature and quickened by careful culture, could hardly fail of success in any sphere of effort. The unpretending house in which he both lived and "kept store," is still standing, on

Water Street, in Exeter. After the decease of his widow, who did not survive him a long time, it was the residence of Dr. Abbot, the Principal of the Academy; but during the last half-century it has experienced various vicissitudes of fortune, until now it is said to be devoted by its colored occupants to *billiards and bad liquor!* The dog-kennels of Louis XIV. and his kingly successors have become a famous normal school at Versailles; the very buildings and grounds, once dedicated to pointers and fox-hounds, are now the beautiful home of young men and women preparing themselves to be the teachers of France. The transformation of the Phillips mansion is quite as absolute as that of the royal doggeries, though in the opposite direction.

Dr. Phillips was a vigorous old Puritan, a little sombre in his exterior, but genial and warm-hearted with his friends. He was punctilious in his exactions of outward respect. While expending his fortune for the welfare of the young, he would not give a boy a cherry from his trees, unless the favor were asked with a low bow and in the most reverent tone. The failure of a little girl to make her accustomed courtesy on meeting him in the street would overshadow his face with a frown, which hours of sunlight could not dissipate. He was conscious of his position in society, and was not unwilling to receive the homage of youth or age. And yet he did not walk in a vain show, nor were his thoughts all concentred on himself. He was simple in his habits, and far-seeing in all his plans. As a natural consequence, his accumulations of property were rapid, — outstripped only by his benefactions. The wealth which he acquired was not wasted in personal extravagance, nor hoarded with miserly greed; but it was used in large measure during his life for noble ends, and the residue was consecrated at his death to the promotion of knowledge and virtue. His charities did not flow in a single stream, but distilled like the dew. He endowed a professorship of theology in Dartmouth College, and served for twenty years as one of the Trustees of that institution. To Princeton College also he dispensed his bounties with a liberal hand. Every enterprise which his judgment approved, as tending to elevate and enlighten the young, was sure to command his

sympathy and unwavering support The honor of originating the *idea* of the institution at Andover, it is affirmed, belongs to neither of the three brothers referred to above, Samuel, John, and William; but rather, as we have seen, to the only son of the eldest, Samuel Phillips, Jr. But it is agreed on all hands, that the *execution* of the various plans for a model school depended to a great extent, if not chiefly, upon the intelligent counsel and material aid of Dr. Phillips. The benevolent purpose of the nephew would never have taken form and fulness, had it not been for the practical wisdom and enlightened efforts of the uncle. He was one of the two original signers of the constitution of Phillips Academy at Andover. From its organization to his death, he was one of its most efficient Trustees, and, during the last five years of his life, President of the Board. For its endowment he did more than any other man. He gave to it at the outset, in equal shares with Samuel Phillips, senior, three hundred and forty-one acres of land and the sum of £ 1,614 sterling. His interest in it continued through life, and his contributions to it, as has been stated before, were not less than $ 31,000.

But, besides these liberal benefactions to Andover, Dr. Phillips was the originator and sole founder of the Academy at Exeter. "Without natural issue, he made posterity his heir." How much he gave at various times to the Phillips Exeter Academy, it is not easy to determine with mathematical accuracy. But it is indebted solely to him for all its funds, with the exception of a bequest by Nicholas Gilman of $ 1,000, the income of which is expended for instruction in music, and a donation of $ 100 by the late Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, for the library. The present property of the Academy may be stated approximately as follows: —

Real estate, including six or seven acres of land in the village, the Academy building, Abbot Hall, and the house of the Principal, . . .	$ 35,000
Productive funds in notes and stocks, . .	$ 100,000

It is safe to say, that it is altogether the best endowed institution of its class in the State of New Hampshire, if not in the country. The founder, however, did not merely be-

stow his wealth and then leave it to the control of others, but he watched over its use with a sleepless interest. The same breadth of vision in general plans, and the same economy in minute details, which characterized the man of business in his accumulations, were characteristic of the Trustee in the application of funds which he considered sacred to God and humanity. He was constant in his attendance upon the meetings of the Board, as its President, and fruitful in his expedients to promote the prosperity of his favorite institution. When the burden of increasing years grew heavy upon him, he appointed as his successor his Excellency John Taylor Gilman; but still he labored on in the vineyard of his planting, and death found him watching. He died, April 21, 1795, at the age of seventy-five years and four months. The Rev. Benjamin Thurston was invited by the Trustees to deliver a eulogy upon the deceased, at their next annual meeting. This tribute of friendship was paid, October 14, 1795, in the meeting-house; but no copy of the eulogy has come down to us. The portrait of the founder was taken by Stewart, and placed in the library. A marble monument in the old cemetery covers his remains, and the inscription, from the classic pen of Nathaniel A. Haven, Jr., tells us of his manifold virtues.

The animating purpose of the founder, as expressed near the commencement of the Constitution, which he drafted himself, was "the instruction of youth, not only in the English and Latin grammar, writing, arithmetic, and those sciences wherein they are commonly taught, but more especially to teach them the *great end and real business of living*." Further on, he expresses himself on the same point, in a style worthy of the elevated sentiment which he is enforcing. "Above all, it is expected that the attention of instructors to the disposition of the minds and morals of the youth under their charge will exceed every other care; well considering that, *though goodness without knowledge is weak and feeble, yet knowledge without goodness is dangerous, and that both united form the noblest character* and lay the surest foundation of usefulness to mankind." If he had been writing a text-book on ethical philosophy, he could not have enunciated

with more conciseness, and at the same time fulness of truth, the great proposition which must underlie every system of Christian education. Near the close of the Constitution he says: "And in order to prevent a perversion of the true intent of this foundation, it is again declared, that the first and principal design of this institution is the promoting of virtue and true piety, — useful knowledge being subservient thereto." To put this purpose more effectually into execution, as well as to give special instruction to those who had the ministerial profession in view, it was voted at a meeting of the Trustees, October 15, 1791, "to proceed to the choice of a Professor of Divinity in the Phillips Exeter Academy, and joint instructor with the Preceptor thereof." The Rev. Joseph Buckminster was chosen, and his salary fixed at "one hundred and thirty-three pounds six shillings and eight pence, lawful money, per annum." But it does not appear that he accepted the responsibilities of the position. No farther movement was made in that direction during the life of the founder, nor indeed until 1817, when the Rev. Isaac Hurd, pastor of the Second Church in Exeter, was elected "Theological Instructor." The duties attached to this office were stated lectures on the principal topics of theology, together with more frequent moral and religious instruction of a familiar character. At a meeting of the Trustees, August 22, 1838, — present, Jeremiah Smith, Samuel Hale, Daniel Webster, and Charles Burroughs, — it was "Voted, that the office of Theological Instructor be discontinued from and after the eleventh day of March next." The propriety of this action of the Board was sustained in an elaborate report by Dr. Dana. Since that time, the moral training of the students has been committed to no particular individual as his specialty; but the culture of the heart, as well as of the intellect, has devolved upon the regular instructors. So far as they may be faithful to their trust, the Academy will be what its founder intended it should be; — "not," in the words of another, "a sectarian school, and not a mere scientific school; but a classical and Christian gymnasium, in close alliance with the university and the learned professions." It is proper to add, that, though Dr. Phillips was

a thorough Calvinist, yet he did not establish the Academy for any one sect. This is manifest from the fact that, of the seven original Trustees appointed by himself, two, John Pickering, LL. D., and Rev. Benjamin Thurston, were Arminians; and three others, Hon. Paine Wingate, Hon. Oliver Peabody, and Hon. John Taylor Gilman, together with the second Preceptor, Benjamin Abbot, LL. D., men of his own selection at different times prior to his death, all entertained theological views at variance with his own. The truth is, the school is not, never was, never was meant to be, and we devoutly hope never will be, in any sense sectarian.

Having thus spoken of the establishment of the Academy in connection with the elevated character and aims of Dr. Phillips, it is proper to refer to the early teachers, whose scholarship and ability are attested, not only by the reputation of the institution, into whose inanimate organism they breathed the breath of life, but also by the world-wide fame of a multitude of their pupils.

The first meeting of the Trustees was held, December 18, 1781, eight and a half months after President Weare put his name to the act of incorporation. The school does not seem to have been opened in due form until February 20, 1783, on which occasion a discourse was delivered by the Rev. David McClure. It is probable that on that day the Rev. Benjamin Thurston, as temporary instructor, gave the first lessons ever given to the students of Phillips Exeter Academy. The old records, however, are somewhat misty on this point. William Woodbridge, A. B., who had been appointed Preceptor by the founder, was not inducted into office until the first day of May following, at "two o'clock, P. M." The Academy building, which was of moderate size, was situated a few rods west of Tan Lane, on a swell of land now owned by Mr. Jeremiah Robinson. It was removed, after the erection of the present structure in 1794, nearly a mile, and transformed into the dwelling-house occupied at the present time by John T. Gordon, Esq. The salary of the Preceptor, it was voted, should be one hundred pounds sterling per annum. The failure of his health, and his consequent inability to discharge the duties of instruction and

government, constrained him to resign his position. In accepting his resignation, on the second Wednesday of October, 1788, the Trustees tender to him their thanks for his "faithful services and unwearied exertions," and express the hope, that, "in whatever sphere he may hereafter move, his efforts may be crowned with distinguished usefulness." He afterwards, in connection with his sister, opened a school for young ladies in Medford, Massachusetts, and exercised his gifts as a preacher at Jamaica Plain and in other places. Of his personal characteristics and history, we have no very definite knowledge; but we infer, from some floating traditions, that, though the Trustees wished him well at his departure from Exeter, as Christian men should, yet they economized their tears on the occasion, and proceeded in a business-like way to elect his successor.

Benjamin Abbot, LL. D., a native of Andover, Massachusetts, was born September 17, 1762. He labored on his father's farm until he was nearly twenty-one years of age, and then, with his face towards college, he commenced his Latin grammar, under the instruction of Professor Eliphalet Pearson. He evidently studied to some purpose; for he delivered the Salutatory Oration in the class which was graduated at Harvard in 1788. In the autumn of the same year, he was employed as an instructor at Exeter, where he labored successfully for two years, when, on *Friday*, October 15, 1790, he was regularly chosen Preceptor, with a fixed salary of one hundred and thirty-three pounds six shillings and eight pence, lawful money, per annum. Friday did not in this case prove to be one of the old Roman *dies nefasti*. The school, when he took charge of it, was small in point of numbers, and backward in scholarship. There were but *two* pupils who had looked beyond common reading and spelling into the mysteries of Latin. The aspect of things was soon changed. Students were multiplied, a new building was erected for their accommodation, the course of study was enlarged, and a spirit of order and system "moved upon the face of the waters." It became necessary, in a short time, to procure for the Principal some assistance. Inexperienced youth just from college proved inadequate to the task; and it was therefore

voted, in a meeting of the Trustees, August 23, 1803, "that there be established in the Academy a permanent instructor, to be denominated the Mathematical Instructor." His title was afterwards changed, by formal vote, to "Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy," and Ebenezer Adams, who had been Principal of the Academy at Leicester, Massachusetts, was in 1808 elected to the Professorship. But in the course of the next year, he accepted an invitation to a similar Professorship in Dartmouth College. The place thus made vacant was filled in 1811 by Rev. Hosea Hildreth, a man of eminent ability and fine scholarship, full of quaint wit and irony, with an exceedingly expressive face, which Robert Treat Paine affirmed might be cut up into a thousand epigrams. His connection with the Academy continued until 1825, when he left it, and devoted himself exclusively to the ministry, — a sphere of labor in which his power as a writer found scope and verge. The distinguished American historian is his oldest son. Mr. Hildreth's successors were John P. Cleaveland, D. D., Charles C. P. Gale, Joseph Hale Abbot, Professor Francis Bowen, and William H. Shackford. In 1841 the Trustees elected to the office Joseph G. Hoyt, the present incumbent. In the classical department, too, Dr. Abbot was always assisted by some young man who had sustained a high rank in college, and who wished to furbish here his armor in preparation for the conflicts of life. Among these assistants we find no small array of brilliant names, — Daniel Dana, D. D., Abiel Abbot, D. D., Peter O. Thacher, Judge of the Municipal Court in Boston, Nicholas Emery, Judge of the Supreme Court of Maine, Joseph S. Buckminster, one of the most accomplished Biblical scholars in the country, when

> "Snatched all too early from that august Fame
> That on the serene heights of age
> Waited with laurelled hands,"

Ashur Ware, Judge of the United States District Court of Maine, Nathan Hale, senior editor of the Daily Advertiser, Alexander H. Everett, the writer, diplomatist, and statesman, Nathaniel A. Haven, Jr., the profound lawyer and man of letters, the saintly Henry Ware, Jr., D. D., Nathan Lord,

President of Dartmouth College, and James Walker, President of Harvard University.

Dr. Abbot combined in himself, in a wonderful degree, the various elements of a model teacher. He was a gentleman. We do not mean that he was a Chesterfield or a Count d'Orsay. He was something more and higher. Though scrupulously exact in all the externals of life, yet he was not dependent on them for his position either in society or in the school-room. The finest broadcloth did not so much dress him as he the broadcloth. The lofty bearing of a nobleman sat easy on him, simply because he was a nobleman. His were not the titular dignities of a partisan parliament, that

> "Hung loose about him, like a giant's robe
> Upon a dwarfish thief";

but they were the choicer gifts of imperial nature. He knew how to be dignified without being ungenial. There was in him the rare quality which Cato attributes to his friend, *comitate condita gravitas.* His greatness did not repel the trembling schoolboy, but rather attracted him; and the attraction was the stronger, as in the planetary system, the nearer he was approached. His pupils feared him, but not half so much as they loved him. They never doubted his honor or his truth. They knew that he was their friend, great-hearted and strong. There was, it is true, an indefinable distance between him and them which was never passed, — a sort of ἀόριστη γῆ, a sacred belt of land, which no Megarean stripling, however venturesome, ever dared to invade. When his face was lighted with a smile, it shone all the sunnier, because its sedate seriousness was not often disturbed. The earnestness of his labors left him little time for simpering small-talk or idle ceremony. Manners and morals meant the same thing to him in his life, as well as in his Latin lexicon. He was never surprised into an uncourteous word or an unchristian act. Never for a moment, either in the sovereignty of his own immediate realm, or in the intercourse of the social circle, did he forget or undervalue the beautiful amenities of life.

He was a scholar. The standard of scholarship is variable,

— different in different times and places. It is, undoubtedly much higher in this country to-day than it was seventy years ago. But Dr. Abbot, in his time, was foremost among scholars, as he was a primate among teachers. His high position in college was but the foundation on which he was rearing a superstructure, story after story, all his life. He knew that, among regal minds, progress is the supreme law; and he was not content to sit by the road-side, a wondering spectator, while the grand procession moved on. He did not, like some men, merely mark time, but he fell into line and marched. New books and new educational systems did not come and go without his knowledge. By his request, his brother-in-law, James Perkins, Esq., who visited Europe in 1802, examined the methods of instruction in Eton and other prominent schools in England, and transmitted the fruits of his observations to him. He made the Academy the centre of his efforts and his thoughts. Everything else he compelled to pay tribute to this. Invitations to the Boston Latin School and to other positions, though offering larger rewards for less labor, he resolutely declined. Prevented by his continuous duties from seeing much of the great world, he was nevertheless emphatically a *live* man. His mind was a fountain, not a reservoir. His knowledge came gushing up from the overflowing depths of his own being; it was not drawn up with rope and bucket from the moss-grown wells of antiquity alone. He breathed his own spirit into the worn text-books of the recitation-room, and the mystic page glowed with his inspiration. The Latin of Cicero and Horace, his favorite authors, when pronounced by him, seemed instinct with new life and meaning. The denunciations against Catiline sounded to his electrified pupils as terrific as when they were first uttered in the old Roman senate-chamber; while the rhythm of the Carmen Sæculare was as musical as when, two thousand years ago, it won the "friendly ear" of Diana. He was a scholar of breadth as well as depth, knowing something more than the mere routine of daily study. Modern literature, politics, and theology, as well as the ancient classics, found a place in the circle of his reading. Few men were so deeply versed

as he in that most abstruse of all studies, *the human nature of boys*. He had striven to obey the precept emblazoned on the Delphic temple; and, as a natural consequence of his self-knowledge, he had an intuitive perception of the modes of thought and springs of action in others. He had the faculty of making his classes believe that the particular subject on which they were engaged was the most important and attractive branch of study in the world. They caught fire from him, and teacher and pupils alike glowed with the same enthusiasm. He knew how to put himself in communication with youthful minds. Age did not make him morose; but he was always fresh in his feelings and sympathies, and his heart was young to the last in all its pulsations. It is fitting to add, that the light of a Christian faith irradiated all his intellectual attainments, giving them a brighter lustre, just as a lamp in an alabaster vase brings out into bolder relief and clearer expression the beautiful figures sculptured upon it.

He knew how to govern. It is not every man whose name is tasselled with an A. B. that is able to manage boys. Many a college graduate would feel as helpless and unhappy in a populous school-room as a frog in a beehive. He may find no difficulty in unravelling the knottiest problem, or in resolving the longest Greek verb into its elements, and yet may fail entirely in his attempts to command the smallest company of light infantry. Reducing equations and reducing rebellions are very different things. If of the various attributes of a teacher Dr. Abbot had any one in pre-eminence, it was the attribute of imperial authority, — the *auctoritas* of Cicero. His pupils came from every State in the Union, and from foreign countries. There was among them every variety of character and disposition, — the spoiled child of fortune, the untrimmed sapling from the backwoods, the haughty son of the old Castilian; but to all of them alike, the *ominous shake of that long forefinger* was as decisive as the nod of Jove. There was no appeal from him, — no escape from the penalty of violated law. But in his bearing there was nothing harsh or severe, and in his quiet tones no "sound and fury signifying nothing." Though he had a voice like

the voice of many waters, yet he seldom spoke so loud as to be heard across the recitation-room. The scarcely audible tap of his penknife on his desk hushed his room to silence in a moment. However indignant he might be at any act of wickedness or folly, his speech was always gentle. Of a temper naturally quick and passionate, it often cost him a struggle to rule his own spirit. But if the volcano sometimes heaved and surged, yet the hot lava was never allowed to blast the verdure which clothed the outer slopes with beauty to the crater's very rim. The moral suasion of his manner was the principal element in his governing power. Still occasionally, at rare intervals, there would be an individual whose incorrigible depravity required extraordinary treatment. But the day when the culprit, especially if he had been guilty of a *lie*, was sent up into the library, and, after listening for a time in anxious suspense for the slow step and creaking shoes on the stairs, was visited at length by the Doctor with his *rattan*, was a day in his history to date from and be remembered. He never wished to consult the library a second time.

Dr. Abbot had many characteristics, both as a man and a teacher, which belonged also to Dr. Arnold; and it is not strange, therefore, that an "old boy" of the latter should be struck, as one recently was, with the strong points of resemblance between the school at Exeter and that of Rugby. The enthusiastic regard which the pupils of each entertained for their teacher is the highest encomium which could be paid to their excellence.

When Dr. Abbot had passed beyond his seventieth year of life, he wished to resign his position; but was persuaded to retain it until he had completed a term of *fifty years' service*. The reluctant acceptance of his resignation, August 23, 1838, was the signal for such a gathering at Exeter as is seldom seen. During the half-century, there had gone forth from the institution more than two thousand who had sat at his feet, and now they came thronging back to do their old instructor reverence. They came from the senate-chamber, the cabinet, the court-room, the gubernatorial chair, the hall of the university, the pulpit, the

fields of literature, and the laboratory of science; and they held a high festival of the heart. The arches of the crowded church reverberated with their glad song: —

"From the highways and byways of manhood we 've come,
And gather like children about an old home;
We return from life's weariness, tumult, and pain,
Rejoiced in our hearts to be schoolboys again.

. . . . .

"O, glad to our eyes are these dear scenes displayed,
The halls where we studied, the fields where we strayed;
There is change, there is change; but we will not deplore;
Enough that we feel ourselves schoolboys once more.

"Enough that once more our old master we meet,
The same as of yore when we sat at his feet;
Let us place on his brow every laurel we 've won,
And show that each pupil is also a son.

"And when to the harsh scenes of life we return,
Our hearts with the glow of this meeting shall burn;
Its calm light shall cheer till earth's school time is o'er,
And prepare us in heaven for one meeting more."

Daniel Webster presided on the occasion, assisted by Edward Everett, — the Demosthenes and Cicero of the American forum. Eloquent speeches were made by them, and by Judge Thacher, Judge Emery, Judge Merrill, Dr. Palfrey, Dr. Henry Ware, Jr., Leverett Saltonstall, Jonathan Chapman, A. H. Everett, John P. Hale, and many others, whose names will illuminate the page of history. Some of the most distinguished alumni were prevented from being present, among whom was Lewis Cass — a pupil for seven or eight years, and the commander of the first military company formed in the Academy, in 1799 — from whom Dr. Abbot, to the close of his life, continued to receive delicate and gratifying evidences of affectionate regard. After the dinner was over, Mr. Webster, in behalf of the old pupils present and of many who were absent, presented to their venerable teacher a massive and elegant silver vase, as a token of their profound respect and abiding reverence. His portrait, taken by Chester Harding, had been secured for the occasion, and it now hangs side by side with that of his early patron, and constant friend,

the founder. Besides this, some two thousand dollars were subscribed for the establishment of the "Abbot Scholarship" at Cambridge, the annual income of which is now appropriated to the college education of some meritorious student from the Academy at Exeter.

Dr. Abbot lived more than ten years after the semi-centennial celebration, in the full possession of his faculties, honored and revered, in the enjoyment of a true fame, and surrounded by troops of friends. His pupils did not forget him; but, in the beautiful language of one who was worthy to be his companion while he lived, and who still dwells among us, a cherished remembrancer of the past, "their kindly visits made many a green spot in the winter scenery of his life." October 25, 1849, at the age of eighty-seven, he was permitted to rest from his labors; "for so He giveth his beloved sleep."

His successor in office was Gideon L. Soule, LL.D., the present Principal. The prosperity of the Academy continues unchecked; its students are steadily increasing in numbers, drawn thither in part by its ancient renown, and in part by its present reputation and charities.

It may be safely affirmed, that no academic institution in the country is doing more, pecuniarily, for young men, than Phillips Exeter Academy. First, tuition is uniformly remitted to all whose circumstances require a careful husbandry of their resources. More than half of the students pay nothing for instruction. Secondly, Abbot Hall, an exceedingly well-built and well-arranged brick edifice, with accommodations sufficient for fifty students, was built at a cost of more than $17,000 expressly for young men of limited means. It contains, in its four upper stories, twenty-six studies, with bed-alcoves attached, all neatly and substantially furnished. Not only is no charge made for rent, but the trustees pay one fourth of the sixty cents per week which the matron receives from each occupant for her services in cooking the food provided by the steward of the club, and in keeping the rooms in order. Thirdly, in addition to this, about $21,000 of the funds have been appropriated to the establishment of twenty scholarships. At the close of the first academic term of each year, the Trustees elect to these scholarships, from a large

number of applicants, twenty students in indigent circumstances, but of good character and "excelling genius." The successful candidates receive the average sum of $63 each per annum, for three years, less as a charity than as a reward of merit. It is easy to see, that an enterprising young man in the receipt of this stipend, and at the same time exempted from all tuition-fees, and allowed to board in Abbot Hall at a cost, in ordinary times, of only about $1.50 per week, may fit himself for college without distressing his friends, or involving himself very deeply in debt. Among the beneficiaries of the institution, we find the names of some of its most celebrated alumni. The money bestowed upon such men as Jared Sparks, and John G. Palfrey, and George Bancroft, was certainly not a bad investment. In the Doric dialect of trade, "It pays."

The internal economy of the school is not unlike that of a well-ordered college. The teachers constitute a faculty, in which are vested the government and instruction. Their support comes exclusively from the funds. They do not, therefore, "hang on princes' favors," or on the still more fickle favor of the populace. As a natural consequence, they are not obliged, by any considerations of interest, to listen to the capricious whims of boys, or to pander to the taste of a superficial, hurrying people. The precocious youth who disliked to join either of the regular classes, but wished to devote himself solely to Greek and astronomy, because he expected to be a public speaker, could not be accommodated. The amount of his tuition was, as Mr. Toots would express it, "of no consequence." The Faculty can be systematic and thorough, without becoming a topic for debate and denunciation in town-meeting. The Trustees can build a club-house or a gymnasium, without increasing anybody's taxes. A rigid classification, without which no institution can attain to its highest efficiency, has been adopted, and is enforced. There are in the Academy four classes only,—the Junior, Middle, Senior, and Advanced,—the three first preparatory, and the last covering the ground of the Freshman year in college. Latin, Greek, and mathematics go together, *pari passu*. Of the students who leave the Academy each year, a majority

are fitted for Sophomore standing. The course of study is arranged with special reference to young men of ability and industry. It is not thought worth while to attempt to thrust a liberal education upon drones, and there are eleemosynary asylums provided expressly for persons of "weak understanding." The Academy makes no show or parade to catch the favor of the public. It has no exhibitions, and seldom publishes even the calendar of its terms in the newspapers. It seems to act in accordance with the sentiment of Cowper: —

> "Stillest streams
> Oft water greenest meadows; and the bird
> That flutters least is longest on the wing."

For its advertising, it depends to a large extent upon the friendly interest of its graduates; and, in not a few instances, there appear in its general Catalogue three successive generations of the same name and blood, — the living stream growing wider as it flows on. The area of its usefulness might of course be enlarged, if still more ample means were put at its disposal. There are new fields in literature and science to be explored; new departments of instruction to be filled; new books to be placed upon the library shelves. And then, too, there is many a soil-stained child of genius in the valleys and mountain shadows of life, uttering in the dawn of his awakening intellect Goethe's dying cry, "More light!"

It is a pleasant thing to be vitally connected with outward nature, — to be mirrored in Avon and Windermere, to be a felt presence at Marshfield and Mount Vernon. But Dr. Phillips, in establishing the institution which bears his name, has secured to himself an immortality more beautiful and grand than that of poet or statesman. He lives not merely in the sacred, though fading, associations of a single spot, but the light of his spirit shall shine in every one of the thousands of radiant minds, which, age after age, his munificence shall call from obscurity and quicken into newness of life.

ART. VI.—1. *The Aquarium, an Unveiling of the Wonders of the Deep Sea.* By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, A. L. S., etc. London: John Van Voorst. 1855.

2. *The Book of the Aquarium and Water Cabinet.* By SHIRLEY HIBBERD. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1856.

"THERE is something positively agreeable," says Lord Brougham, "in gaining knowledge for its own sake. There is also a pleasure in seeing the uses to which knowledge may be applied; and it is another gratification to extend our inquiries, and find that they are useful to man, though we have no chance ourselves of ever benefiting by the information." No class of men seem so habitually to act up to this aphorism as the true devotees of natural science. Witness their untiring zeal, their unremitting exertions, to add one leaf to the tree of knowledge, which may be likened to those coral groves, growing by the slow accretion of ages, as the tiny zoöphyte year by year deposits its secretions, until myriads of separate individuals, bound together in one object, and constituting a grand united whole, form a fitting temple to the glory of the Eternal Architect.

> "When Science from Creation's face
> Enchantment's veil withdraws,
> What lovely visions yield their place
> To cold material laws!"

So sang the poet in the early part of this century. Had he lived in our day, naturalists would indict him for a libel against "fair Science," and show him such wonders in nature as would make him acknowledge that the visions of imagination grow dim, when compared with the sober facts they can substantiate

> "Who enter into Nature's holy place,
> Her inner temple, and behold her face
> Unveiled."

Each succeeding year presents to us fresh achievements in natural history. Patient research, aided by the magical revelations of the microscope, has opened up unexplored realms,

and a new world, rising, like the old, from Father Ocean, stands revealed in pristine beauty to our wondering eyes.

To the old Romans, an *aquarium* signified only a reservoir of water. Gardeners have applied the same name to the tanks in which they cultivate the *Victoria regia*, and other aquatic plants; but at the present time the word is understood in a more extended sense, and the article itself has grown into such favor that the whole English world has gone wild upon the subject, and we, as in duty bound, appear to have taken the disease in the natural manner. It were well if all the freaks of Fashion were as innocent and interesting as this; and when for once she has taken a scientific turn, and lends her potent charms to search for truth at the bottom of the well, let us applaud her wisdom while we can, and analyze this Cynthia of the minute ere she turns to some new whim.

The numerous works upon the aquarium which have been issued from the English press during the last few years, have served as a Claude-Lorraine glass to invest with new and wondrous light the common objects of the sea-shore. As the best of these volumes, for comprehensive practical knowledge and beauty of execution, we would recommend those whose titles stand at the head of this article. These popular treatises upon the inhabitants of the ocean have established an era in its organic life. They have not, it is true, put forth any new theory; for, as long ago as Priestley and Ingenhousz, it was proved that plants and animals preserved the equilibrium of the atmosphere; but the successful working out of this established fact has resulted in the beautiful object to which has been given the name of *Aquarium*, or, more correctly speaking, *Aqua-vivarium*. This, as the name implies, is no gloomy mausoleum, but a living, moving world. The naturalist, instead of collecting his specimens for the cabinet and the herbarium, takes them from their watery home, and restores them again to their native element, only with new surroundings, where he can at leisure watch their habits and growth.

As is usually the case with all popular inventions, there are many claimants for the honor of having made the first aquarium. It is easy to see how scientific research into the

mysteries of the ocean, replete with life, so little known and still less understood, should lead its votaries in different lands to form similar plans for rendering this microcosm accessible to their own and other eyes. Probably the ball was put in motion by Mr. Ward's successful experiments in keeping plants in the closed glass cases which bear his name; for he stated, at a meeting of the British Association at Oxford in 1849, that he had succeeded in growing sea-weeds not only in sea-water, but in sea-water artificially prepared. The cages made by Mrs. Power, a learned French lady residing in Messina, in 1832, although she gave to some of them the name of Aquaria, were merely receptacles suspended in the waters of the bay to enable her to watch the habits of marine animals. The plan of maintaining the balance of nature by means of plants was unknown to her. To Dr. Johnson, an English naturalist, it appears, should be assigned the first practical application of the well-known theory, that the gaseous exhalations of animal and vegetable life mutually support each other. In 1842 he published a history of "British Sponges and Lithophytes," in which he says: —

"It is now about eight weeks ago since I placed in a small glass jar, containing about six ounces of pure sea-water, a tuft of the Corallina officinalis, to which were attached two or three minute Confervæ, and the very young frond of a green Ulva, while numerous Rissoæ, several little Muscles and Annelides, and a Starfish, were crawling amid the branches. The jar was placed on a table, and was seldom disturbed, though occasionally looked at; and at the end of four weeks the water was found to be still pure, the Mollusca and other animals all alive and active; the Confervæ had grown perceptibly, and the Corallina itself had thrown out some new shoots and several additional articulations." — *Gosse*, p. 7.

In our own country William Stimson, the collector and curator of the aquaria in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, without any previous knowledge of Dr. Johnson's experiments in England, had, as early as the year 1849, made seven or eight small aquaria, which were perfectly successful; inasmuch as he kept some of them in a healthy condition for several months without change of water. He published no account of his success, not knowing that it was a

subject which was just beginning to awaken attention in England, and fated eventually to excite such universal interest. To him may safely be assigned the credit of having made the first systematic attempt at constructing an aqua-vivarium, although in all the works before us that honor is given to Mr. Robert Warrington, who in 1850 communicated to the Chemical Society of London a paper "On the Adjustments of the Relation between the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms." He placed two gold-fishes in a glass jar, half filling it with water, and, putting sand, mud, and pebbles at the bottom, he planted a small Vallisneria in the earth, and left the whole undisturbed. After a time, the water became thick, and a coating of confervoid vegetation obscured the glass; but, on introducing water-snails, he found that they fed on the mass, and restored the water to a clear and healthy condition. Two years later, he commenced a marine aquarium, in which by perseverance he overcame the difficulties at first encountered. The red and the brown sea-weeds, with which he had experimented unsuccessfully, were exchanged for the green series, among which the Ulva or sea-lettuce is a genus which grows most readily. Both of these early tanks of Mr. Warrington are still preserved in a healthy condition. Mr. Gosse commenced his experiments about the same time. He says that he was not aware, until long afterwards, that any one else had proposed to effect the object which had been occupying his mind for some time. Mr. Gosse's success — less perfect than Mr. Warrington's — was published in the "Annals of Natural History" for October, 1852. He at length prepared an aquarium on a large scale, for the present magnificent exhibition in the gardens of the London Zoölogical Society.

By this brief sketch of the history of the aquarium it will be seen that it was no sudden discovery, but the growth of years; and that its present perfection is the result of many patient investigations, trials, and disappointments.

Mr. Gosse has given us the result of his experience in numerous volumes, some published in the highest style of art, illustrated with splendid chromoliths; others prepared in a cheaper manner, for the benefit of those who are not able to

purchase expensive books. If we could find fault with so agreeable a guide, we might remark that he appears to have taken a little advantage of the present furor for the aquarium to spin out his volumes,* and make the most of his subject; but the old adage, "Make hay while the sun shines," it may have been hinted to him, would apply as well to the Sargassum and Laminaria of marine fields as to the Gramineæ of the terrestrial world.

The imaginative author of "Ocean Gardens," Noel Humphreys, predicts a most wonderful future for the marine aquarium. "In its present form," he says, "it is only a toy; but the time will come when we shall have immense crystal-walled seas, covering acres of ground, like the crystal palaces of the present day, in which the whale, the shark, and other Titans of the deep, will disport themselves with their natural enemies, for the amusement and edification of man." When that time arrives, young America will not be behind the Old World in the race; but some enterprising Barnum will catch the sea-serpent, and imprison that king of the ocean,

"Whose monstrous circle girds the world."

An aquarium, as most of our readers are aware, is a tank, three sides of which are generally of glass, set in a wooden or iron frame, containing either fresh or salt water. Into this mimic pond or sea plants and animals are introduced, in proper proportions to maintain life. To imitate their native haunts, sand, pebbles, and rocks are so placed as to afford them shelter; and this crystal cage, ornamenting our drawing-rooms, will enable the most recluse lover of nature's works to study the habits of many wonderful creatures much more successfully than that enterprising French zoölogist could possibly have done, who some years ago, it was said, proposed to furnish himself with an India-rubber dress, suitable spectacles, and a breathing-tube, to walk on the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. But although every one can understand at a glance the theory of the aquarium, and may fancy himself competent to assume the care of one, yet

* He has published six different works upon the aquarium, and on zoölogy as connected with it.

the inexperienced will soon discover that some knowledge of natural science is required, as well as great care and judgment. Perseverance, too, is another virtue which will doubtless be called into exercise before the experiment is entirely perfected.

The great error of the young aquarian is overstocking the vessel with animal life, forgetting how much carbonic acid the animals throw off, and that so much oxygen as they require cannot be elaborated by a few plants in so small a space. It has been thought by those of experience, that one proportion of organic matter to one hundred and sixty of water maintains the equilibrium of nature. On account of the desire to have a tank appear well-filled, it has been found necessary to aerate most aquaria, for which purpose various devices have been contrived. All those in the Dublin Zoölogical Gardens are connected, by a tube, with a single pair of bellows; and from this, branches open into each. The passing of the air into the tanks has a very pleasing effect; and visitors are so fond of blowing the bellows, that the authorities of the garden have found it entirely unnecessary to employ any one to pump the air.

After a certain time, the glass of the aquarium will be obscured by the growth of Confervæ, whose minute spores are always floating about in air and water. To clear this off, water-snails in fresh, and periwinkles in salt water must be employed. These animals might properly be called mowers of the water-pastures, as they are provided with a peculiar apparatus which removes the superabundant herbage in a most artistic manner, leaving circular sweeps, like those of a mower in a field of grass. We cannot forbear quoting a graphic description of the periwinkle from one of the books under consideration.

"We see the familiar form of the periwinkle (Littorina littorea) marching soberly along beneath his massive mansion, stopping to munch the tender shoots of some Alga, or leisurely circumambulating the pretty tide-pool which he has chosen for his present residence. You may tell that all his movements are marked by gravity and deliberation, for if he does not let the grass grow under his feet (I beg his pardon, he has but one foot, though, as that is somewhat of the amplest,

he is not deficient in understanding), he lets it grow over his head. It is quite common to see one of these mollusks adorned with a goodly Ulva or other sea-weed that has taken root on the summit of his shell, so that he habitually sits under the shadow of his own roof-tree." — *Gosse*, p. 30.

Chemistry has succeeded in giving us artificial sea-water, which enables those living at a distance from the sea-shore to possess a marine aquarium. Papers of the requisite powder, or directions for preparing it, may be procured from the dealers in articles for the aquarium. Like good wine, it improves by age, but is totally unfit for animal life until weeds have been growing in it for several days, and even for months, if fishes and the higher order of Crustaceæ are desired.

"It must be understood that, where real sea-water can be easily obtained, as at spots near the coast, it is undoubtedly the best, though in some respects the artificial preparation is preferable, because less liable to certain eccentric changes of constitution, which will fall under our attention further on. Sea-water contains the spores of plants, and the germs of many forms of animal life, which may have development in the tank; and when these births occur, it is a special gratification to the possessor. But such germs may also decay and cause putrescence; and if a tank is neglected, the water is liable to get cloudy, the stones black, the sides of the vessel semi-opaque, and the animals diseased; . . . . . but I here call attention to the fact, that artificial sea-water is much less liable to get out of condition from the very absence of organic matter, which on first reflection we should regard as a disadvantage." — *Hibberd*, p. 59.

There is one important fact which all aquarians must learn sooner or later, though they may not at first know the scientific reason for it, and will perhaps refer their success to mere chance. The pleasant writer of "My Aquarium," in the Atlantic Monthly, does not appear to know why her third attempt succeeded after two failures, although the fact of the presence of the Infusoria is distinctly stated. If we will only learn of nature, each stagnant pool in our country-walks may teach us that these lower forms of life are the scavengers of the water. Hibberd gives the reason of this in the following paragraph: —

"There is one feature which no writer on the aquarium has yet noticed; namely, when a tank is properly stocked, the water soon gets

crowded with infusorial animalculæ, which swarm among the plants and on the sides of the glass in countless thousands, visible only by the aid of the microscope. These are in accordance with a natural law; the presence of vegetable matter in water always induces them. But observe their value: they contribute to the sustenance of the smaller fishes, by supplying them with food; and, strangely enough, the researches of modern chemists have proved that these minute creatures respire in much the same way as plants. While all other animals absorb oxygen, and perish if the supply of that gas is withdrawn, these minute organisms absorb carbonic acid, and give out oxygen in abundance. This has been proved by Professor Liebig, who collected several jars of oxygen from tanks containing Infusoria only. Every one who has had experience in the management of tanks must have noticed that the water in a tank which has been established some months will sustain a much greater amount of animal life than one of the same dimensions but recently stocked. The presence of Infusoria in immense numbers is one of the reasons for this." — p. 9.

We cannot agree with Mr. Gosse in his opinion, that the vegetable kingdom is an appendage to the aquarium which must be tolerated on account of its use. To the eye of most persons, the soft green of the Ulva, and the delicate crimson tracery of the Dasya and Delesseria, are quite as beautiful as the fishes and mollusks which sport under their branches. A taste for gathering and arranging these lovely forms of nature has been prevalent of late years, and no one can deny that, when the delicate fronds of the sea-weeds are expanded and fastened upon paper, they form a more exquisite picture than any which the hand of man can make. Why, then, should we not admire them even more, spread out in their native element, where the grouping of graceful forms is more striking than that of the terrestrial flora? Viewed through a pocket microscope, these thread-like tissues become like the gemmed girdle of a queen, glittering in rich array with opals, emeralds, and rubies.

The "inutilis alga" of ancient classical writers has, in the march of modern science, been discovered to contain some of the most valuable properties used in medicine and the arts. From the manufacture of kelp alone, the islands of the Hebrides realized in one year the sum of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. There are some species of Alga which in

many countries form an important article of food. The carragheen (*Chondrus crispus*), so abundant on our own coast, is made into palatable and nourishing food; and there are doubtless many more uses to which these weeds of the ocean will in time be applied.

The habits of marine animals, as described by those who have made that branch of zoölogy a study, seem almost like a fairy tale; but we feel sure that the increased facilities the aquarium affords for learning their habits, will reveal to us more wonders than are now dreamed of in our philosophy.

"The very jelly-fish," says Dr. Harvey, "as it swims the wave, expanding and contracting its umbrella, and thus propelling itself through the water, has its beauty. But few are aware of the singularity of its history; how its eggs are of the nature of seeds, which, sown on their rocky beds, sprout and grow, throwing out buds and suckers, each of which forms an animal stem quite unlike the parent jelly-fish, till at a certain time young jelly-fish begin to be formed, and to be thrown off by the several branches, just as flowers are formed and expand on the several branches that originate from a vegetable seed. And if the abject jelly-fish, whose body consists of little more than organized water, have a history so wonderful, shall we not expect to find, in tracing the history of other tribes of animals, matter of equal interest?"

The Actiniæ or sea-anemones, although belonging to the lowest order of animal life, are among the most beautiful denizens of the sea, and, when transferred to our parlor oceans, are their greatest ornament. The name of Anemone was bestowed upon this group from its resemblance to flowers; and even the botanical names of the pink, daisy, ice-plant, &c. have been added to that of Actiniæ, to designate the different species. They were at one time thought to belong to the vegetable world, and poets have apostrophized them as flowers of the sea; but alas! it is sad to take away the lovely character which the charms of poetry have woven around them, and to assert that they are now known as a most voracious and carnivorous group. They will snap at a bit of raw beef or mutton, and draw it into their mouths with great relish; and woe to the unwary inhabitants of the aquarium who swim too near their expanded tentacles. Firmly adher-

ing to its base, the anemone puts out its arms in quest of prey; and nothing once in contact with them can escape its deadly touch. It is furnished with weapons offensive and defensive, in the shape of highly elastic threads barbed at the extremity. These are ordinarily coiled up in oval capsules, but at the will of the animal are projected with surprising force. Dr. Johnson relates an anecdote of an Actinia crassicornis who swallowed a Pecten, a sharp-edged shell several times larger than itself, which so stretched the body as on a ring of wire, as virtually to cut it into two parts. Thereupon it put out from the base a new disc with mouth and tentacles, and became a double anemone, to which the gorged shell served as a base of attachment.

"The Actiniæ," says Rymer Jones, "although exceedingly voracious, will bear long fasting. They may be preserved alive for a whole year, or perhaps longer, in a vessel of sea-water, without any visible food; but when food is offered, one of them will devour a crab as large as a hen's egg, or two muscles in their shells. In a day or two, the shells are voided through their mouth, perfectly cleared of the soft parts which they contained."

But some authors do not approve of feeding anemones in the aquarium, and they will doubtless live without the aid of raw meat or fish, as the Esquimaux can, for an almost indefinite time; but, as Dr. Kane remarked of his Arctic friends that they showed the effects of abstinence, so it has been demonstrated of the Actiniæ that, though they will live in the tank, they will not grow without feeding. There is also another analogy to vegetables in their organization, inasmuch as they can be cut up like a potato, and each part will form a new and perfect whole. William Stimson tried the experiment of dividing a specimen of a rare species, which he wished to increase, into twenty pieces, each of which, in time, became a perfect animal, with all its organs fully developed.

The hydra, one of the lowest order of polypes, not, like the corals, fixed and stationary, but crawling about in search of prey, was observed by Trembley contending with another individual of the same species for an animal which each looked upon as a *bonne bouche* for his own separate enjoyment. Both had partially succeeded in swallowing it, when

the largest put an end to the dispute, by swallowing its opponent as well as the subject of contention. Trembley naturally regarded so tragical a termination of the affray as the end of the swallowed polype's existence; but he was mistaken. After the devourer and his captive had digested the prey between them, the latter was regurgitated safe and sound, and apparently none the worse for the imprisonment.

The starfish, or common five-finger, one of the family of the Asteriæ, has been found recently to have committed great havoc among the oyster-beds in New York Harbor. The loss has been estimated at many thousands of dollars, so that the proprietors have petitioned the State to remit the usual tax upon the beds; and they assert that, unless some way is found to check the ravages of these animals, the oyster is in danger of becoming extinct in that locality. The ancients believed that the starfish cunningly inserted one of its rays between the valves, and thus gradually destroyed its victim, as Oppian says: —

> "Sic struit insidias, sic subdola fraudes
> Stella marina parat, sed nullo adjuta lapillo
> Nititur et pedibus scabris disjungit hiantes."

But modern observation has determined that its mode of attack is very different. If the oyster is a large bivalve (one which would make the mouth of a crustacean epicure water), four or five Asteriæ attach themselves to it, and, waiting patiently until the mollusk opens his shell, intrude between the valves their stomachs, which first, for greater convenience, they turn inside out. A liquid is supposed to be secreted by the stomach, which acts as an opiate upon the oyster, who no longer possesses the power to close his doors against the intruder, and thus becomes an easy prey to these burglars of the deep. It is to be hoped that the true lovers of the delicious oyster, particularly those who are accustomed to study the habits of the Radiata in the aquarium, will devise some plan to enable the bivalve to retain peaceful possession of his own house until he is forcibly ejected for the benefit of the lords of creation.

The family to which these depredators belong possess and exert a power which was supposed formerly to be the exclu-

sive privilege of mankind, — that of self-mutilation and suicide. The books on the aquarium relate numerous instances where this has been observed. A sea-cucumber (Holothuria), which was placed in a jar of water for transportation, being made uncomfortable by the jolting of a cabriolet, actually ejected his stomach, turning it inside out, and then threw it off, together with his head and circle of tentacles. In this attenuated condition he still showed signs of life, and his owner hopes that the remedial powers of nature may yet be exerted to replace the missing organs.

The capture of a species of starfish, Luida fragilissima, which is remarkable for claiming the privilege of its race, is thus graphically described by the late lamented Professor Forbes: —

"The first time I ever caught one of these creatures, I succeeded in getting it into the boat entire. Never having seen one before, and quite unconscious of its suicidal powers, I spread it out on a rowing bench, the better to admire its form and color. On attempting to remove it for preservation, to my horror and disappointment I found only an assemblage of rejected members.

"My conservative endeavors were all neutralized by its destructive exertions, and it is now badly represented in my cabinet by an armless disc and a discless arm. Next time I went to dredge on the same spot, I determined not to be cheated out of a specimen in such a way a second time. I brought with me a bucket of cold fresh water, to which article starfishes have a great antipathy. As I expected, a Luida came up in the dredge, a most gorgeous specimen. As it does not generally break up before it is raised above the surface of the sea, cautiously and anxiously I sank my bucket to a level with the dredge's mouth, and proceeded in the most gentle manner to introduce the Luida to the purer element. Whether the cold air was too much for him, or the sight of the bucket too terrific, I know not; but in a moment he proceeded to dissolve his corporation, and at every mesh of the dredge his fragments were seen escaping. In despair I grasped at the largest, and brought up the extremity of an arm with its terminating eye, the spinous eyelid of which opened and closed with something exceedingly like a wink of derision." — *British Starfishes*, p. 138.

There is still a debatable ground between the animal and vegetable kingdom, which is occupied by the lowest organic forms; and, like depredators in the border raids of Scottish history, the botanist occasionally crosses the line and levies

black mail upon the zoölogist, who in his turn claims some hitherto recognized vegetable production as endowed with animal life. The sponges which, for the last dozen years, have been given to the vegetable kingdom, are now reclaimed by zoölogists. In his pleasant sketches of the Natural History of Tenby (a seaside resort in Wales), Mr. Gosse inclines to class them with the animal kingdom. He details his microscopic experiments on several species, and asserts that they undoubtedly possess those two criterions of animal existence, sensibility to touch and spontaneous movement. Yet we find these very qualities in some undoubted vegetable forms, as sensibility to touch in the leaves of the mimosa and the stamens of the barberry, and spontaneous movement in the remarkable *Dionæa muscipula* or Venus's fly-trap, and in that still more mysterious sleep of plants which we may any day observe, even before sunset, in the acacia, clover, wood-sorrel, and water-lily. This border land, which has of late years so puzzled learned men, is an excellent field in which the aquarian can exercise his skill, by the new means afforded of watching the constant habits and the metamorphoses of these lower forms of creation, and may eventually run a boundary line which will amicably settle all disputes between the two kingdoms.

Time would fail us to give even a glimpse of what these wonderful books reveal. We have a phalanx of authors, — Gosse, Sowerby, Humphreys, Lankester, and Hibberd on the Aquarium, Harvey's Seaside Book and Kingsley's Glaucus, all popular treatises, of which only one, the last mentioned, has been republished in this country. It is a noteworthy fact, that through each and all of them flows a most devout and reverential spirit. The crime which brought down the curse of Heaven upon the nations of antiquity, — that, knowing God in his works, they glorified him not as God, — cannot be imputed to these devotees, who truly "look through nature up to nature's God."

"Science and Religion," says Harvey, "must not be confounded. Each has her several paths, distinct but not hostile. Each in her way is friendly to man, and when both unite, they will ever be found to be his best protectors; the one a 'light to his eyes,' opening to him the

mysteries of the material universe; the other 'a lamp to his feet,' leading him to the immaterial, incorruptible, and eternal."

It is greatly to be wished that some one, who has made marine botany and zoölogy a study, would write a popular work concerning our own coast. The great desideratum is a handbook sufficiently easy for beginners, which would enable them to classify and name the objects of interest most generally found on the New England seaboard; for we all know, Shakespeare to the contrary notwithstanding, that a rose by any other name does not smell as sweet. Already the loungers at fashionable watering-places begin to be affected by the mania for marine explorations, it having been found that there is a more rapid way of consuming time at the sea-shore than in the smoke of cigars over yellow-paper novels. The great stumbling-block in the way of an American book appears to be the new and unclassified species, differing from the European forms, with which our waters abound; but still we think he who would give even a partial insight into that portion of the great Atlantic which beats upon the rocks of the various summer resorts in Massachusetts Bay, would bring his labor to an excellent work.

Now that a large portion of the American people are taking their annual hegira, forsaking comfortable city houses and suburban residences for the purpose of breathing the sea-air through the medium of fashionable first-class hotels, or the less aristocratic quarters of little coves and fishing towns, we would say to one and all, Commence an aquarium. If your sojourn at the sea-side is to be brief, or if you do not feel disposed to purchase one of the glass tanks of the dealers in aquarian wares, — a race which has recently sprung up "all along shore," — take a wash-basin, a milk-pan, or a foot-bath, and you can improvise an aqarium that will occupy all your leisure moments, which are usually so many and hang with such leaden weight upon the scores of summer idlers, who, their daily bath and bowling over, look with dismay upon the weary hours which must intervene before they can again go through the same diurnal process. Those who seek the shore for health will find an object to keep them in the open air during fine weather, and, when a rainy day comes, a new resource

which will take the place of books, business, and home occupations, in studying the habits and watching the beauty of the specimens they have collected. Whoever has seen the forlorn faces of men, women, and children, drawn together without occupation in the common room of a sea-side boarding-house, during a rainy week, will bless the man who first invented the aquarium.

Let not the zealous aquarian go to his work with the high expectation that his feeble farthing candle will become a Pharos to the world. But as the lowest orders of marine organic life by congregating together light up the whole ocean with a phosphorescent glow, so systematic co-workers in this delightful pursuit will aid one another, and in time illumine the depths of the great sea itself with such a flood of knowledge that nothing can remain hidden beneath it.

We cannot better close this article than in the words of a celebrated writer: —

"In wonder all philosophy began, in wonder it all ends, and admiration fills up the interspace. But the first wonder is the offspring of ignorance, the last is the parent of adoration. The first is the birth-throe of our knowledge, the last its euthanasy and apotheosis."

ART. VII. — 1. *Practical Landscape Gardening, with Reference to the Improvement of Rural Residences, giving the General Principles of the Art; with full Directions for planting Shade Trees, Shrubbery, and Flowers, and Laying out of Grounds.* By G. M. KERN. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keyes, & Co. 1855. pp. 328.

2. *Landscape Gardening; or Parks and Pleasure-Grounds. With Practical Notes on Country Residences, Villas, Public Parks, and Gardens.* By CHARLES J. SMITH, Garden Architect, etc. With Notes and Additions, by LEWIS F. ALLEN, Author of "Rural Architecture," &c. New York: C. M. Saxton. 1853.

SINCE the publication, in 1849, of Mr. Downing's treatise on Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture, no work

of standard character in this department has appeared in our country. Before Mr. Downing's day, this field of authorship was almost wholly unexplored by Americans. He carefully studied and digested the writings of European authors, and incorporated with the principles therein developed whatever precepts his own judgment and taste deemed suited to the wants of American planters and builders. It might have been expected, therefore, that those who came after him would be gleaners in a well-reaped harvest-field. The book placed first at the head of this article is to some extent a volume of gleanings. In treating of the principles of the art, it draws largely, both in formal extract and otherwise, from Repton's "Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening," and from Wheatley's "Observations on Modern Gardening." In the chapters devoted to Practical Operations, there is little which is new; and, indeed, were there more, it could hardly be correct and valuable. They are a brief and excellent summary of the rules everywhere followed by successful planters. The chapter on Rock-work strikes us as of little worth, and the wood-cuts representing artificial "rockeries" will do little towards advancing the public taste. The chapters concerning Public Parks and Cemeteries are valuable, though altogether too short, and, of course, treating the subjects inadequately. A good end will be gained, however, by calling public attention to these matters. Some of the plans given in this volume, for laying out pleasure-grounds and cemeteries, are well conceived and executed, even to the minutest details.

The second book named at the head of this article is of a somewhat different character. It is an English work, and has quite an English air about it. The author acknowledges his "willingness to sit at the feet of Wheatley, Price, and Gilpin," yet maintains that there is something more to be learned than can be found in the works of any master. His book, accordingly, betrays an affectionate study of the literature of his subject, and is not without originality. As might have been expected, some parts of it are of little practical use to American readers. In particular, the chapters on the hardy trees and shrubs appropriate for English parks and lawns,

must be taken with more qualification than the American Editor has seen fit to give in his Notes. The laurels, hollies, rhododendrons, deodars, and yews, of which the author speaks so familiarly, may thrive very well in the mild winters and under the weeping skies of England; but their successful culture is an impossibility in the cold, dry, and variable climate of our Northern States. And we could heartily wish that Mr. Allen had told us more distinctly and fully which of our native trees and shrubs may be substituted for these fragile foreigners.

This book, as a whole, has afforded us much pleasure and information. It is eminently practical, and is written in a plain, unambitious style. Presuming that the reader's taste is already somewhat formed, and that his zeal needs little stimulus, it comes to guide that zeal and to help that taste in working out real and important results. Our country abounds with persons intent upon laying out new or improving old grounds, and who wish to create scenes of beauty around their homes. They have read in prose and poetry of velvet lawns, leafy groves and thickets, groups and masses, statues and vases; but they have no clear and definite conceptions of what they wish to accomplish; much less do they know how to produce in actual existence the scenes dimly floating in their imaginations. They do not know where to cut down a tree, or where to plant one; where to clear up shrubbery, or where to set it; where, or when, or how to plant evergreens or deciduous trees, singly or in groups. To such persons this volume will furnish many valuable suggestions.

In the works above referred to, some of the general principles on which ornamental planting should proceed are presented with clearness and force. It is noticeable here, however, as it is with most writers on this subject, that it is made the highest end of landscape art to produce a scene which shall be simply beautiful or picturesque or grand. The appeal is to the eye rather than to the mind. But may we not proceed a step farther? May we not so plan and plant our grounds, as both to awaken and to express some of the loftiest sentiments of the soul? Each scene will of course demand its own expression. It may be dignity, pro-

portion, grandeur; or grace, whether of motion or repose; or cheerfulness, tranquillity, security. The Creator, it is believed, has given to each vegetable structure and form its own expression, and these, variously combined, may be used to typify some of the noblest ideas and purest emotions. And the artist who knows how to interpret nature can set about the creation of new scenes, certain of success in his work. He will not be satisfied with simply adorning his grounds with arbors, statues, grottos, and other works of art, or with planting trees, shrubs, and gay flowers; he will desire to go beyond the senses, and to address the memory and imagination, the poetical and moral sentiments. If one tree is essentially beautiful, he will plant it for the sake of its beauty. If another, though deficient in beauty, yet appeals in some way to man's higher nature, he will plant it for that reason. A *quasi* amateur once said he would not plant a certain tree in his grounds, "because it was not *fashionable*." The thoughtful gardener will not inquire what is fashionable, but what is truly fit and beautiful, and what is interesting from its expression and for the associations connected with it.

This principle of association, in its relation to ornamental gardening, deserves more thought than it has hitherto received. Dismissing, therefore, other topics suggested by the books before us, we wish to dwell a short time upon this. No small share of the interest we feel in all objects, times, and places, arises from the operation of this principle. The rusty coins which the antiquarian treasures up, because they bear the image and superscription of ancient kings, and commemorate important events in history, would not be received at the bank, and would hardly sell for old copper or brass. The relics of ancient Egypt and Assyria, obtained at great expense and stored up in museums with pious care, — what are they worth more than the lumber in a thousand garrets? Are the waters of the Jordan and the Tiber better than those of the Chippewa River or the Great Pedee? Of what value is a fragment of Plymouth Rock above any other piece of granite, — or a branch from the "Charter Oak," or from the trees overhanging Washington's tomb? The chief attraction of our national holidays, of our annual State festivals, and

our various domestic anniversaries, — does it not lie in the memories they revive? We love our country, our State, our native town, doubtless because they are ours; but how much is that attachment increased by the interesting events which we know to have transpired within them! And the home of our childhood, — what makes it the home it is, separating it from all other places on earth, hallowing its soil and endearing its very walls, unless it be this principle of association?

Many trees and plants are interesting for a similar reason. They may or may not possess the element of beauty; yet if they have become linked with historical facts, or if they symbolize poetical and moral sentiments, or in any way deeply affect the mind and heart, they are worthy of special regard. To illustrate our meaning, we might allude to the cedar. This was peculiarly the tree of Palestine, bristling along the ridges of Lebanon, and crowning the hills around the Holy City. The temple and the palace were built of this tree: "all was cedar; there was no stone seen." It was believed that "God loved it more than any other tree." The palm-tree has both a sacred and a classical importance, having been used from the earliest times as an emblem of integrity, constancy, fruitfulness, patience, and victory. So of the olive-tree: it is associated with the subsidence of the flood, and with important events in the life of the Saviour. It has always been a token of peace.

Unlike those we have named, the oak is a tree of all times and latitudes. Under this tree Abraham spread his tent at Mamre. Under an oak, Joshua set up the tabernacle of Jehovah for divine worship. Throughout all the East, no spot was more desired for a burial-place than the shade of an oak. In Greece, it was

> "Jove's own tree,
> That held the woods in awful sovereignty."

In England, it has been from the first a national tree, flourishing around her cathedrals and baronial halls, and imparting grandeur to her parks and hunting-grounds. Her navy proudly sails in "oaken walls"; her army fights with "hearts of oak."

The elm is not without classical associations. The American white elm surpasses all other varieties in beauty, and has

been so universally planted as to have become, with the maple, almost a national tree. It is associated especially with the older towns of New England, with their training-fields, their village streets and ancient farm-houses.

Perhaps no tree or plant is more suggestive than the vine. Originating in Persia, it found its way very early into India, Greece, Sicily, and all the temperate regions of the Old World. One has observed, very justly, that "the classics seem to have been written under its shade: their pages exhale the sweet odor of its fruit." It is mentioned very frequently in the Old and New Testaments, as furnishing a pleasing shade, a healthful fruit, and an invigorating and wholesome beverage. It is often used as a symbol of peace and plenty. Our Saviour has for ever hallowed it by styling himself "The Vine," and by constituting the juice of its clusters a perpetual emblem of his love.

But we need not speak at length of other trees and plants in their mythological or historical relations. Some trees have a marked expression which renders them suggestive, and others have poetical and moral associations which are worthy of notice. Evergreens, as a class, suggest ideas of protection, seclusion, shelter, — of smiles amid surrounding gloom, of constancy amid changes, of life amid desolation and death. In particular, the hemlock and the deodar cedar are pliant and graceful; the balsam-fir is the very image of precision and immobility; the pine is grand and solemn. Deciduous trees are more varied in expression. The maples are comfortable and well-to-do; the white ash is neat and trim, and in the autumn robes itself in royal purple; the elm is gracefully dignified; the Lombardy poplar is all aspiration; the aspen is timidity trembling at every breeze; the oak is strength and sturdy endurance; the willow is affection bending over the dust of the departed.

Nor are flowering plants without expression. Where is there gayety and vanity, if not in the tulip and poppy? or purity and modesty, if not in the lily and primrose? or foppery and ostentation, if not in the cock's-comb and peony? Every eye sees deceit in the monkshood, immortality in the amaranth, hope, even in misery, in the bachelor's button, in-

dustry in broom-corn. The snow-drop and crocus are friends in the storms of adversity; unconscious beauty is in the daisy, ambition in the hollyhock, woman's affection and fidelity in the clinging ivy and honeysuckle, delicacy in the lily-of-the-valley, unchanging love in the myrtle, remembrance in rosemary, domestic virtues in sage, and substantial worth in thyme.

But aside from this universal floral language, there are thoughts connected with flowers which words can hardly express. They are the poetry of the vegetable kingdom. They address our most delicate sentiments, and awaken our tenderest emotions. They charm us by their richness of form, color, and fragrance. Their very fragility attracts us; it touches our sympathy, and makes us love them with almost human affection. If proof were needed of the firm hold which flowers have gained upon the universal heart, we might instance the fact that they are used, in one way or another, to adorn all our daily life. They are woven into our carpets, garments, window-hangings, and nearly all domestic fabrics. They are sculptured in marble, carved in wood and ivory, embossed on gold and silver, cast on our stove-patterns, stamped on our wall-papers, engraved in our books, and painted everywhere. Children love them almost instinctively; maidenly beauty delights to twine them in her hair; they adorn the bride for her husband; they enliven the chamber of sickness; they grace the banquet-table, and are fitly strewn upon the grave. Poets have always rejoiced in them. The pages of Shakespeare and Milton are full of them. Burns's name is identified with the daisy, Wordsworth's with the primrose, Shelley's with the sensitive plant, Goldsmith's with the hawthorn-blossom, and our own Bryant's with the yellow violet and the fringed gentian. Poetry sees in flowers a meaning which escapes the common eye. To her they are the "footsteps of angels";— "stars that in earth's firmament do shine";—

> "Jewels and rare mosaics, dotting o'er
> Creation's tessellated palace-floor";—
>
> "Or cups and beakers of the butterflies,
> Brimming with nectar; or a string of bells
> Tolling unheard a requiem for the hours;
> Or censers swinging to the skies";—

"Floral apostles, living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book."

In respect to their moral associations, it may suffice to mention that the pages of Holy Writ are strewn with garlands of floral imagery, symbolizing man's resurrection as well as his frailty, representing human virtues and God's providential care. They "typify the benign intent of the universe." Springing up as they do, on all the face of the earth, they speak of the boundlessness of God's love; they show that he is not satisfied with making man's abode simply endurable, but would have it a paradise of delight.

Trees and plants have domestic associations also. Not to speak now of fruit-bearing trees and vines, the locust, maple, elm, and balsam-fir, the lilac, rose, and honeysuckle, have been so long planted about every country house, as to form almost an essential part of a rural homestead. Some of the pleasantest recollections of childhood cluster about these familiar objects. But aside from long-established associations, there are others which grow up in one's individual experience, and to which every passing year gives new sacredness and power. When a man sets out to establish a permanent home, the land, timber, bricks, and stones which he buys are only a certain number of acres and a certain amount of building materials, costing so many dollars. But as soon as he enters upon the construction of his house and the arrangement of his grounds, the land and lumber begin to increase in value. The apartments which he plans with care, seeking to make them attractive to his family and guests, the furniture which he selects for their comfort and pleasure, are all worth more than the materials of which they were made. And every year, as it adds its varied experience to the history of the household, only heightens their value. So, too, in the arranging of his garden and grounds, if he does it with zeal, embodying his own individuality in it, he finds that the object of his labor is the object of his increasing love. Let him but plant a tree with his own hands, he at once becomes attached to it. Let him brace it against the riotous winds, water its thirsty roots, cleanse it of insects, and give it all the care it requires, and no sooner will its rootlets shoot out and grasp the soil, than his

affections will fasten upon it, and upon the very earth in which it grows. He will watch its expanding leaves with an interest he never felt in tree-leaves before, and every year he will take new delight in its spreading boughs and thickening shade. Other trees added to his collection will add new objects of interest. In planting this, a darling child held it upright, or with his little spade tried to help, but hindered, the work, and when all was finished named it *his* tree. That was the wife's choice, and in its early growth was nurtured by her tender care. This came from the old homestead, the gift of a venerated father. Yonder shrub was presented by a friend now far away, and this flowering plant was the gift of a beloved sister now in heaven. How can one live and walk among such trees and plants, and not feel that they possess a value beyond price? Each has a history of its own, and is bound up with his history. Nay, each has a life and soul, to which his own heart is linked by the strongest ties.

This reference to some of the associations of trees and flowers will suffice to show that the work of planting and training them may be made an interesting and elevated employment. Some persons have no appetency for gardens. A splendid equipage, costly furniture, sumptuous entertainments, and a surplus at the bank, are with them the chief good. With others, gardens are places of mere amusement or sensuous gratification. What more comfortable than to lie outstretched upon a velvet lawn, beneath a spreading shade-tree, regaled with the sight of brilliant flowers, and half intoxicated with their perfume? And then gardens are fashionable; no gentleman's establishment is complete without one. Others have no higher conception of gardening than as the mere mechanical operation of laying out surfaces in artistic shapes, planting them by rule, in some conventional method, and embellishing the whole with works of art. But, rightly viewed, it is something more than this. It is dealing with associations at once sublime, tender, and beautiful. It surrounds us with the past as with a continual presence. The patriarch sits with us again under the "gnarled, centennial tree" he so much loved. Sages discourse philosophy under the revolving shade of our plane-trees. Orators and poets sweep past us in

their robes, meditating themes of eloquence and song. The great and good of every clime and age are here again, and repeat before us the words and actions of their daily lives. A thousand fancies flutter amid the branches over our heads, and nestle in the flower-cups at our feet. We hear "the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden," reminding us of his continual presence and fatherly care. We find a new charm added to domestic life, which grows stronger with every passing year, and makes home the full realization of its sacred name.

The necessary inference from what we have said is, that the principle of association should be regarded in all attempts at ornamental gardening. It is not enough to set out a few of the most common trees and plants, which are of rapid growth and easy culture. The ailanthus, maple, elm, horse-chestnut, and silver abele are excellent trees; the cabbage-rose, the common lilac, and the syringa are pleasing shrubs, and should be universally planted; but these alone will not constitute grounds well furnished. Something more is wanted than trees enough to occupy a given space, and to afford a given amount of shade. We want those which are intrinsically fit and beautiful, whether common and fashionable or not, and those likewise which are interesting from their suggestiveness. The balsam-fir, for example, is a good and serviceable tree; but where the climate would permit its culture, we should prize the Lebanon cedar more highly. For the same reason, we would plant the oak in preference to the button-ball or bass-wood. The syringa and lilac are handsome; but we would not fail of the hawthorn, the holly, and the yew. The verbena and petunia are gay and desirable flowers, but we would not neglect the violet, the myrtle, and the bee-haunted thyme.

Why should not one's grounds contain as great a variety of trees and plants, from different countries and different climates, as the space will permit, — at least, so far as this can be without sacrifice of essential fitness and propriety? A daily walk in such grounds would be a daily delight. It would bring before us many of the rare and beautiful products of other regions, without the fatigue and exposure of travel. It would give us some little idea of the richness

and variety of the productions of the vegetable world, and it would furnish a very pleasing study to note their peculiarities of form, structure, and growth, as compared with the productions of our own country and neighborhood. That some of these trees and plants would require more pains to cultivate them than the common trees of the wayside, would be no objection. This very care would only attach us to them by an additional tie. Nor would we object to this mode of planting grounds because it requires more study and reflection. Here the pursuit of information would be its own reward. And he who should construct such a garden-scene would perform a work honorable to himself and full of interest to every intelligent beholder. It would be something above the tangled mass of a wild forest, something better than the formal and monotonous rows of trees and bushes so common in our door-yards; it would be a scene in which the scholar, the poet, the man of sensibility, the Christian, would each find something to quicken his thoughts and to yield him a perpetual delight. This, it seems to us, would be the perfection of ornamental gardening.

The subject we have considered leads us to venture a criticism upon a certain canon of writers on landscape gardening. It is commonly recommended that, in choosing a site for a country residence, one should be selected, if possible, that is already covered with native trees. This would answer very well, if trees were wanted only to furnish an abundance of shade. But this is a small part of their use. They are wanted for their individual as well as combined beauty, for their fitness and for the associations connected with them. When forest-trees have grown in open situations, detached from one another, they are, sometimes, all that could be desired on the score of beauty. But where such cannot be found, it is much better to choose a naked site, cultivate the soil thoroughly, draw up a well-considered plan according to which the grounds shall be planted, select trees and shrubs suited to the place they are to occupy, and then rear them with all possible care. In a few years they will present to the discriminaing eye a finer scene than could be produced by any number of tall, naked denizens of the woods.

But however this may be on the score of simple beauty and fitness, we maintain that the aboriginal growth of the soil till now uncultivated is deficient in one important respect, the charm of association. The wild forest-trees of Massachusetts have not the interest which attaches to the ancient trees of Cambridge and the Boston Common. The venerable elms overshadowing the New Haven Green are more venerable than elms of the same size and age in the woods of Connecticut. The trees around our oldest family mansions derive their chief interest from the domestic history which has transpired beneath them. We maintain, accordingly, that, in choosing a site for a country dwelling, it is not important to select one already covered with forest-trees. Such trees have no history. Their associations, so far as they have any, are those of savage life, or of a wild, unpeopled solitude. And were a new home established among them, there would be no proper connection between them and the life-experience of that home. Very pleasant, indeed, it would be, on many accounts, to have trees already grown about one's door-step, — it would save a vast deal of time and labor and care; but a thoughtful man would always feel that there was something out of keeping between the new home and the old trees, that it would take many years to civilize them, and that, at best, their early history would be barren, utterly void of any human interest. He would rather plant his trees when he plants his house, and let both grow together and have a common history.

In this connection, we will venture another criticism. It is deemed important by many, in preparing new grounds, to remove into them very large trees, for the sake of producing an immediate effect; or, in other words, of giving to a new estate the appearance of an older one. This work is accomplished by taking up the trees in winter with huge balls of frozen earth attached to the roots, raising them by means of pulleys or machines constructed for the purpose, and hauling them to the desired place by powerful teams of horses or oxen. Operations of this kind have been performed in England and in this country with a good degree of success. Undoubtedly, there are some advantages in this plan, yet

we think it open to objections. To say nothing about the mutilation of trees thus removed, from which they seldom fully recover so as to regain their native health and beauty, trees thus planted lack the associations which should belong to them; nay, they acquire some unpleasant associations. There is a species of felt deception about groves and avenues made to order by machinery. They did not grow there; they are interlopers; they were brought thither while men slept, by some kind of trickery, or at least by some artificial process, and set up full-grown to impose on all beholders.

In speaking of ornament in architecture, Ruskin says that its agreeableness arises, not only from its abstract beauty, but also from "the sense of human labor and care spent upon it"; from the fact that "the record of thoughts, and intents, and trials, and heart-breakings, — of recoveries and joyfulnesses of success," — has been associated with it. "As a woman of feeling would not wear false jewels, so would a builder of honor disdain false ornaments." He should use ornaments "wrought by the human hand, not those cast in moulds or cut by machinery to imitate the work of the hand. He should abhor all short, cheap, and easy ways of doing that whose difficulty is its honor." So say we in regard to landscape gardening. Pleasant as it might be to have our trees and shrubs brought and planted for us full-grown, as by magic, we should hesitate to accept the gift. They would be false, machine-made ornaments, entirely wanting in any flavor of human thought and labor and care. If a few old trees happened to occupy our chosen building-site, we would not cut them down; rather would we be thankful for their comforting shade while trees of our own planting were growing. But we would not transplant old trees into our grounds. We would select young trees and shrubs, some for their native beauty of form, branches, leaves, and flowers, others for their associations, whether historical, poetical, domestic, or otherwise. These we would group together into one harmonious scene. We would do this work, so far as possible, with our own hands, — at least, it should be done under our personal supervision. Our own life should be

mixed up with the life of each tree and plant. The hearts and hands of those we love should be interested and occupied in their cultivation. Day by day, and year by year, we would watch their progress, nursing their feebleness, rejoicing in their healthy growth, until at length we might sit beneath their expanding boughs or pluck their abundant flowers and fruit. Such a garden would be worthy of the name. Its very ground would be hallowed. On the branches of every tree would hang gentle thoughts and pleasant memories. Its shrubs and plants would suggest ideas as varied as the forms of their leaves, and fancies as airy as the fragrance of their flowers. Such a garden would be a charmed spot, because linked with so much that is deeply and permanently interesting to the mind and heart of man.

ART. VIII. — *La Civilization au Vième Siècle. Introduction à une Histoire de la Civilization aux Temps Barbares, suivie d'un Essai sur les Écoles en Italie, du Vième au XIII. Siècle.* Par A. F. OZANAM, Professeur de Littérature Étrangère à la Faculté de Lettres de Paris. Paris: Jacques Lecoffre et C^ie^. 1855. 2 vols. pp. 395, 433.

THE time has gone by when the charge of frivolity can with justice be brought against the French as a nation. Although still distinguished for their exquisite taste and skill in the ornamental arts, they now actively pursue the more practical interests of life, and during the last twenty-five years have made wonderful strides in all material improvements. The prejudices of a great monarchical and military people against the occupations of the middle classes no longer exist; and a marquis of the old *noblesse*, whose ancestors may have figured in the Crusades, no longer hesitates to work a paper-mill, to head a railroad company, or to join in any commercial enterprise from which profit is likely to accrue. With few exceptions, there are no longer any idle men in

France. The injunction, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is obeyed by nearly all; and those who do not subsist by the work of their hands, toil with the brain. The French, in one word, have become a serious people. A writer like Tocqueville, a painter like Paul Delaroche, a mathematician like Ampère, may be fairly taken as representatives of the French of our day. The deep and conscientious study, laborious research, and attentive examination of cause and effect, which distinguish these three men, are no longer uncommon qualities among their countrymen; and there is no field in which these qualities have been more frequently displayed than in that of history. To penetrate the hidden motives of those illustrious men in whose hands Providence at various periods has placed the fate of nations, and to give life to the pictures of the past by details characteristic of the epoch they design to portray, has been the aim of all the writers of the modern French historical school, whatever the diversity of their political creeds. The revolutions which have successively swept over France have, on the whole, been favorable to progress; and whatever momentary checks Liberty may have received, she is still welcome to all thinking men. It is in a liberal spirit that her historians pursue their labors; and Catholicism, which in the South of Europe prohibits all freedom of thought and inquiry, as supported by the Gallican Church puts no unhealthy check on the speculations of the politician or historian.

Of this statement M. Ozanam's works afford undeniable proof. Himself a sincere and fervent Catholic, his works bear the impress of the candid spirit and love of truth which characterized him. From early youth it appears to have been his earnest desire to do something for the cause of religion, and amidst all the vicissitudes of life, and notwithstanding delicate health, he persevered in this object. To write a literary history of the early centuries of the Christian era, which should define what and how much the Church had inherited from the scholars of antiquity; to trace the origin of Christian art and Christian science, and then show how such men as Boethius and Bede carried light from one end of the empire to the other, and how Charlemagne and Alfred labored in the

cause of knowledge; and, finally, to refer the literature of modern Europe and the foundation of modern languages to their sources, — was the object he proposed to himself, but which he was able to accomplish but partially.

"Before so vast a plan," wrote he, on entering upon his task, "I cannot conceal from myself my own insufficiency. Where materials are innumerable, questions difficult, life but short, and the air of the times full of storms, it seems presumptuous to begin a book to win the applause of men. But I seek not glory, which is the award of genius only; I fulfil a conscientious duty. In the midst of a sceptical age, God granted me the blessing of being born among the faithful; he placed me while a little child on the knees of a Christian father and of a pious mother; he gave me for my first instructress a sister, intelligent and pure as the angels whom she so soon joined. At a later period, the sounds of a sceptical world fell upon my ear. I knew all the horrors of those doubts which prey upon the heart during the day, and at night visit a couch bedewed with tears. The uncertainty of my eternal destiny left me no repose. I clung desperately to the sacred dogmas which I felt crumbling beneath my touch. It was then that the pious instructions of a philosophical priest saved me.* He restored order and light to my bewildered mind. From that time I enjoyed perfect faith, and, touched by so great a blessing, I promised God to devote my days to the service of that truth in which I had found peace."

Strictly adhering to this promise, he thenceforth made every act and pursuit of his life subservient to the one end. He visited Italy several times, spending many hours in the public libraries of Florence, Pisa, and Sienna, finding everywhere fresh materials for the studies he was pursuing, and strengthened by all he learned in his ardent belief in the progressive spirit of Christianity. Where Gibbon had beheld antiquity insulted by the presence of the humble Franciscan friar amidst the ruins of the Capitol, Ozanam saw the triumph of love and charity over brute force; and where the English philosopher could find nothing but decay, he hailed the dawn of a higher and better civilization than the world had ever known.

The history of nations is a long series of alternate triumphs and reverses, and the most brilliant epochs have invariably been succeeded by periods of lassitude and apparent decay;

* The Abbé Noirot, Professor of Philosophy at Lyons.

but it is during these that a new order of things and a fresh and vigorous generation are maturing. The husbandman might as well despair of the rich harvests of summer, because nature yields to the long, dull sleep of winter, as the Christian historian allow the vicissitudes of a nation to lead him to think that Providence will suffer the germs of good it contains to perish. In the economy of nature nothing is wasted; all that droops and withers around us revives in some other form. Why, then, should we doubt that it is thus with the imperishable thoughts of man?

"Heathen antiquity," says Ozanam, "believed itself under the law of hopeless decay. It is with the Gospel that the doctrine of progress begins. The Gospel not only teaches human perfectibility; it requires it. 'Be perfect,' it says; 'be perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.' Christianity, therefore, far from retarding the progress of human knowledge, has assisted it; she has placed before us an ideal, towards which the noblest among us are constantly striving, and although in this world knowledge and virtue must ever be limited, we have visions of both, such as it was never given to heathen antiquity to conceive."

In every page of the work before us, as in the life of its author, we trace this constant aspiration towards the true and the beautiful. Published since his death by a subscription among his friends and admirers, it contains the lectures delivered by him at the Sorbonne during a period of two years; and although something of the fervid and graceful eloquence which charmed all who listened to him must be lost in the printed page, enough yet remains, independently of the intrinsic interest of the book, to attract and delight the reader. A Preface, by M. Ampère of the French Academy, gives some extracts from Ozanam's private letters, and from his manuscripts, which breathe the tender, loving, and truthful spirit which endeared him so much to his personal friends, and, added to his uncommon eloquence, gave him so great an influence over the young men who frequented his lecture-room.

The first two lectures in the present volumes serve as an introduction to the course, and embody Ozanam's ideas on the progressive spirit of Christianity. Thoroughly opposed to those modern reformers who substitute a creed of their

own for that which Christ has given us, and whose wild theories have produced such fearful results in the last and the present century, he teaches that true progress is inseparable from Christianity. At the same time, although he considers this law of progress to be inevitable, he always insists on the entire liberty of individual man, and in some pages of great beauty shows how the two may be reconciled.

At the end of the fourth century, the Paganism of classic antiquity, the rude creeds of the barbarian hordes who were then overrunning the Roman empire, and Christianity, all met together on the stage, and it is no easy task for the historian to separate these conflicting elements, so as to harmonize the apparent confusion which reigned at that period, and to trace the dividing line between the old and the new order of things. The learning and perseverance of Ozanam have enabled him to throw light on this portion of history, and to show how much Christian civilization retained, and how much it rejected, of the law, the literature, and the religious ceremonies of the Roman world. It was but slowly that the new faith penetrated the great mass of the Gentiles; the rustics and the unlearned still clung to the superstitions and religious observances of their ancestors. Even as late as the eighth century, the pious pilgrims of Northern Europe were astonished by the Pagan dances which still profaned the public squares of Rome. Indeed, the Church, which has always aimed at being all things to all men, far from condemning all the ceremonies of Pagan worship, suffered the introduction of many of them into her own. The use of incense and flowers, the gorgeous dresses and processions, which still gratify the senses and appeal to the imagination of the people of Southern Europe in their religious festivals, are not of modern origin; they have their source in the customs of Greece and Rome, and it is sometimes difficult, when witnessing the pious celebrations of the Italian peasant, to imagine that we are not looking upon a festival in honor of some ancient divinity.

We know of no more striking case in point, than the annual pilgrimage to the shrine of the Madonna del Arco. It is the object of this pilgrimage to call down upon the earth the benediction of the Virgin. It takes place at Pente-

cost, in a village at a short distance from Naples. Men, women, and children, dressed in garments of the gayest colors and most picturesque fashion, enter a cart drawn by the magnificent gray oxen of the Campagna, bearing in their hands the thyrsus, intertwined with green leaves, fruit, and flowers, from which also hang amulets, chaplets, and images of the Virgin and the saints. Their brows are crowned with vine-leaves, or with branches of the lemon-tree in full blossom; bunches of broom and lavender adorn the wheels of the cart, and the yoke of the peaceful animals who draw it bears green branches and unripe wheat. The procession is headed by two children, one of whom sounds a sort of rattle formed of three movable hammers, and peculiar to the Neapolitans. The tambourine and castanet, accompanied by singing, respond to this singular instrument. Young girls dance around the car, which is followed by an immense crowd on foot, on horseback, on donkeys, or in *calessi*. Every maiden considers it a point of honor to appear at this fête, and the time has not long gone by when some required that their future husbands should promise by contract to take them to it. Leopold Robert selected it as the subject of one of his most charming pictures, which is a true representation of Italian peasant-life, but in which the attitudes recall the sculptured ornaments of some antique vase.

Paganism, as we have said, was slow in perishing. With the false religion was mingled that which is religion itself, the intercourse of man with the invisible world, and the means of establishing this intercourse by external forms, by temples, fêtes, and symbols. The Church, therefore, crushed idolatry, but retained all that was admissible of the heathen and the Jewish ceremonial. This fact is too often overlooked by those who deride the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and who might feel more respect for them, did they remember that some are as ancient as the days of Moses. Even in the early ages of the Church these concessions were considered by some as unworthy; but to the sincere Catholic they only prove how well the Church understood human nature with all its weaknesses, when, requiring it to struggle against its passions, she asked for no useless sacrifices, and left imagination, which,

however some creeds may strive to repress it, is a gift of God, and must have its place in human life, to find external satisfaction in the pomps of religion, while ministering to its higher wants by the legends of the saints. Thus, Sicily long resisted all attempts for its conversion; but after the Council of Ephesus, when the worship of the Virgin Mary was placed before men under a new and charming aspect, the Sicilians yielded to her gentle sway. By degrees the clergy succeeded in replacing all the heathen festivals by others consecrated by the Catholic Church, thus conforming the Christian year in some measure to the heathen calendar. Bede informs us that Candlemas took the place of the Lupercalia, and the peasants of Enna, accustomed to celebrate the feast of Ceres after the harvest, offered their sheaves of grain on the altar of Christ at the feast of the Visitation.

How gradually and reluctantly Paganism yielded its power may be judged by the following fact. In the middle of the sixth century, after Rome had been fifty years in the power of the Goths, the idolaters endeavored to reopen the temple of Janus and to restore the Palladium. That a superstitious belief in the power of the ancient divinities still clung around men's hearts, the early history of Florence offers a still more striking proof. The Florentines had consecrated the temple of Mars to St. John, but instead of destroying the statue of the god, they transported it to the Ponte Vecchio. In 1215, the murder of Buondelmonte, whence sprang the long war between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, took place on this spot, and the historian Villani, a wise man in most respects, but influenced on this subject by the opinions of his times, gravely says that the enemy of the human race had doubtless preserved a certain power in this ancient idol, since at its feet was committed the crime which plunged Florence into so much woe!

The Church, while authorizing, as we have seen, all that was innocent in the ceremonies of the ancient worship, labored unceasingly to abolish all the superstitions and idolatrous practices connected with it. The Middle Age has been unjustly accused of originating the study of astrology and magic, as well as the bloody laws which repressed these

errors. It must not be forgotten, that the occult sciences prospered under Augustus, and that the Cæsars trembled before that art of divination, which had announced the rise of their fortunes, but which also predicted their speedy downfall. Tiberius banished the astrologers; Diocletian and Maximinus proscribed them, and it was from the heathen emperors that the laws were derived by which sorcerers were judged in the Middle Age. But notwithstanding the rigor with which they were pursued, the occult sciences flourished until the light of the seventeenth century dispelled them. And even then Paganism did not perish with them; it lived, it still lives, wherever the heart of man is not subject to the will of God, wherever a vain attempt is made to substitute the goodness and greatness of man for the Divine love and omnipotence. The crimes and follies of the French Revolution had their source in this fatal error. Had the philosophers of that time contented themselves with urging upon those who governed the necessity of reform, and showing those who were governed that the abuses they deplored could not be removed in a day, but only by a course of patient effort, they would have acted well and wisely; but forgetting, as Pascal has so admirably said, that "it is dangerous to show man his greatness without also showing him his littleness," they swept away all faith in any power higher than human, so that the disciples of the school they had formed considered it an act of condescension on the part of Robespierre to establish the worship of "l'Etre Suprême!"

In his sixth lecture M. Ozanam shows how much Rome is indebted for her fame to her system of jurisprudence, which not only survived her conquests, but after her downfall was adopted by those whom she had once regarded as barbarians, and still forms the study of the most enlightened nations in the world. At the same time, he expresses his just indignation at the total indifference to human life and liberty which marked this system of legislation, and dwells on the great fact, that, although the Founder of Christianity did not attempt to abolish the past at one blow, as earthly legislators have done, the spirit of his religion gradually infused itself into laws, institutions, and letters. In the reign of the best

Roman emperors, in those days which have been considered the golden age of the empire, the time of Trajan and of the Antonines, slaves were still thrown to the beasts of the amphitheatre, and the same bloody entertainments were continued which had delighted the eyes of Nero. Even in 402, Symmachus, the Prefect of Rome, and one of the most polished men of his time, laments, in a letter to a friend, that twenty-nine of the Saxon prisoners whom he had purchased for the pleasures of the arena had perished by their own hands! And this in the days of St. Augustine. Two years afterwards an edict of the Consul Honorius forbade the public games, and thus destroyed one of the most powerful links which yet bound the people to the old religion. From that hour a great moral revolution commenced. The abolition of these bloody and inhuman spectacles was a signal victory over the fierce and selfish passions that swayed the heathen breast. The new doctrine that man was made in the image of God was now beginning to penetrate the masses, and brought with it a respect for the rights of man, whether poor or rich, bond or free, which had been hitherto unknown.

There is no point, however, in which the beneficent influence of Christianity is more apparent, than in the change it wrought in the lot and position of woman. The heathens beheld, at first with surprise, but afterwards with admiration, the Christian women abstaining from all worldly pleasures, in order to devote themselves to the happiness of their husbands and children, to the consolation of the needy and the afflicted, to almsgiving and prayer, and willing, when persecution rendered it necessary, to die for the faith they professed. The early Fathers preached and wrote to encourage woman in the faithful discharge of all her duties, and to enlighten her as to the best manner of educating children. The correspondence of St. Jerome is peculiarly interesting in this respect. Like that Roman who attributed the first corruption of eloquence to the lessons of ignorant nurses and pedagogues, he requires that children should have attendants of serious and modest demeanor, with whom the name of God is a familiar one; and, inveighing against the vanities of the age, he insists that their ears should not be bored, nor their faces stained with red or

white paint! Were it not for his evident earnestness, and for the importance of the subject on which he wrote, we should be almost tempted to smile at the idea that the man who had passed so many years in the austere and solitary life of an anchorite should not think these details beneath his notice. But he was never weary of instructing those who sought the benefit of his experience and wisdom. It was at the request of two Christian matrons, not satisfied with the wisdom they drank from his lips, or with his verbal commentaries on the sacred writings, that he was induced to undertake the great work which established his renown, and which at once stamped him as the master of Christian prose, — the translation of the Scriptures. And when his translation, like most other innovations, met with strong opposition, and exposed him to unjust remark and accusation, he wrote to Paula and her daughter Eustochium, who had founded several monasteries at Bethlehem, where, according to the rules of the Greek Church, Hebrew and Latin were taught: "You are competent judges of the controversy respecting texts; open the Hebrew originals, compare them with my translation, and see if I have altered a word."

Tertullian, Cyprian, and Ambrose, following the example of that Saviour who comforted and instructed feeble, suffering, and ignorant women, wrote expressly for the weaker sex. But there is no more striking instance of the reverence felt by the Fathers of the Church for woman, than that of St. Augustine, who, won from the evil ways of his youth by the prayers and tears of his mother, has given her an immortal place in his writings, by declaring that to her alone he owed his passion for truth and for the things of eternity.

We now come to one of the most interesting portions of M. Ozanam's book, — that in which he shows how the Latin became a Christian tongue.

The Latin language was at the outset essentially that of war, of agriculture, and of the law; it expressed the material wants of society, and was adapted to the practical purposes of life rather than to the theories of philosophy or the dreams of poetry. It was only by borrowing from the Greek that it became the language of Cicero and of Virgil, and then,

having reached its maturity, it began to decline. But, as fruit, when perfectly ripe, bursts open and restores its seed to the earth, so from the decay of the old language a new language sprang forth. St. Jerome, already familiar with the best writers of Greece and Rome, had applied himself with all the energy of his character to the study of Hebrew, and, when he entered on the translation of the Old Testament, determined to bend the Latin tongue to the exigencies of the subject, and yet to mar neither its elegance nor its euphony. "To translate," said Chateaubriand, who had passed years in endeavoring to render "Paradise Lost" into French, "is to devote one's self to the most difficult and ungrateful of tasks." The work of St. Jerome is one of those great efforts of the human mind which we can never too much admire. It was in its pages that the genius of the East first mingled with Roman civilization, not because the Latin language adopted a few Hebrew words, such as Amen and Hallelujah, but because a new and bold phraseology and an immense number of images were introduced into it, and those expressions coined, the want of which could not but be felt wherever Christianity made its appearance. It has been remarked by one of the greatest living writers of Italy, Manzoni, that the Italian language, which seems to have reached perfection in the hands of both poets and historians, is inadequate to express the wants of modern civilization and political life. The Latin of St. Jerome became the Latin of the Middle Age, and assisted in moulding the principal languages of modern Europe.

From this subject the transition to Christian poetry and Christian art is natural.

It was impossible that the introduction of a religion at once so superior to and so different from those before known as was that of Christ, should not produce a new order of poetry and new forms of art. The efforts of the poets of the first centuries of the Christian era were confined to the versification of scenes or dialogues from the Scriptures, with expressions and embellishments borrowed from Latin authors. By degrees, attempts were made to imitate these poems in the new tongues of modern Europe. Thus the Anglo-Saxon

priest, Cædmon, undertook to sing the origin of the world and the fall of the first man; and the monk, Ottfried, in the time of Charlemagne, in a poem called "The Harmony of the Gospels," first sounded the praises of Christianity in the language of the Franks.

The two men, however, whose poetical writings deserve to be more especially noticed, are Paulinus and Prudentius. The former, known in early life as Meropius Pontius, belonged to an illustrious Roman family. Born in the environs of Bordeaux, he had been educated in the schools of Gaul, and had learned the art of versification from the poet Ausonius. The heir to a large fortune, and laden with honors, he might at the age of thirty-six have aspired to any dignity in the empire. But in 398, without the knowledge of his relations, he espoused Christianity; and having soon after lost his only child, he divided his goods among the poor, and retired with his wife from the turmoil of the world to Nola, in Campania, where they passed their lives in voluntary poverty and prayer. His relatives were indignant; his worldly friends abjured him; his spiritual friends opened their arms to him. The esteem and affection of Augustine, Ambrose, and Jerome consoled and strengthened him. He became a theologian of some eminence, and at the same time a poet. Ausonius, his former instructor, deeply grieved by his conversion, wrote to him, entreating him to return to the worship of the Muses. Paulinus replied in verse: —

"Nothing can cause me to forget thee; during all the years granted to mortals, as long as I remain in this body, whatever the distance which separates us, I shall bear thee in my heart. I shall behold thee in thought, I shall embrace thee in my soul; and when, delivered from this prison of the body, I rise from earth, in whatever planet our common Father may place me, I shall have thee in remembrance, and the moment that sets me free from earth will not end my tenderness for thee; for this soul, which, surviving its ruined organs, exists in virtue of its celestial origin, must preserve its affections as it keeps its existence. Full of life and of memory, it can no more forget thee than it can die."

These are thoughts which Ausonius, with all his intellect and learning, could never have reached.

Aurelius Prudentius was born in Spain in 348, and was

educated for the legal profession, in which he obtained great reputation. He was chosen chief magistrate in two cities of his native country, and was afterwards employed at the court of Honorius; but at the age of fifty-seven, weary of honors and of public affairs, he resolved to devote his remaining years to the service of God. He composed several theological and poetical works, the most famous of which are his reply to Symmachus, Prefect of Rome, who had petitioned Valentinian to re-establish the Pagan altars; his "Psychomachia," or the Soul's Combat; and his "Cathemerinon," or hymns for the festivals of the Christian year. His writings unite energy and grace, and were much admired by the authors of the succeeding centuries and of the Middle Age; but his passionate admiration of the martyrs, and the homage he everywhere rendered to the saints, prevented him from being acceptable to the Reformers, so that he has been chiefly read and edited in Roman Catholic countries.

We now turn to Christian art, the earliest traces of which, rude and imperfect it is true, may be found in the Catacombs of Rome, that wonderful labyrinth of subterranean passages, which, if we may believe popular tradition, repeated by the shepherds of the Campagna, extend even to the sea. It had been the custom of the ancients to decorate the interior of their tombs with flowers, animals, figures of victory, etc. The early Christians followed their example; but there were no great artists among them, — these were all in the employ of Nero, — and they were often reduced to copying the allegorical figures used by the Pagans. Thus, in some cemeteries, we find the figure of Orpheus, represented in the same way as by the ancients, but adopted as a type of Christ, who draws men's hearts towards himself and touches even the rocks of the desert and the wild beasts of the forest. Some specimens of sculpture may also be seen, although fewer than of painting; for sculpture was essentially a Pagan art, and, the images of the gods being more frequently executed in marble or ivory than on canvas, it was natural that it should find but little favor with the Christians. Still, they did not hesitate to use some of the Pagan symbols, such as a flower to express the fragility of life, and a vessel in full sail to

denote the rapidity of our days, while they added others to them, like the dove with the olive-branch to signify hope and immortality, and the ark of Noah, which received men to save them from the abyss of waters. It was especially in bas-reliefs that these artists sought to express the ideas called forth by the new religion. The Vatican, Ravenna, and Arles, once the capital of Gaul, offer fine specimens of the Christian statuary of those times. From the earliest period we find that churches, both in the East and West, were ornamented with paintings and sculpture. In Judæa alone, probably to avoid shocking the prejudices of the Jews, it was otherwise. As early as 424, Pope Celestine I. ornamented the church of St. Sabina with mosaics, and in 433 Sixtus III. had those executed which are still extant in Santa Maria Maggiore. And here, again, we trace the influence of the ancient types. In the baptistery of Ravenna, for instance, the Jordan is represented as a river-god, crowned with sea-weed, and leaning on his urn, whence rush the sacred waters in which the Redeemer is plunging. Charlemagne was disturbed by this mingling of Pagan and Christian figures; but with all his power he could not effect its disappearance from the churches of his time, so strong is the hold of custom on all but the most original minds, and so slow was the transition from the architecture and sculpture of Rome to the art of the Middle Age, — from the rude sketches on the walls of the Catacombs to the works of Giotto and of Cimabue, — from Virgil to Dante. But that it was a transition, M. Ozanam insists, and we with him. Neither the arts nor letters died out in what are commonly called the Dark Ages, — dark to us, indeed, because studied so little, and because so few have looked at them, as our author has, by the light of Christianity.

Eleven years have elapsed since an article on Dante and the Catholic philosophy of the thirteenth century first brought the name of M. Ozanam before the readers of this Review. Holding a creed directly opposite to his, and with a mind in many respects very differently constituted from his, the young writer of that article had been attracted by the profound learning, the earnest and tender piety, and the winning eloquence

which made Ozanam so remarkable. Since that time, both have passed away from this earthly scene, — one in the prime of life, the other long before he had reached that period; but while they lived, they lived nobly, and to both may be applied the words of Ozanam himself: "We are here below to fulfil the will of God. This will must be done from day to day, and he who dies leaving his task unfinished is as far advanced in the eyes of Supreme Justice as he to whom leisure is given to finish it entirely."

ART. IX. — *A Year of Revolution. From a Journal kept at Paris in* 1848. By the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, K. G. In two volumes. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans, and Roberts. 1857. 8vo. pp. xvii., 481, 431.

THIS book has, in every way, made a great sensation upon the other side of the Atlantic; in England, because it was written by an English diplomatist, in the full exercise of his diplomatic functions, a somewhat unusual thing; in France, because French politics was its theme, and because it was generally believed that the author was perfectly sincere, and spoke his mind frankly upon men and things. Before the merits or demerits of the work itself were discussed, it was much disputed whether the writer was justified in writing it. *Prima facie*, this was, by all observers of tradition, decided in the negative; and to a certain degree he was condemned beforehand. In France, particularly, the large and influential party of the Orleanists (still by far the largest and most influential party in the nation) made haste to cry out as loudly as possible that Lord Normanby had been guilty of the most enormous indiscretion, in publishing his observations upon events which took place while he occupied in France the post of British Ambassador to Louis Philippe's court. The Orleanists had wind of some of the statements which Lord Normanby would make, their own uneasy consciences led them to guess at a good deal more, and their desire was to

discredit the book and to raise a prejudice against it before it should be read and impartially judged by the public at large. This it has now been; and we think we may say the opinion given has been unquestionably in its favor. The party we have alluded to in France naturally remains hostile; for there is not one of the pages of the first volume which does not prove that for all that has occurred in France since the year 1840 (the date of M. Guizot's coming to office as prime-minister), for all the troubles and catastrophes and humiliations which the people of France have been forced to endure, in having every shadow of liberty and every hope of participation in the task of self-government wrested from them, the Orleanist party, personified by Louis Philippe and M. Guizot, are entirely and absolutely responsible. We are not aware that there is anywhere to be found a clearer, simpler, or more "unvarnished tale" than this, told by Lord Normanby, of the faults, short-comings, and blindnesses of the men who, in the name of the "Revolution of July," misruled France for the last eight years of Louis Philippe's reign, and provoked the outbreak styled justly enough by Lamartine the "Revolution of Contempt," thus bringing on the present state of servility to which the country has been gradually but inevitably reduced. In this respect the book is an incontestably useful one; for it sets before men's eyes the events and the men that are now too soon passing out of mind. We will quote the author's own words as to the importance of the narrative.

"I am convinced that a sufficiently vivid recollection has not been retained, by the very generation amongst whom the events occurred, of the real character of that revolutionary spirit which in 1848 paralyzed the governmental action of most of the countries of Europe. They should be reminded of the moments of fatal import to the very existence of society, the dangers of which were escaped almost by miracle. The abortive result of so many day-dreams of Utopian perfection left almost every individual less happy, every country less prosperous, every people not only less free, but *less hopeful of freedom hereafter*, — for what rational hope *for the immediate future* could be retained where the reaction was produced by the universal odium which the most popular form of government had upon experience excited in the vast majority of the very people with whom the movement originated? There are,

too, others of opposite tendencies, to whom salutary reflection, founded on accurate information as to the events of 1848, might operate as a useful warning. A *dissecting exposure of its lame and impotent results should be preceded by a searching retrospect of* its predisposing causes; and rulers of every country, not excluding our own, would do well not to forget that the perversion alone, through corruption to selfish purposes, *by clever men*, of that very form of government which we are accustomed to consider the most perfect, produced the *révolution de mépris*."

In what he here sets forth, Lord Normanby is right. The causes, the character, and the non-duration of that popular movement, entitled the Revolution of February, have, if ever properly studied, been forgotten, and consequently the lesson they contain has been unapplied. The work now lying before us fills up two or three important gaps in the contemporary history of Continental Europe, and is therefore, even to us, advanced sentinels of another world and of a new civilization, fraught with the deepest interest.

Lord Normanby's book treats of what happened in France between July, 1847, and December, 1848, when the first Presidential election gave her present master to the nation, and took supreme power from the hands of perhaps the only *real republican*, and the only *really disinterested and virtuous citizen*, that nation ever had, — General Cavaignac.* Of the period of time after the establishment of the republic, and thence to the election of Louis Napoleon, we know enough from various sources, and comprehensive and minute accounts are not wanting of the events of these nine or ten months, — accounts too, which, coming from different sides, keep one another in check, and enable the reader to ascertain where the truth is to be discovered. But with regard to the Revolution of February itself, this is by no means the case, and the only statements extant concerning it are either incomplete or *ex parte* statements; for the very good reason that, more or less, all the *capacities* of France belonged to the vanquished forces, and

* A great deal would need to be said, were we writing the history of the "Republic" of 1848, upon the sad irresolution and weakness of General Cavaignac, to which the entire civil war of the month of June may be ascribed; but it was his way of leaving the Presidency that showed him so great and good a citizen.

that, however they might, *before* the catastrophe, have been divided into the "dynastic" and "opposition" camps, they were, *after* it, united by the one vast and common ruin of all their hopes and expectations. In the defeat, which made little or no distinction between any of its victims, but huddled together adversaries so bitter even as M. Guizot and M. Thiers, in order to make room for men like Marrast and Arago, — in this utter defeat there was no sense in recrimination, and no advantage could come of their telling tales of one another. No tales, therefore, were told; and it is perfectly true, as Lord Normanby observes, that the causes and the conduct of the Revolution of February — what provoked and what destroyed it — have been so marvellously plunged into oblivion, that the very individuals who, by their blind obstinacy and their narrow and miserable ambition, made the insurrection inevitable, are now associated in the minds of thousands with those who in 1848 were their uncompromising foes, and systems are built up in which such a reunion is to be the best and surest guaranty of a constitutional future for France. Of the reasons against these and other similar illusions, Lord Normanby's work gives us the best explanation we have seen. He has a right to the "conviction" he himself avows, of being "a competent and trustworthy witness," and he gives us information which no one else could have so easily commanded, and which those who could perhaps have obtained it were too devoted to the views of party to communicate. Lord Normanby's book is valuable beyond measure from the portrait it gives of the politician who, together with Louis Philippe, is responsible for all the tribulations and disasters of France since 1848, — of M. Guizot; and should all the antagonists of the Bonapartist *régime*, for a thousand petty reasons, unite to laud even more than they have the man who connived at the corruption and disgrace of a great country during eight years, and should, for equally petty reasons, his sometime enemies agree to remain in silence, and the host of lookers-on who condemned him let their determined belief sink into oblivion, — should all these saving circumstances unite to rescue M. Guizot's renown, the simple, straightforward, and true record kept by the English ambassador will yet be at hand to dis-

prove all favorable allegations patched up after the event, and to overthrow all fictions, showing the last prime minister of the Orleans dynasty as he really was, an unscrupulous, unconscientious, and arrogant, rather than an ambitious man. There are in France many, perhaps, who *now*, for the sake of small interests of their own, would try to seem disdainful of Lord Normanby's recent publication, and who would like nothing better than to deny his assertions in the gross; but *facts* are there, — hard, inevitable facts, — and there is *no* man involved in the world of politics in France, who, if such and such passages of the book under our notice were placed before his eyes, could venture for one single instant to say, "That is not true." But the facts, authentic as they are, have been forgotten, — that is all; and Madame de Stael's words are once more applicable: "If the French had not such a marvellous capacity of forgetfulness, no two public men would be able to meet without cutting each other's throats." As we have said, Lord Normanby's work contains the truest portrait of M. Guizot which anywhere exists at the present day. But this is not all. At the same time that it shows how unstable must be the political edifice built up on the momentary good intelligence of men who not long ago were, *for serious motives*, standing with daggers drawn, it also contains a grave warning to the actual rulers of France; for while painting the evils which resulted from the base corruption and occult absolutism of Louis Philippe, it clearly paints the perils that are every day courted now by a system whose corruption is still more radical, and whose absolutism is far more offensively obtrusive.

Before going further, we must say a few words upon the reproach that has been cast on Lord Normanby for having divulged what ought to have remained for ever buried in the grave of diplomacy. Lord Normanby has so little incurred this blame in any part of his book, that he in no one single instance allows his official character to bear upon what he writes, and even goes so far as, when events are irrevocably past, to refrain from making any use of what his official position might have put him in the way of knowing. Out of all his many diplomatic conversations with M. Guizot, he does

not quote one, but judges him from circumstances which lay open to the judgment of all men, yet which, in France, have been insufficiently recorded, from the want of impartial minds to appreciate them. Of what took place between himself and M. de Lamartine after the establishment of the provisional government, and before that of the republic, Lord Normanby has spoken more fully, because during this period his situation was changed. There was, at that moment, no British embassy, for the court to which it was accredited had disappeared, and after the Orleans dynasty had been overthrown, until the Republic had been formally set up as the national government of France, the late ambassador of Queen Victoria was no longer an *official*, but rather an *officious* agent, not accredited to any individual or to any body assuming the responsibilities of *a state*, and merely, by his presence in the capital, reassuring the timid herd of his astonished compatriots, who could not imagine how a throne could be shattered as had been that of Louis Philippe, in twenty-four hours, before their eyes. Having glanced at this unfounded accusation against the author, we will turn to his book, and examine, first, what, to a spectator so well placed for seeing all that was going on, were the indications of impending evil prior to the sudden outburst.

The first entry in Lord Normanby's *Journal* bears the date of July 30, 1847. He looks as dispassionately as forebodingly at the general aspect of France seven months before the Revolution of 1848, on the anniversary of the Revolution of 1830. July, 1847, is also a date coincident with the virtual close of the session of that same year, and for these two reasons the English ambassador, who had, as he himself says, "been for a long time a constant and most attentive observer of all that was passing in France," felt desirous to render to himself a clear and just account of what was the real condition of the country. The anniversary of the *Trois Glorieuses*, as they were called, was just over, and the last rocket had gone up from the Pont de la Concorde, (a strange name, given, one would think, almost in derision,) leaving the vast and crowded area of the Champs Elysées and Place Louis XV. in darkness, when the representative of the monarchy of

"Old England," who had purposely mingled all the evening with the groups of people in the streets, returned to his princely residence, and there, undisturbed by any outward sight or sound, plunged in silence and in reflection, recalled to his own mind, in a distinct and definite shape, what had been the impression produced upon him by the attitude of the populace a few hours previously.

"I wish I could arrive at any other conclusion," writes Lord Normanby, "than this, — that a very great shock has been given to public confidence in the future duration of a government which (however precarious its original foundation) has latterly been accepted as a settled member of the European powers."

After this remark (which proves less for the writer's perspicacity than for his candor, since thousands of persons partook of these fears, but refused to own them) the English diplomatist continues: —

"I believe, in the present state of society in this country, and putting the dangers of the struggle out of the question, *no change for the better* would be likely to result from such a struggle."

The event has, alas! but too amply justified the belief expressed above; and there is one other lesson contained in this book which we have omitted to note, — the proof how perpetually the French nation loses its best chances of political weight and well-being by its impatience, by its undue haste to attain to something (it seldom well knows what) that shall be different from, and, in its imagination, immeasurably preferable to, the existing *régime*. "*À force de chercher le mieux, l'homme perd le bien, et tombe dans le pire*," says the Prince de Ligne. This is true of every moment of French history for the last seventy years. We have only to read any of the historians (barring the *ultras* on either side) of the so-called "Great Revolution," to perceive that, had not impatience got the better of the ignorant masses, and of their nearly as ignorant leaders, there were scarcely any of the constitutional liberties of constitutionally free England to which France would not gradually and necessarily have attained, with Louis XVI. and the institutions he was ready to sanction. Upon the mind of whomsoever takes the trouble to read atten-

tively the three volumes published five years ago by M. de Barante, containing Mirabeau's correspondence with M. de Lamarque, and Mirabeau's Memoirs and Reports, submitted to the king himself, there can remain no doubt of the possibility that existed of averting the worst calamities of the Revolution of 1793, and of the certainty, had these been averted, of the French nation's securing to itself a government more stable, more entitled to universal esteem, and *more liberal by far*, than any it has ever enjoyed. Impatience and want of sound political sense destroyed everything; and the sternest of military despots crushed the country that had rebelled against the idea of being led. Under the empire alone may France be said to have been powerless to modify, or indeed in any way to meddle with, her own destinies. Here she was in the hands of a *master*, whose mere instrument she was, and who did not care for her co-operation. For this, too, Bonaparte fell. With the Restoration the old game was played over again. As long as Louis XVIII. lived, constitutional government in all sincerity was established, and the nearest approach to genuine prosperity and liberalism was made that has been noticeable in France since the days of Henri IV. On the advent of Charles X., however, the old susceptibilities burst forth, the frantic fears of both parties — ultra Royalists and *Jacobins* — took entire possession of each, and the incurable impatience of the race complicated all. The events are even now staring one in the face, which prove that France will quietly submit to fifty times worse than what Charles X. and the Polignac ministry had contemplated inflicting upon her by the *coup d'état* of 1830. It is not, therefore, the act of oppression itself, decided upon by the king, that is to be regarded as the cause perfectly adequate to the consequences entailed; it is the over-haste of the nation, which, *finding itself able to vanquish the resistance it met with*, rushed onward with heedless, headlong speed, *neither looking behind nor forward*, but simply bent upon the work of destruction, and full of the false fancy that whatever *might be* and *was not*, was to be preferred to what was.

Charles X. was a weak rather than a foolish man; he was in the hands of a party so absurd and retrograde, that, had the

parliamentary institutions (which he had no thought of suspending) lasted a few months longer, it must necessarily have been set aside and rendered innocuous. He was a mistaken, let us say the word, — a *bad* king; but the force of constitutionalism was still great in France, and had patience and moderation been on the side of the opposition, there can be no doubt now that the king and his government would have been quietly, and without violence, *obliged* to pursue such a line of conduct as would have shortly insured to France a state of things infinitely preferable to all she has been subjected to since. But her childish impatience would have it otherwise. The Revolution of July succeeded, vanquishers and vanquished being (as in 1848) equally unprepared for the event. A monarchy, that had none of the advantages of either a monarchy or a republic, was set up. Charles X., with the Duc de Bordeaux, went to Holyrood, Louis Philippe took his cousin's *place* at the Tuileries; we purposely omit to say his cousin's *throne*, because it was designedly left undecided by the politicians of the hour, when "concession" was the universal watchword, whether there was a "throne" or not. Hence all the mischief. Louis Philippe's power *never* was clearly defined, and he labored during eighteen years to secure surreptitiously what he did not dare openly to lay hands upon. Here was the history of all his various ministries, agreed with to-day, treacherously suffered to drop to-morrow. He was for ever between two distinct sets of ministers, — those who boldly contradicted and opposed, and those who mischievously flattered and succumbed to him; both illegal and unconstitutional. But, as by the fact of duration itself many vices of origin may be wiped out, so, in its tenth or twelfth year, the government of Louis Philippe had grown to be one which, with prudence and honesty, might yet have been the source of much future benefit to the nation. Both prudence and honesty were wanting, and the impatience we have already noted was there to take the first, worst, irreparable advantage of their absence.

Here we recur at once to what we said in the beginning, that there exists nowhere so good a portrait, so thorough a likeness, of M. Guizot, as in Lord Normanby's work. Most

truly does the British diplomatist assert (and, if we are not mistaken, he is the only individual who has ever so expressed himself): "It was not the English alliance which made M. Guizot unpopular, but his own personal unpopularity, which had its influence upon public opinion as to that alliance." This is profoundly true; the national dislike to M. Guizot had risen to such a height, that any line of policy advocated by him would have been distasteful to the country. Let us briefly recall what were the exterior circumstances of the eventful time marked by the downfall of the Orleans house.

It will be remembered that one remark often made, and with truth, is, that never since 1830 had Louis Philippe's power appeared to repose upon a basis so solid or so strong as at the period of the election which last preceded the catastrophe of February. And never did a general election return a Chamber of Deputies whose majority was so devoted to the maintenance of the existing order of things, so disdainful of the notion of there being any prospect of danger, or so thoroughly, entirely, blindly "satisfied" with every act and thought of the government. And herein lay the mischief. "*Les satisfaits*," as the ministerial majority was termed, (at whose head and whose chief spokesman was, curiously enough, Count Morny,) lost the ministry and the crown by the very fact of their "satisfaction." Had they been less "satisfied," the population out of doors would have conceived it had a better right to be content; and this is easily explained in a few words.

Let it be remembered that the electoral corps of France, *nominally* of nearly three hundred thousand souls, was, by the signal and deplorable carelessness of Frenchmen as to the exercise of their political rights, reduced to an *acting* body of not much more than forty thousand, little more than the number of electors who send members to Parliament for the city of London. Evidently, the action of self-interest was available to an unscrupulous government over such a comparatively small portion of the country. We think it is more than questionable whether, upon any preconceived plan, M. Guizot or the king ever sought to make a deliberate and ingeniously combined system of corruption a means whereby

to render France subservient to their designs; but her readiness to be corrupted soon forced itself upon their observation, and they profited to the utmost extent by the experience each day afforded them. If we hold fast by this double thread, — the corruptibility of France and the expediency of corruption admitted by the government, — we shall quickly seize upon what Lord Normanby aptly terms the "*real operating causes* which produced what was called the great conservative majority of 1846," which "majority," had it been either less "great" or less "conservative," might have given to the institutions it involved in its ruin a chance of outliving its dissolution.

"There exists," writes Lord Normanby, in July, 1847, "in the present state of France no attachment to any individual, and no respect for any institution; and the system [the monarchy of July] has been maintained by its identification with the *material* interests of the middle classes. '*Enrichissez vous!*' has long been said to be the paternal admonition addressed from the throne to the people."

Now, as our author himself subsequently observes, there cannot be a better or firmer foundation of power than the wealth of the race ruled over, and the honest and independent efforts made by it to secure that wealth. But in promoting this state of things, if any genuine advantage is to be reaped by the nation and its government, the part played by the latter must be an indirect one. So long as, by its prudence, its liberality, its honesty, its tendency to advance with its age, it protects industry and capital, and by the equity of its laws, the natural workings of its institutions, and the impartiality shown to all, it helps the utmost development of national trade, whilst attracting both the commerce and the wealth of foreign countries, so long does the government of a country do its best and utmost to establish itself durably, and to make the commercial, nay, the *pecuniary* ambition of its population its surest source of prosperity. But so soon as a government descends to play a *direct* part in the schemes of a portion of the governed for gaining money; so soon as it plans, speculates, and jobs for and with these, bartering for parliamentary support an influence which it illegally wields, and which, from the moment of the transfer, it can only temporarily endure; —

so soon as this becomes the practice of the government, changes and revolutions may be foreseen in the state, — revolutions whose less or greater degree of violence depends upon the character of the race that undertakes them, and upon the predominance of its political good sense over its impatience, or *vice versa*.

With the government of July financial speculation and *robbery* were caught at as the surest means of political corruption. The end to be gained momentarily was the maintenance of M. Guizot in office, and to effect this end, which, in the narrowest legal point of view, depended upon a parliamentary majority, that parliamentary majority was simply secured by *purchase*, or the *promise* of purchase. The department chiefly forced into serving this dishonest purpose was that of Public Works; and here, the abuse of ministerial patronage and influence in connection with great public enterprises, in order that the resources of the government might be brought to bear upon the elections, was something passing description. But for the hour success crowned the efforts (we are inclined to say the *intrigues*) of the ministry and of the king, and a formidable majority backed M. Guizot in 1847 against the nation; yet so overstrained were all the springs of parliamentarism, that the institution itself paid the penalty for the crimes of those who had falsified it, and it has since become possible for despotism to represent a constitutional government in the eyes of the French nation, as one in which the interests of *the mass* are deliberately sacrificed to those of the infinitesimally few, and in which what should be the frank and free discussion of the country's affairs is simply a pretext for the self-glorification of half a dozen rapacious and ambitious men, who merge every other consideration in that of their own lust for power, and the various advantages secured to them by office. If it has, within the last six or seven years, been possible, not perhaps to make the French nation actually believe this, but to make it listen not incredulously to the assertion, the responsibility of the fact lies with M. Guizot. Wilfully or not, — that is unimportant, — parliamentary institutions were betrayed by M. Guizot in such a manner that he, more than any man or any circumstance, has to answer to his coun-

try for its loss of a constitutional form of government. Yet — and here lies the proof of that forgetfulness inherent in Frenchmen which makes Lord Normanby's book so useful — it is now a fashion, a general habit in France, to rank M. Guizot among the foremost parliamentarians of the day, and to name him loudly at the head of those at whose hands, should the empire ever be overthrown, the lovers of constitutional freedom would have most to expect in the formation of any future and more genuinely national government. It is a common thing within the last two or three years to see, placed side by side in opposition to the imperial *régime* (which never could have existed except for their faults), the names of those very men who in 1847 and 1848 passed their days in publicly declaring their mutual disesteem for each other's characters. The following passage upon the Guizot cabinet in the last months of 1847 is worth quoting:—

"The position of the two leading members of the government is as different as their characters are opposite, and therefore it has been supposed that M. Guizot is the one who has influenced his colleagues to cling on to the last. . . . . I have been told by those who know him well, that he is comparatively ignorant of the details of administration, or of the bearings of any commercial or financial question, on a clear view of which, in time of peace, the relative value of statesmen must depend. In all these respects he is said to be completely dependent on his connection with M. Duchâtel, who, on the other hand, is personally popular, successful in dealing with men, and unrivalled in his aptitude for affairs, though the peculiar facilities he possesses are neutralized by an overpowering and increasing indolence. With his large fortune and careless habits, no one suspects him of personal corruption. He has, however, yielded to the wishes of M. Guizot, who exercises over him that ascendency which, in public affairs, always belongs to a strong will over a weak one. Such being the disposition of the sovereign and his ministers, with whom during the recess the matter rests, I do not expect that there will be any change of government, even should the resignation of Marshal Soult furnish an occasion for it; but that, on the contrary, M. Guizot will be gratified for a few months with the Presidency of the Council, to which title he is said to look with an almost childish ambition." *

* A proof of this is recorded in the Memoirs (to be published only after his death) of one of the highest functionaries of that time. It is as follows: "The day M.

Here allusion is made to a trait of M. Guizot's character, insufficiently observed by some (for a reason we will give anon) or purposely forgotten by those who from personal experience could not choose but recognize it, — his excessive, incredible vanity. Because his attitude in public and the characteristics of his oratorical genius savored of haughtiness, and because disdain suited him so well that it was at last said of him, in vulgar phrase, "*Il pose le dédain*," he was supposed to be *proud*, and not vain; but the truth of the matter was, as all those who had lived with him and penetrated him well knew, that he was both vain and proud. The *ostensible* friendships — we mean by that term those friendships from which he took honor to himself in public — even of Louis Philippe's minister, were all based upon his vanity; and the attachment, notorious to all Europe, which had such an influence over all his acts, and which mainly contributed to all his mistakes, had its principal root in the gratification it afforded that same vanity from the high rank of the person concerned, and the position occupied by that person in the diplomatic world of Europe. Nay, we will go farther, (and we shall not be contradicted by any one who was familiarly acquainted with M. Guizot, and least of all by any of his colleagues,) and we will assert that the fatal Spanish marriages (about which at the same time England made far more noise than they deserved) had a part of their *raison d'être* in M. Guizot's vanity; and had the settlement of the alliance brought to him less importance and fewer coveted distinctions, he would have been much more disposed to attend to the susceptibilities of the British government.

This forces us to a digression concerning the social civilization of modern France. Had M. Guizot been an Englishman, and placed in England in the position corresponding to that he occupied in France, his vanity might have for ever lain dormant; for his *social superiority* would have been so frankly admitted, that he would have never found any occasion save for affability. This is not so in France. There is still a society superior to all others in that country, in a *purely social*

Guizot was made President of the Council, he called on reaching home for his eldest daughter, and addressed her thus: 'My child, embrace your father; for at this hour God only and the king are above him in this kingdom of France.'"

point of view, and that very society is politically nothing. The old *noblesse* has lost none of its superficial superiority, and it makes greater pretensions than in the days of St. Simon. We repeat it, politically this "closed caste" is less than nothing, but socially it is still a great fact, and the proof that it is so lies in the circumstance that every other superiority, no matter of what kind, is irresistibly attracted towards it. Now, this society disdained the "men of July," as they were called, and many of them by no means disdained it. In this antagonism (ever to be deplored, for it multiplies and perpetuates the petty divisions and dislikes that distract the social state of France) is to be discovered the source of the vanity which, had he been the really *proud* nature that was imagined, could never have sprung up among M. Guizot's faults. In this vanity we have the answers to so many recent questions; for example, Why does M. Guizot become all at once an ardent legitimist, mindful only of the "rights of the elder branch," and oblivious that whatever he is in the pages of French history he owes entirely to the defeat of that branch, and to the accession of the Orleans family to power? And again, Why does M. Guizot in the Académie Française side only with the party that represents, not the aristocracy of talent, but the talent of aristocracy, forgetful in his sudden sympathies with M. le Comte de Montalembert that he is a sectary of that Protestant faith which his noble friend would willingly reduce to wander homeless over the world like the legendary Jew; preferring his place as colleague of M. le Duc de Noailles to a connection with any untitled poet or historian, however illustrious; and foremost in the work of excluding the members of that noble literary profession, to which he owes his celebrity, his political career, and the possibility afforded him of rising sufficiently high in the social scale to appear to treat it with contempt? Each of these questions provokes but one answer, *Vanity*. But, at the same time, it is not merely interesting to watch the existence of this foible in a man of distinguished intelligence; it is also important to note in what degree it is derived from, and is made almost inevitable by, the peculiarities of a social civilization strong and enduring as ever, yet alone of its species in the world, and opposed to the spirit of the age.

We give Lord Normanby no small credit for having discovered M. Guizot's "childish" vanity; for though acknowledged by those who had opportunities of studying the man, it was, as we have said, a defect the less obtrusive, because it seemed incompatible with another supposed to be the minister's ruling sin, — with that pride which M. Guizot sought to make more evident every day, and inseparable from the mere mention of his name. Now if to this secretly active vanity we add an indifference to truth that has perhaps seldom been carried so far in any man, — particularly in any man of intellect and education, — we shall be in possession of the *first causes* of all that M. Guizot ever was, and shall have clearly laid before us the *principia* of the philosophy on which he acted. His vanity led him to commit many of his mistakes, but did not place him face to face with what proved them to be such; whereas his disrespect for truth brought him into collision with an angry nation, and lay in fact at the bottom of all that ended in his overthrow.

M. Guizot's utter indifference to truth amounted to a psychological phenomenon. It was not only that he had no scruples about asserting what was not true. Men in public life have been known to do this in order to avert personally vexatious consequences, or to extricate themselves from embarrassment, yet still recognizing the value and power of truth in the abstract; but he did not believe the true to be better, or stronger, or more fruitful than the false. He fancied that a constant *appearing to be* was the same thing as *being* in reality. He was persuaded of the solidity of fiction, of the use and trustworthiness of what was not, and all his historical studies did not prevent him from holding the absurd theory, that a deception may be so well organized as to serve the purposes of a reality, and that an entire nation may be permanently governed by pretences, perpetually cajoled and "taken in," provided only that they who are charged with this work play their parts sufficiently well, and are never off their guard. Louis Philippe's last prime minister was seriously convinced of the possibility that human ability and *finesse* should get the better of eternal truth; and it must be confessed he had to deal with a sovereign whose principles and practice tended in no

way to weaken such opinions. Louis Philippe, like his minister, believed that Providence could be outwitted. Both these miscalled statesmen were perfectly aware how they had produced the conservative majority of 1846; they knew that it was a parliamentary or constitutional majority as unreal as ninety-nine hundredths of the promises whereby they had succeeded in framing it; yet they leaned upon it as though they were not of all human beings those best acquainted with its frailty. They alone could not be deceived in what was going on; they had with their own hands fabricated and painted an image, meant to represent what they knew it was not, and they then exposed this same image to the attacks of the cheated and furious public, as though it had been of adamant. They had not forgotten its weakness, but in their disrespect for the true they actually believed the nation would take it to be strong. Such utter contempt for a whole race, and for the immortal principles of truth, was perhaps never before shown by the governors of any country.*

What happened? "The recent prostitution of the majority in the Chamber of Deputies, to screen the corruption of the ministry," (here we quote Lord Normanby,) "had directed public attention afresh to this branch of the legislature." Thither, where the lie had its foundation, — all the rest being but a superstructure, — thither was the attention of the country turned at once. Misgovernment was a consequence, corruption was a consequence; that which made all practicable, and covered all, was the falsehood of the so-called parliamentary majority, composed in the proportion of more than one half of public functionaries. It has often been wondered at that the French ministry in 1848, and the king at its head, should have stood out so determinedly upon what seemed a question of detail, and upon what by the public generally was characterized as a reform threatening none of the main-springs of government. Such was not the view taken of the case by M. Guizot and the king. They saw at once, on the contrary, that, with any modification in the mode of parliamentary rep-

* The same reproach may be addressed to the present government in France; but it does not *take in* the country; it rules as if over a conquered people, which quite alters the position.

resentation, the main-springs of their governing machinery must be destroyed. With them the question was, "To be or not to be," — nothing less; and had this not been the case, the stand that was made would never have been dreamed of. From the moment that the words "electoral reform" had been spoken in France, the "system" personified by Louis Philippe and his minister was condemned, and the struggle had commenced between those two most incompatible elements, the False and the True. It was a common thing to hear indifferent lookers-on say, "What do all those snobs and cheesemongers who shout '*Vive la Réforme!*' know about the question?" and the inquiry was in some respects a fitting one. They did individually know little or nothing of what they were clamoring for, yet their clamor was just, and in raising it they obeyed the promptings of the public conscience, which but echoes the whisper of Providence, and, whilst clearly explicable perhaps to no one single man, forces onward a whole nation to what is its immediate aim.

The revolution of February was perverted from its original intent so rapidly, that, as the author of the book we are treating of remarks, too little recollection of what its origin was has been retained. Its origin was *universal contempt* for the then governmental system of France, and it was all the more easily and rapidly perverted from its origin, because this feeling of contempt was universal, and by no means confined to this or that isolated and particular object. The revolution of February had *no leaders* in the beginning; Lamartine, Arago, Ledru Rollin, and the rest, were *its associates*, but had not attempted to direct it to any definite purpose. This absence of leaders ensued from the fact, that the revolution of February was not a political one; it was moral, even more than social. It was the sudden and almost involuntary uprising of a population in disgust; but in disgust at a tendency rather than at a fact. It was even more a *coup de tête* than a *coup de nation*, as it was styled; and this alone can explain both the want of resistance on the part of the government before what was felt to be a national protest of overpowering sincerity, and the failure, on that of the revolution, to transform into a political movement what had been merely an outburst of passion.

If one had asked an insurgent on the Boulevards what were the workings of ministerial corruption, and *how* they would be checked by that *reform* he was even then fighting for, gun in hand, he would have been unable to give a satisfactory answer; but as a part and parcel of offended France he knew, by the intuition which is God's secret, that he was cheated, cajoled, laughed at, taken in, and that the man who did all this, and who had faith in the possibility of going on doing it *ad infinitum*, was M. Guizot. Therefore he rebelled, and succeeded in his rebellion, throwing down all before him, simply because *this* movement, as far as it went, was a genuine and sincere one, — it *was* the revolt of truth against falsehood.

Now where did this movement end? It ended on the night of the 23d of February, with the one universal cry of "*À bas Guizot!*" — with the spontaneous illuminations of all the great Parisian thoroughfares on the news of the minister's fall, — with the joyous hand-shakings and embracings in the open streets of men who had never met before, who knew not each other's faces, but who were comrades in exultation over a common enemy's defeat. *All this was genuine;* what was *not* so, was what followed. The part played by the nation — by *all* the honest elements in it, a part, it must be admitted, as unreflecting as it was full of indignation — came to its end with the change of ministry, and before the fall of the king. Few or none had contemplated the overthrow of the throne. When we say this, we say it as comprehensively as possible, and we affirm that, previously to the event itself, even the ultra republicans — communists, socialists, demagogues, or by whatever name they may be called — had not plotted for the destruction of the Orleans dynasty, because they imagined that this "consummation" of their wishes would come about inevitably at the king's death. *Premeditatively*, therefore, (if the word may be allowed,) nothing was settled on the eve of the outbreak of 1848; and a further proof of this may be found in the fact that, when the utmost which could happen *had* happened, no one was prepared, and Armand Marrast himself adjured M. de Lamartine not to dream of the republic, but to be content to try the regency. No! what

was sincere, and consequently powerful, in the uprising of February, was spontaneous and unreflecting. Regardless of what might ensue, it had but one object and aim, — the victory over the Guizot ministry.

"When the National Guard was called out for the first time on the Wednesday morning (23d)," says our author, "most of the battalions then mustered received the first word of command with cries of '*À bas Guizot!*' No one who had not passed the few preceding weeks in Paris could have any idea of the amount of unpopularity which that minister had accumulated upon himself. *It was universal.* It pervaded alike the *salons*, the *cafés*, and the crowded streets. This torrent of popular odium, continually rising, threatened to flood the very benches of the majority; and its force was every day fed by the whole of the press, with one solitary exception." *

We think, therefore, that it is perfectly just to assert, (and indeed events are explicable only from this one point of view,) that M. Guizot was the determining cause, as his downfall was the immediate object, of the revolution of February. It is therefore obvious, — as the writer of the book before us observes, — that the circumstances of the revolution are almost entirely forgotten in France; and this simple fact is probably big with endless mistakes and perplexities in the future history of that country.

It might perhaps gratify curiosity to show to what a degree of unconstitutionality M. Guizot, by his culpable connivance with the king, and by his own utter want of political probity, had brought the workings of the French government. In fact, the rule of the prince who had been raised to power by the insurgents of July, and whose first step to the throne had been a barricade, was far more arbitrary than had ever been the rule of the unlucky monarch whom he supplanted. It ought not to be forgotten that something analogous to what passes now in France, when France is confessedly under a despotic government, went on under Louis Philippe when

* The *Journal des Débats*. But here Lord Normanby is mistaken. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* had so thoroughly gone over to the ministry, that, on the 1st of December, 1847 (two months before the catastrophe), it opened its pages by a long article in vindication and praise both of minister and majority, which was nicknamed "*Le Programme des Satisfaits*," and which, to make the circumstance more curious, was written and signed by none other than Count Morny.

France was assured that she was the freest of nations. What says Lord Normanby in 1847, six months before the final outbreak, but when the popular sense was awakened to the danger, and had fastened upon electoral reform as a necessity?

"At this moment the Mayors of the Communes are, *at the command of government*, forbidding the deputies to meet their constituents at political dinners, *even within doors;* a step either producing needless irritation, or showing an ominous necessity."

In the same connection, it is proved from the example of the luckless *Courier Français* (a journal which, for attacking ministerial corruption, was most arbitrarily dealt with) how questionable was the freedom of the press. Then, again, when the struggle came in the Chambers, let it not pass from the memory *what* were the arguments by which the friends of the ministry defended it. Let, for instance, that famous *séance* of the first days of February be recalled, in which M. Hébert, the Minister of Justice and Keeper of the Seals, tried to reply to the accusations of the opposition by arguments which would, at the utmost, have been in their proper place in the mouth of the minister of some avowedly autocratic government.

"Yesterday," writes the British ambassador, under date of the 10th of February, 1848, "the exasperation reached its height (in the Chamber), when M. Hébert, the *Garde des Sceaux*, delivered a speech containing doctrines which certainly no minister for the last one hundred and fifty years would ever have ventured to pronounce in England."

Assuredly Lord Normanby is right when he says this; for the doctrines set forth by M. Hébert aimed at nothing less than to show that "*the right of political discussion had never been intended to be conferred upon Frenchmen*," that no such right was specified by the charter of 1830, and that "no liberties were secured but those which were there enumerated"! Any one who takes the trouble to consult the *Moniteur* of February, 1848, will find that M. Hébert repeated this assertion several times, and persons present could not but feel that the whole attitude and bearing of the Minister of Justice depended upon those of his chief, and that his words were but the issue of M. Guizot's constant inspiration. This is all

the more strange when we consider, that on the 28th of September, 1830, M. Guizot himself, then Minister of the Interior, had uttered the following sentence: "Yes! the citizens have the right to meet to discuss amongst themselves public affairs; *it is good they should do so, and never will I contest that right.*" "Other times, other customs," as the French say. With the extraordinary facility of forgetfulness inherent in the men of his nation, M. Guizot had probably not the dimmest remembrance of ever having committed himself to the maintenance of the right of popular discussion. But what is more strange is that his enemies also had apparently forgotten the fact; for they took the arguments for urging their accusations from another point of view. Instead of proclaiming him in absurd and flagrant contradiction with himself, they preferred proving him to be more absolute and arbitrary than the government to which the Orleans dynasty had succeeded. "This is Polignac and Peyronnet!" exclaimed Odilon Barrot, when M. Hébert's speech was ended; and he then added, that indeed M. de Peyronnet would not have spoken as the Garde des Sceaux had just spoken; for that in the spring of the year 1830 he, Odilon Barrot, had found it perfectly possible to preside over a political reunion similar to that which the government was now trying to prevent, and that the then ministers had respected his rights.

A question often asked at the present day is this: "How came it that France, who can now sit down so tamely under the suppression of all her liberties, should have sufficiently cared for any one of those liberties to make a national stand for the acquisition of it?" And it is concluded that the Revolution of February was not a national movement, but merely the work of a few ambitious and disappointed men, whose *instruments* were the ultra Republicans, socialists, communists, and the like, — these instruments having, when the victory was gained, got considerably the better of their employers, and established absolute anarchy and unbearable insecurity in the place of what was bearable unconstitutionality. This is the position assumed by the champions of the Guizot ministry; but it is utterly false, and it is, in our opinion, of extreme importance that as few persons as possible should in

any country be misled upon this subject. It is certain that the French nation does, at this moment, quietly submit to the most uncompromising despotism that can be conceived; but it is not true that France *never* cared for the freedom her neighbors enjoy. We will in a few words recapitulate the progress of events during the period of M. Guizot's long ministry, and it will be seen that, up to the moment when the whole country "lost its head," France gave no one a right to advance the opinion that she was fitted only to engender a race of slaves.

When M. Guizot succeeded M. Thiers, in the year 1840, he had against him chiefly the more warlike and anti-English portion of the nation, — the portion which saw in every step taken by the government a concession to *la perfide Albion.* Naturally all his efforts were directed at first towards the means of damping this excessive ardor, and, by associating to himself all the great industrial and manufacturing interests of France, he did really for a time draw over to the government the steadier and more responsible part of the population. But this very circumstance, by showing him how easy it might be in France to make interest predominate over chivalrous zeal, misled both the minister and the king, and they went too far, got beyond their depth, and were lost. The violent cry raised against England, and against the system of what was termed "Peace at any price," was not the result of a very deep-seated or real feeling in the nation; whereas the industrial movement was a genuine one, and the development of the national production and of the national wealth was a fact on which much might have been based, and which might have been endlessly prolific in good results. This freedom was more than ever required, and a pure-handed government, dealing impartially with all, was a *sine qua non.* Louis Philippe and M. Guizot, however, liked narrow and tortuous ways, believed in them, and pursued them. For four or five years they perceived that the force of reaction against the wrong-headed *exalté* war-party had summoned around the government the more sober part of the community, and they forthwith set to work to make well better, and to put the majority necessary to their existence out of

the reach, as they thought, of contingencies. Meanwhile the country looked on, not perhaps quite approvingly, but at least with comparative indifference. These small manœuvres of the king and his prime minister were conducted in an underhand manner through the years 1843–45, and only every now and then a slight scandal rose to the surface, and bore witness by the bursting of all its bubbles to what was passing beneath. Public opinion became uneasy and preoccupied. Still a certain conviction remained that France was governed by parliamentary institutions, that Louis Philippe was a constitutional king, and that, if the ministers did not do their duty to the nation, the nation possessed, *in the form of its constitution*, the necessary means of getting rid of men who had betrayed their trust. So long as this belief continued, the country was patient, relying upon its power of appeal to the majority in parliament, which was its representative and the guardian of its rights, and supposing that, after all, when the ministerial corruption should become intolerable, and its excesses be *proved* to the majority, that majority would turn round and defend the country by putting the ministers to shame.

This is a circumstance in the history of the events that preceded the Revolution of 1848, which has never, we think, been sufficiently dwelt upon, and contemporary historians have passed too lightly over that delicate turning-point in the affairs of the French people of our day, when they exchanged a state of confidence in the institutions by which they were governed, for one of suspicion, and took the resolve, for the first time, of examining the integrity of their parliamentary institutions themselves. In 1846, as we have already observed, first came into play the absolutely fictitious majority framed and fabricated by M. Guizot and the king. Some slight doubt still lingered in the popular mind, and it waited and watched the details of each discussion with intense anxiety, every laborer even devouring the contents of one or more daily papers. The majority worked well for its creators, — too well; for its imperturbably regular movements were not natural. Scandal after scandal burst forth; the majority remained unmoved. Proof after proof of corruption was brought before it; — it disdained them all, and went on

working better than ever. But this could not last. With this would-be majority "satisfied" with whatever the ministers did or did not do, content to receive all their explanations, and to throw a veil over all their mistakes, the country ended by deciding that it would not co-operate; and its next most logical, most necessary step was to resolve upon discussing and *reforming* the source whence such a majority could be derived. It is difficult to see how the country could behave otherwise than as it did in the beginning. Afterwards, every one must agree that a more deplorable scene of weakness and confusion can scarcely be imagined, than that presented by France between March, 1848, and December, 1851, or one that more necessarily prepared the country for the ambitious and unjustifiable designs so cleverly put into execution by the man who has now subjected the French people to his despotic will.

Everything contributed to render the Revolution of February abortive. The obstinacy first, and then the non-resistance, of the king; the arrogance of M. Guizot; the absence of any plan on the popular side, and the want of any leader, — all these several circumstances combined to provoke a national explosion, and to render its consequences profitable only to those who cared little for the dignity or the welfare of the nation. Had Louis Philippe not lost his best friend and adviser, Madame Adelaide,* he would have abandoned all thought of obstinate opposition to the desires of the country upon the question of electoral reform, and would have done so four or five months at least before the affair of the *Banquets*, which would then have had no pretext. Or, when once what *had originally been the peaceable, though determined, expression of the nation's opinion*, had degenerated into an *anarchical demonstration threatening all the property-holding classes*, had the king resisted, by the means offered him by Marshal Bugeaud, the evils of the Revolution of February would have been averted. But the king did neither. He resisted the honest indignation of the country, honestly expressed, until that country was exasperated, and rushed on, without plan or chief, to it knew not what; and he yielded to the noise and bluster of an ephemeral faction, that spread before his eyes all the worn-

* The king's sister, who died a few months before the winter of 1848.

out paraphernalia of revolt, all the "used up" machinery by which he himself had, eighteen years previously, been helped to mount the throne. But by yielding to the *parti du désordre*, as it was termed, *after* he had so long held out against the nation, he not only lost for his sons their part of royalty in France, — he gave France over to her worst enemies, to those whose aid she never invoked, and who, when the unlooked-for triumph came, turned round upon her to say that they had conquered in her name.

This is the one most important feature of the so-called Revolution of February, and the one which he who desires to study contemporary France should strive to impress most distinctly on his mind. The *immense majority* of the nation, the most enlightened, the freest, the most honest Frenchmen of all classes, did spontaneously, unanimously, and upon great and sufficient provocation, rise to protest against the unconstitutional practices of a ministry, whose dismissal they demanded from the king; and the immense majority of the nation did *not* ask for any change in its fundamental institutions, did not even contemplate a change of dynasty, and submitted, *with the king*, who deserted his trust, to the threats and violence of a desperate and well-armed mob. When we say that the greater part of the country submitted "with the king," we do not mean to imply that any sympathy bound together Louis Philippe and the people, (for he had forfeited all the people's sympathies,) but merely that the anarchical movement of 1848 was so far from finding in France an accomplice, that, on the contrary, France was its victim, in the same degree and at the same time with the king.

In our regard, there are few events of modern history more worthy of the political or philosophical student's attention than the revolution, so often termed "inexplicable," which is supposed to have begun by dethroning Louis Philippe in order to win more liberty, and which ended by casting thirty-five millions of human beings under a despot's heel. But in the whole event there is from first to last one thing "inexplicable" except to those who are intimately acquainted with the political temperament of France, and that is the boundless *passiveness* with which nearly a whole nation suffered a compar-

atively small minority to establish a form of government in antagonism to all the national habits and predilections. This is an extraordinary fact, and to attempt accounting for it would carry us far beyond our present limits. What we have sought to do in these pages, is to restore its precise and real character to the outbreak of February, 1848, and to vindicate France — the most enlightened, perhaps, of all Continental countries in this most enlightened nineteenth century — from the disgraceful charge of utter indifference to political freedom. Lord Normanby's book is, in this respect, deserving of all commendation. He puts men and things in their true and proper places, and leaves the impartial reader no choice save to acknowledge that, had constitutional institutions been largely, liberally, *honestly* upheld by the government in France, those institutions would in all likelihood have continued to exist for an indefinite period of time; that it was to punish the deliberate perversion of constitutional institutions, and to render such perversion less easy for the future, that the majority of the nation, in obedience to public opinion, rose in 1848; and that M. Guizot, being the man who, with the blindest obstinacy and most determined disregard for truth and honesty, perverted the constitutional and representative institutions of France, — indirectly if not directly, — is the cause of the disrepute into which it has been possible to throw parliamentary liberty.

We recommend the "Journal of a Year of Revolution" to those who do not think monocratic despotism the ideal of all governmental forms, yet who may be curious to see how, by the mismanagement of its rulers, a free country may be reduced to look upon even this as a refuge.

ART. X. — *Le Pays Basque. Sa Population, sa Langue, ses Mœurs, sa Littérature, et sa Musique.* Par FRANCISQUE-MICHEL, Correspondant de l'Institut de France, de l'Académie Impériale de Vienne, de l'Académie Royale des Sciences de Turin, des Sociétés des Antiquaires de Londres et d'Écosse, etc. Paris: Didot. 1857. 8vo. pp. 547.

ABOUT five miles beyond Bayonne, on the way along the coast of France to the Spanish frontier, is a small village of white-washed cottages, cafés, and restaurants, of which an experienced tourist wrote, a few years since, that, excepting its bathing, its rocks, its views, and its occasional society, "it must be the dullest place on earth." The exceptions are important; and in these last seasons the patronage of the imperial household has dignified this dull locality. The fashion of Paris pursues hither its sacred leaders, and the aristocratic belles of the Faubourg St. Germain are charmed to see an Empress floating on corks, with a broad-brimmed hat. Anecdotes from Biarritz find entrance into the columns of *La Presse*, and formal bulletins therefrom into the court record of the *Moniteur*. A few more annual Napoleonic visits will make of Biarritz an Ostend or a Newport, and cover its cliffs with gayer architecture and crowds of pleasure-seekers.

But beside the attraction of its picturesque scenery and its fashionable bathing, this remote French watering-place offers to its curious visitors an interesting ethnological question. Who are these strange peasants, in grotesque dress, half Greek, half Gaelic, that come, with merchandise of eggs or poultry in one hand and a club in the other, to chaffer in barbarous jargon with the keepers of the lodging-houses? What race is this, which goes shod with hempen sandals, displaying the muscular legs of Highland men, and the long tresses of Seminole women, marching with a fierce stride, as unlike as possible to the awkward stalking of their shepherd neighbors on the sandy *Landes?* It is an ethnological problem of which M. Francisque-Michel has furnished, in the volume before us, the latest explanation. An interesting volume it is, — learned, ingenious, well ordered, modest, clear, if

not eloquent, in its style, and full of valuable matter. The author does not tell us whether he is one of those Basques whose country he so well describes, nor does he pretend to be more than an investigator. Yet we cannot help thinking that he has more than a scholar's interest in his subject, both from what he keeps back and what he brings forward. He passes hastily over that part of Basque life which is coarse, crude, and repulsive, and dwells with more fulness and fondness on the history, traditions, and literature which make the race remarkable. Nearly all the volume is occupied with the poetry and romance, the drama and the bibliography, the music and song, the intellectual and imaginative character, of that people who retain the noble Escuara; a language, as they believe, the most ancient in existence, spoken by Tubal-cain, the son of Lamech, whose primitive forges were in their mountains.

It is a singular fact, that in the compact empire of France, the limits of which remain substantially as they were in the days of the first Capets, there should still be four distinct and dissimilar languages, each having a vigorous life in daily use, if not in literature. The Basque, the Provençal, the Breton, and the proper French, are not merely various dialects of the same tongue, but are separate from one another, as much so as the English and the Welsh, the Swedish and the German. The Basque and the Breton, indeed, though spoken on opposite sides of the same bay, are very unlike, and have scarcely any characteristics in common. The claims of the latter have been ably and pertinaciously presented. Brittany, birthplace of authors and statesmen, has never suffered for lack of "a sacred poet." M. Souvestre continues to illustrate those legends which captivated the imagination of Lamennais and Chateaubriand, and M. Mérimée has done for its Druidic ruins what M. Daru has for its general history. From Froissart to Mrs. Trollope, there has been no want of piquant description of the uncouth peasantry, the odd houses, the queer superstitions, and the inflexible loyalty of the Breton peninsula. The Basques have been less fortunate. The names of those who have written about them have not been names of popular writers, but of patient and plodding scholars, whom no one knew before their works appeared, and of

whom no one knew after their works were finished. Who has ever heard of the two octavos of Basque history by the Viscount de Belsunce, albeit they are but ten years old? Who has ever seen the works of Bastide, or Bidassouet, or Darrigol? The learned history of Baudrimont, published in 1854, rests quietly on the shelves of booksellers and libraries. Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Germans have all written about the Basques, but in such a way as to hinder rather than attract attention. The work of M. Francisque-Michel may right the injustice, and restore, at any rate, the race of French Basques to its proper rank as the most primitive and peculiar tribe within the limits of France.

The southwestern corner of every land seems to retain the longest its original rudeness, and to keep a rough and unsubdued people when the other races have been incorporated and accustomed to civilized habits. In ancient Canaan the Philistines on the southwest coast resisted long after the other tribes had been vanquished, and Gath sent up to the hills a giant with an immense army of chariots. Calabria continues still, as it has been for twenty centuries, the home of the most singular of Italian races. The quaintest legends of Germany belong to the Black Forest. Cornwall is inhabited by a tribe that has no affinity with any other English stock; a journey from Plymouth to Penzance is virtually foreign travel. Every one who has visited the Lakes of Killarney knows that among wild Irishmen there is, in that southwestern county, a wilder variety. Nay, the rule holds good even on this side of the ocean. Texas is our Basque province, with a fame for lawless rangers and eccentric dialect; the southwest point of Connecticut was notorious in the Revolution as the home of Ishmaelite Cowboys and Skinners; and we remember hearing a description in the Massachusetts Senate, some years ago, of "Boston Corner," as a place where there was neither decency, piety, nor law, inhabited by a class of people who owned no allegiance, paid no taxes, did no work, and were fit only to be cut off from the State and left to vegetate in isolation. Massachusetts rejected them, while New York would not take them.

The Basque people in France occupy only a small south-

western corner, — but a little more than a third of one of the least important departments, that of the Lower Pyrenees. In Spain they constitute the principal population of five provinces, bordering on the Pyrenees and the Gulf. The number of the race on the French side of the mountains is 135,000, on the Spanish side about 700,000; so that the whole Basque people — all who inherit the customs and blood of the race — is considerably less than a million of souls. The number of those who adhere to the ancient Escuara language is still smaller. Both the French and Spanish governments have for some centuries steadily discouraged the use of this language, and tried by every possible method to root it out. Schools have been established, numerously on the Spanish side, in which the modern dialects are assiduously taught, to the exclusion of the ancient, and the powerful influence of the priesthood has been enlisted for the same object. This work of extirpating the former language has gone on within the present century with increased vigor, so that in the province of Spanish Navarre it has almost disappeared, and is not known to the younger generation. The mountainous districts still obstinately resist the change, and it is likely that the Escuara will survive for some ages in the households of those districts. It is maintained, not only by the sparseness of the settlements, but even more by the patriotic pride of a people whose glory is their history. The Basque peasant is as proud of his lineage as a Bedouin or an Hungarian noble. He boasts that, when the rest of Iberia and Gaul had submitted to Cæsar, his ancestors held out; that the land which he inhabits has never been subjugated to a foreign foe, and rarely occupied by a conquering army; that the untamable Cantabrians, whom Strabo describes as no better than "wild beasts," have vindicated their reputation by transmitting the spirit of freedom; and that they alone remain to represent the spirit and blood of the first inhabitants of the land. This boast is sustained by the best ethnologists, De Sacy, William von Humboldt, and others, who have written concerning the original people of Spain. It is by no means certain, however, that the Basques are the *only* pure descendants of the ancient Cantabrians, or that the language which

they now speak is the same which Agrippa heard when he ravaged their country.

The most interesting study in connection with the Basque people is that of their singular and musical tongue, its origin, its history, and its relation to other tongues. Numerous theories have been broached as to its origin. George Borrow, the friend of Gypsies, is confident that the Basque is only a dialect of the Tartar. Rask and Arndt, two wise Teutons, look northward for its source, and identify the tongue of the Lower Pyrenees with that of the Finns. Leibnitz intimates that the Copt and the Basque are streams from the same fountain. William von Humboldt finds that the "Escuara" is only a variation of the Greek. Bastide is certain that it is only modernized Hebrew; and the pious assurance of the Abbé Bidassouet crowns all, by affirming that it is substantially the language of heaven, the primitive language of men and angels. "I know not," he says, "if the language of the Eternal Father was Escuara; I shall not be bold enough to maintain that the Eternal Father spoke Basque; but this is certain, that the name of the ark, in Basque, *arkh*, *arkha*, and that of the kind of wood of which the ark must have been made, are Basque words. . . . . Shall we not, then, agree that there is no language in all the world which approaches nearer to the language which the Eternal Father gave by inspiration to Adam?" Some of these theories are fantastic, and no one of them is satisfactory. The last is that which the Basques themselves prefer. There are curious coincidences between the radical letters of the Hebrew and many of their words. They have words which radically contain ideas of the creation, the deluge, and the Messiah.

The assertion that the Basque language is altogether original, and free from foreign admixtures, is not sustained by careful examination. The best vigilance in avoiding literary connections has not prevented foreign words from insinuating themselves, to supply waste, and to conform the dialect to the exigencies of successive times. The Roman conquerors left an infusion of Latin; the Goths brought another element; and the bordering French and Spaniards have supplied still more. Yet the language remains in this Celtic region, with far more

affinity to the Asiatic idioms than to the idioms which surround it. Its inflexions, its augments, its combinations, are far more Oriental than European. Its base is the monosyllabic radical, very simple and easy of articulation, which expands itself by various efflorescence into polysyllables, as long and as musical as the names of our Indians. Its grammar knows as parts of speech only the noun and the verb, but these are made to serve every purpose of epithet and description. With twenty letters all the necessary sounds are formed; prefixes and suffixes and changes of vowel-sounds help to "conjugate" and "decline"; in the variations of the verb, a single word expresses at once subject, predicate, and object, weaving into one not only the nominative and its verb, as in the Latin, but the following pronoun also, and distinguishing even the gender of the pronoun. The combinations of the verb "to be," as M. Francisque-Michel gives them, are very curious and beautiful, quite unlike anything in the Western languages. It is to be feared, however, that, in spite of the charm of investigating a primitive tongue, and notwithstanding the fact that a Bonaparte has recently made the way easy to its acquisition, most linguists will content themselves with such superficial examination as the imperial polyglot, Charles V., gave to the Basque. "*Nafarroan gari asco?*" — "Is there much cheese in Navarre?" — was the limit of the monarch's vocabulary. The literature of the Basques can be judged tolerably well from translations, and M. Michel's industry and skill in this regard are very convenient. His volume contains, we imagine, a very considerable part, and probably the best part, of the Basque literature. It is more handy to take his spirited versions, than to study painfully the words of the original text. We are enabled, nevertheless, to do both if we wish. The original text is given, and the contrast between the French and the Escuara is made more striking when we see the two languages side by side.

We could wish that, in the chapter on Basque Proverbs, the author had made more extensive extracts from the collections. But what he has given are enough to show that certain proverbs are indigenous in all tribes. "The great rogue makes the little rogues hang," is found in some form in every dialect;

"Rome was not built in an hour," is a proverb among those who have always hated Romans; "He who has nuts to crack, will find stones to crack them," is a pleasant turn to an old saw; and in how many forms have we heard the sentiment, "Rouen cloth, even at a good bargain, is dear"! Several collections of Basque proverbs have been made. Two hundred years ago, Oihenart published at Paris a volume containing five hundred and thirty-seven, to which he added seven hundred and six in a supplement. The smaller collection of Voltaire was republished in Paris in 1845. In Belgium, in 1852, M. de Garay issued a volume of Basque sentences and maxims. These are useful as indications of ancient manners and customs, as well as amusing for their wit and shrewdness. Scarcely any of them are historical or local. They deal with the weather, with trade, with business, with domestic life, and with practical ethics. Their morality is rather worldly-wise than Christian. Their philosophy is a philosophy of reckless indifference, of Horace and Ecclesiastes, of "carpe diem" and "vanitas vanitatum." "Yesterday that, to-day this, what next I know not." The *sea*, which is so important an element in the life of the Basque people, has inspired some of their best proverbs. "The sea has no branches to which a drowning man may cling." "If you know not how to pray to God, go to sea, and learn." "A sailor's wife is bride in the morning, widow in the evening." Good dietetic rules, too, we find in these proverbs. "To-day's meat, yesterday's bread, last year's wine; use these, — and good by to the doctors!"

Equally characteristic are the dramas of the Basque people, both in comedy and tragedy. It is a mistake to imagine that the theatre is most flourishing in the centres of wealth and population. The mountaineers of the Pyrenees are quite as fond of this excitement as the shopkeepers of Paris, and are not less precise, anxious, and critical in getting up their pastoral performances than the managers of the "Variétés," or the "Grand Opera." They rely upon native talent, expect their most prominent citizens to take the lead in the work, and make the preparation, rehearsals, costumes, and all the appointments an affair of great consequence. The orchestra is

usually small, — a flute and a violin, with tambourine accompaniment. The dresses are brought together from all the houses and chateaux, and public opinion compels the owners, whatever their station, to lend them for this purpose. The actors are chiefly young men: maidens may attend as spectators, but rarely appear upon the boards. In this respect the custom is unlike that of the Tyrol, where the characters are sustained almost entirely by female performers. The small enclosure of the theatre, and the free admission, with only a few reserved seats, insure a dense and suffocating crowd; but such is the enthusiasm, that the discomfort for four or five hours is patiently borne, and the groans and sighs are far less from personal suffering than from sympathy with the woes and wrongs, the pathos, the wrath, and the heroism, of the rude stage. Woe to an actor that trips in his part; he will catch a surname that he cannot soon shake off. Well for an actor with a good enunciation, plenty of gesture, and a faculty for mimicry. He will be crowned by a thousand consenting voices. A solemn prelude to the performance is a procession of the actors through the streets of the village, in which they are arranged according to the importance of their parts. The *Devil* is first to go up the steps of the theatre; since it requires more talent to play well the part of the Prince of Darkness than any other. This performer, however, is a huge, ugly puppet, moved by machinery, and fastened on one side of the stage. His name is Allah, the Moslem God, and his business is to fill up the intervals between the acts with his hideous grimaces, to scowl and rage when virtuous characters appear on the scene, and to applaud every wicked act. This puppet condenses the traditional hatred and horror of these mountaineers for the religion of Islam.

The admission is free; but, nevertheless, the actors get respectable pay, partly, as in the Paris *jardins*, from the sale of refreshments, partly from the premiums given by the dancers, whose feats of agility end the sport. The first three chances at these feats are put up at auction, and the "first jump" is frequently bid off at thirty or forty dollars. The second chance usually brings from four to ten dollars, the third from three to six dollars. The money thus earned, after

the expenses of the representation are paid, is usually devoted by the actors to a grand ball, which not unfrequently ends in a street row, since actors and their friends, here as almost everywhere, are not stinted in their enjoyment of wine. The professional dancers, who appear in the interludes, with their cocked hats, their red vests, their ribands, canes, and bells, seem to deserve the name of *Satans*, which is their popular designation.

The dramatic pieces represented in these primitive theatres are chiefly old, handed down from the Middle Age. Their authors are not known. Their subjects are mostly religious; either Scriptural, as the pastorals of Moses, Abraham, and Nebuchadnezzar; or legends of the saints, from St. James to St. Geneviève; or stories of the religious wars, as of Charlemagne, Godfrey, Richard the Norman, and the Sultan Mustapha. The most recent is a threefold drama of the first Napoleon, — his Consulate, his Empire, and his Exile. Thirty-four pieces are contained in M. Michel's collection. Of these he gives analyses of two, the tragedy of "Clovis" and of "Mary of Navarre." In these tragedies, history is freely altered to suit dramatic necessities. Satan and the Moors figure conspicuously, and there is a fair supply of monks and angels. The prologue of "Clovis" elaborately explains to the audience the facts which it is proposed to dramatize, and acquaints them with the Christian basis of the play. M. Michel adds to these a shorter account of the drama of "Napoleon as Emperor," in which all the princes of Europe appear on the scene, and all the world does homage to France. In this drama the Basque country is not neglected. To the description of Basque plays in general, M. Michel adds a special and very thorough notice of comic, satirical, and masquerade plays, and asserts their superiority, in point of decency and good morals, to the plays of the cities. Second marriages, mercenary marriages, mercenary judgments, drunkenness, and all popular vices, are ridiculed, but in language which could not offend the most fastidious ear.

Besides this original drama, the Basques have two other amusements of which they are passionately fond, — dancing and tennis-playing. Two hundred years ago, Le Pays sarcas-

tically said that a Basque baby could dance before it could call the name of "papa," and that a *priest* was sure always to "lead the ball." All classes engage in this sport. The kitchen of every house is turned in the winter into a dancing-hall. The women, indeed, are not expected to join very warmly in the amusement, and on the French side of the mountains this passion is included with the three capital sins, and the priests, far from joining in the dance, severely denounce it. On the Spanish side there is more license given, and the alcayde of the village frequently leads in the saltatory exercises. But the great game, as dear to the Basques as Punch to the Neapolitans, or bull-fights to the Madrileñas, second only in absorbing interest to a real battle, is the game of tennis, or *paume*, the French equivalent to cricket. Excellence in this game requires an amazing agility, and is attained by very few. The fame of a good tennis-player is the glory of his family, village, and province, and his exploits are rehearsed in all the land, as once were the exploits of Paladins. National rivalries direct parties in the more imposing conflicts, and Spanish and French Basques contend for the prize, which usually stays with the party of Spain. The crowd of spectators which throngs to witness a public contest is like the crowd at the Ascot Races. They come from all the neighboring country, on horseback, on foot, until around the space left for the game there is packed a mass of many thousands. Breathless they await the striking of the parish bell, the signal for the strife. The first fall of the ball, if it be well launched, calls forth shouts and acclamations, which are wrought up by successive blows into frenzied clamor. The game lasts for five or six hours, until the strength of the parties is fairly expended. A jury of three persons then decides the victory, and to their award the combatants are bound to submit. In France public scorn, and in Spain imprisonment, are the penalties for contumacy. This necessity, nevertheless, does not prevent partisanship, and the defeated champions have still their friends and abettors in the crowd.

These national sports arouse the imagination of the people, and give themes to their poetry. But such themes are not less furnished by the peculiar occupations and movements of

the race, as well as by their very numerous superstitions. The contraband traffic has been for ages the source of livelihood to a large and famous class, and no stringency of law has prevailed to suppress it. Custom-houses are as hateful on the Basque frontier as they were in America at the time of the Stamp Act. The very magistrates whose duty it is to arrest smugglers are often active in these gangs, and the most noted leaders are men of high general reputation for sobriety and honesty. If arrested and condemned, they pay the penalty without murmuring; but when released they turn back, with no sense of shame, to their old occupation. No disgrace follows punishment for this offence. Its very danger and difficulty give it attractiveness. And where the peasant does not belong to one of the organized companies who carry on the contraband trade on a large scale, he risks his life by small private operations. The heroes of this illicit trade are to the admiring villagers what Robin Hood was to the North of England men, welcome in every home, and famous in household stories. Ganis, or John, is the most celebrated of recent Basque contrabandists. This chivalrous and courteous bandit, the protector of the poor, the friend of the suffering, the soul of honor, is a smuggler of a very different order from the Dirk Hatteraicks of Britain, or the Greek "Kings of the Mountain," and deserves his fame as a popular hero much better than the Smyrniot Yani Katergi, or the Italian Garibaldi.

Another occupation, hardly less hazardous, but less exceptionable, which has supplied material for popular legends, is the whale-fishery. Before Nantucket enterprise began to colonize the ocean with its hardy voyagers, the Basques, in their stormy bay, had become adepts in the art of whale-killing. In vain to-day do the bathers at Biarritz watch for Leviathan. No monsters of the deep now vex those waves. But in the thirteenth century there were towers along the steep, and sentinels were posted all through the winter to give the alarm of whales in the offing, when the sea was instantly alive with boats, and there were no bounds to the energy with which the monsters were captured and destroyed. The method was substantially that which is still used in the whale-fishery. From fishing in their own bay, the Basques gradually

extended operations, launched into the open sea, sailed northward to the Frozen Ocean and westward to the American coast, and brought back such freights of oil and bone as would delight the heart of a New Bedford ship-owner to-day. When the whales were scarce, they solaced themselves by making prey of smaller fish; and the historian Cleirac affirms that, a hundred years before Columbus sailed, the Basque fishermen had found the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, and learned to take the cod from those vast soundings. Other nations sought them for their skill in this art. The fisheries of the Low Countries were carried on by Basque sailors and captains, and statues of the most distinguished harpooners were raised in the streets of Amsterdam. They were, it must be confessed, better versed in fishing than in navigation; and the same Cleirac, who tells of their courage in killing whales, says that they were more given, like the Northern nations generally, to emptying the bottle, drinking brandy, and smoking tobacco, than to observing the compass and quadrant, and handling the rudder adroitly.

The movement of the Basques in our day is of a very different kind. It is emigration, not adventure, which now draws them from their native mountains. The countries along the La Plata have enticed thousands. Lying agents have cheated the peasantry by their promises of fabulous gain, and the pressure of misery has induced too many to yield to this temptation. Since 1850, this emigration has gone on to an alarming extent, and the public officers have been obliged to interfere to save some neighborhoods from entire depopulation. Once, it was a pleasant sight to witness the descent of the shepherds with their flocks from the hills, for better pasturage on the sandy downs of the Landes; but now, when a shepherd leaves the hills with his sheep, it is to sell them in the market of Bayonne or Bordeaux, that he may find the price of a passage to the Western land of promise.

More fruitful than either smuggling or fishing, in the materials for popular poetry, are the superstitions of the Basque people. No race is more ardent in its love for signs and wonders. The presence of the Gypsies among them, that mysterious Pariah race, confirms the rooted credulity, and

assists the native sorcery. In our day, the Gypsies are less at home among the Basques than they were in former ages. Their position in the Pyrenees is very different from their position in Hungary or Wallachia. Severe edicts make them outlaws; they live only in small communities; they are hated and hunted; and they are compelled to make thieving a profession. The towns know them chiefly as street-beggars, mule-barbers, and venders of cheap straw-hats. Their social habits justify their bad reputation. The bonds of marriage among them are dissolved by chance and whim, and the relations of home are as promiscuous as in Utah. A mother and her daughter will be wives to the same husband, and an exchange of spouses is a common transaction. M. Michel mentions a noted Gypsy woman in the Canton of St. Palais, who has realized the case which the Sadducees pressed upon the Divine Teacher, and has had seven husbands. Disconsolate Gypsy mothers bewail rather the failure of support for their children than the absolute loss of their husbands, and among them is found the illustration of the passage in the Greek song: —

Κατσίβελος ψυχομαχάει, καὶ κατσιβέλα κλαίει,
Ἐσὺ παιθαίνεις, ἄνδρα μου· τὸ παιδὶ ποῦ θα ζήσει;

Like the Druses in Syria, the Basque Gypsies pass for a race of hypocrites, observing religious rites, while they have really no faith and no God. They conform from expediency, and are baptized for the sake of getting the good offices of their neighbors, — of making the Christian people of the region stand as godfathers and godmothers. Though their children attend the schools in the villages, their wild nature is not eradicated by culture; like partridges, they take to the woods when their wings are grown. *Aitzean yaiac, aitzerat nahi*, — "One who is born in the woods loves to go back there," — is their maxim. Once fairly loosed from civilized oversight, it is difficult to keep trace of them. The popular superstition maintains that Gypsies do not die like other men, but quietly disappear, nobody knows where. Mr. Weller facetiously insists that nobody ever saw a dead postboy or donkey. According to M. Michel, his theory of the immortality of these races applies equally well to the wild Zincali tribe. Nobody ever saw

a Gypsy's grave, and none of another race are ever called to assist in a Gypsy's interment. Some have maintained that the Gypsies dispose of their dead in the legendary fashion of Attila's burial, turning the current of a stream, till they can hollow a grave in the centre of its bare channel.

The Gypsies have given to the Basques many romantic superstitions. But there are more which cannot be traced to any definable origin. Some omens which M. Michel mentions, such as the cry of an owl on the housetop, or the howling of a dog by night, or the upsetting of a salt-cellar, or sudden sneezing, or setting out on Friday, are common signs of ill-luck among most Christian nations. Others are local. An old woman with red eyes and a beard is a witch beyond mistake. People with red beards are dangerous. It is a bad sign for a man to see a woman under his window early on Monday morning; all the week will be attended by ill-luck. It is a good sign, with a full purse in one's pocket, to hear the cuckoo sing in spring; all the year will bring good luck. Out of a family of seven brothers, one ought to have his tongue marked with a cross, that he may be able to suck out the poison of a mad dog's bite. The Basques have a full supply of supernatural beings, and believe devoutly in elves, fairies, nymphs, witches, demons, and the like. This, however, M. Michel stoutly and somewhat paradoxically maintains, is no proof that they are a credulous people, but only that they are tenacious of tradition. They believe what has come down to them from their fathers; but they are very sceptical about new wonders, shake their heads when you tell them about railways and telegraphs, and, like Thomas, want to see and touch before they will believe. The spirit of the people, though reverent in all that belongs to the past, is in matters of the present age highly rationalistic. If the Basque is firm about Purgatory, because it is an old Catholic doctrine, he wants a good reason for accepting any new proposition in logic or ethics; and if he uses the skull of a dead man as the drinking-cup from which epilepsy may be cured, it is because this, centuries ago, was an authorized ecclesiastical remedy.

Sorcery and witchcraft among the Basques are not merely believed in as facts, dreaded as dangers, and punished as crimes,

but they are also studied as useful arts. Few of the peasants are so ignorant as not to have learned the rules of magic. The lore of the alchemists is familiar in their nursery lessons. They are acquainted with the occult qualities of plants and trees, of gems and minerals. It is necessary to know these for self-defence. The penalty for suspected witchcraft is less severe now than it was in the seventeenth century, when executions for this offence were not infrequent; yet it is still desirable to have a counter charm against the evil eye, and to know how to exorcise the demon.

The Basques are "spiritualists," in their belief, not only that the saints and prophets still communicate with mortals, but that the souls and bodies of the departed return to earth. St. John, their patron, comes to visit the houses of the faithful, and on the eve of his festival they set, in the midst of the fires which they kindle, a stone for the saint to kneel upon. The next morning they find hairs left upon the stone, which are preserved as relics. A dead man who has passed on to purgatory comes back usually to see that his family say the proper prayers and masses and make visits to his tomb. They *hear* him often, if they *rarely see* him. He makes a *rapping*, sometimes in one room, sometimes in another, — generally in the kitchen. He turns over the dishes, and occasionally sets the plates up in a line on the sideboard. When any one comes, the noise stops, to begin directly somewhere else. The spirit, however, is frequently a writing and a talking medium, as well as a rapper. A table judiciously provided with pen and ink and a pair of consecrated candles will secure an autograph communication. If the spirit is obstinate and will not utter himself, it is necessary to draw him out by more masses. There are few Basque families, according to M. Michel, that are not favored by such visitors from the world of the departed.

The *Lamiña*, a kind of supernatural being peculiar to the Basques, cannot be described either in his nature or his functions, except that, like a poet, he is "born, not made." He is a remnant of Paganism. The Basques, too, have their "old man of the mountain," who dwells in the most inaccessible part of the Pyrenees. His face is human, but his body is that of a monstrous beast, walking, however, like a man. He strides

faster than the fleetest deer can run. His voice is louder than the howling of winds, the groaning of woods, or the echo of thunder. His eyes glance like bolts of lightning, as, crouched in the midst of the great pines, he watches the passing traveller. Basque mothers frighten their children with the name of *Bassa-Jaon*, as much as Irish mothers do with the name of Oliver Cromwell.

These manifold legends, superstitions, fancies, furnish rich material for poetry and romance. And M. Michel has devoted the larger part of his volume to an exhibition of the productions of the Escuara language in this kind. In popular songs the land abounds. Improvisation is a gift of the peasantry; and at all the feasts, marriages, and baptisms, in all social gatherings, it is easy to bring in shepherds or mechanics who at a moment's notice will deliver fresh songs, suited to the occasion. The doctors and the priests have this gift, and in a convivial party of these professional men, the call for a "sentiment" means a demand for an impromptu poem, which is readily produced. But the best poets are not the impromptu bards, nor are the best poems improvisations. The Basques have recognized poets, who, under the name of *coblacari*, devote themselves professionally to the work of verse-making, write down their inspiration, and send copies around among their friends. They write for fame, and not for pelf; no copyright is secured upon their "flying leaves," but if the lines are good, they know that these will live.

The *coblacari* may be known by their costume and general demeanor. M. Michel undertakes to give a portrait of a man of this class.

"Do you see that Basque, with the head erect, and step proud and measured? His collar is stiff and carefully starched; on his blue frock glisten numerous buttons of pearl; you cannot doubt that the tailoress has given particular attention to the style and finish of his garments. If he has reached mature age, majestic spectacles will shade his brow. Come nearer and accost him. If his look be cold and his mien severe, you can say to yourself that it is a schoolmaster. But if, on the other hand, his eye is animated and glancing, if a malicious smile plays upon his features like sunlight on a mountain, be sure that this is a bard. The seamstress, who dreads his caustic humor or covets some flattering

couplets, has given him the surprise of these buttons, like those which the mayor's son wears on his frock. That which the conceited fastidiousness of the pedagogue has hardly been able to extort from the scissors and needle of the artist, the poet of the canton gets without asking. Observe, too, the *makila* of the bard; it is straight, and of genuine medlar-wood; but it is not formidable; it is rather an ornament in his hand than a weapon. The bard is, in fact, well received everywhere; he has few enemies, and these attack him only in his poetic gift; he has no need of arms to defend himself."

M. Michel speaks rapturously of the fitness of the Basque tongue for poetic diction; of its musical qualities, which express and harmonize with all natural sounds, the murmurs of the woods, the echoes in the valleys, the grave and melancholy moaning of the sea on the beach; of its richness in rhyme, and great capacity of elision, sliding the words together in prolonged cadences; of its singular softness, which compelled the praise of so severe a critic as Joseph Scaliger. He holds that, though most of the heroic chants in this tongue, exploits in war and historic traditions, have now ceased to be sung, yet it is quite equal to the loftiest argument, and is as good for epic as for lyric uses. He cites, in proof of this, the "Song of the Cantabrians," a half-mystic monument of the valor of Uchinus, who in the age of Augustus founded in Italy the city of Urbinum. The legend is doubtful, but the verses are melodious. The name of "Lelo," which makes the refrain of the piece, and by the frequency of its repetitions reminds us of Tennyson's "Oriana," is an echo of the *Αἴλινε*, the "Alas, Linus!" of the funeral songs of the ancient Greeks, which Hesiod says resounded through the house at the beginning and end of the song.

"Lelo! il Lelo;
Lelo! il Lelo;
Leloa! Zarac
Il Leloa."

"O Lelo! dead is Lelo.
O Lelo! dead is Lelo.
O Lelo! Zara
Has slain Lelo."

The song of Altabiscar is founded on a legend of Basque valor in the Middle Age, and is the chant of which they boast as a companion and rival to the famous Provençal song of Roland and Oliver. It is full of spirit, fire, and rhythmic music. "The Battle of Beotibar" is a story of the fourteenth

century, and commemorates the heroic defence of the Basques against their Guipuzcoan neighbors.

"Mila urte y garota
Ure vere videan.
Guipuzcoarroc sartu dira
Gasteluco etchean;
Nafarrokin hartu dira
Beotibarre pelean."

"For more than a thousand years
The water runs on its way.
The Guipuzcoans have forced themselves
Into the house of the strong castle;
With the Navarrese they have joined
Battle at Beotibar."

The most popular of the heroic songs of the Basques, which is to them what the Marseilles Hymn is to modern France, is the lyric which celebrates the renown of the Viscount de Belsunce, poet, warrior, and the scion of a noble race. The circumstances of its first utterance were striking and romantic. The Viscount, having returned with many wounds from his adventurous campaign in the Hanoverian war, was receiving, at his country seat at Méharin in Lower Navarre, the felicitations of friends and tenants, who filled in a compact crowd the courtyard of his castle.

"While the enthusiastic cheers which saluted the return of one so honored and loved were ringing in the air, an old blind man, leaning on his staff, and led by a child, was seen slowly to ascend the steps of the doorway. With head erect, he asked to be led to the Viscount's presence. The Viscount, calling him to approach, addressed him graciously. Shaking then his white hair, his hand extended toward the crowd, the inspired bard intoned, as his answer and the answer of all, and in the midst of a religious silence, the couplets of this song, which, according to usage, the crowd took up in chorus."

The song is worthy of its romantic origin. It sends forth the true poetic fire. The Count D'Estaing, that French admiral well known in our American history, is the hero of another touching song.

The single specimen of Basque political rhymes which M. Michel gives, is the song of Muñagorri, a Spanish quack, of the order of Law and Cagliostro, who cheated the Basques out of money enough to give them a good song for their only compensation. *Sentimental* songs here usually describe the wooing of the lover at the convent window, and the answer of the imprisoned damsel, whom a harsh father separates from the embrace of her dear one. The following final triplet reminds us of more than one French and Scotch ballad.

"Airera ahal banindadin ainhera beçala,
Ardura jin nindaite combentu leihora
Ena pena doloren çuri erraitera."

"If I could only fly like the swallow,
Often would I go and set myself under the convent window,
To tell you anew my pains and my sorrows."

The song from which these lines are quoted would quite as properly come under the head of "romances," of which M. Michel gives a large number of specimens. Of course the *nightingale* is invoked and described; no nation's poesy is complete without the song of the nightingale. The nightingale, the poor little dove, the first flower of spring, the star in the sky, all become in Basque rhyme the symbols of the loved one. Every variety of the tender passion, and all its experiences, find a voice. The joy and the misery, the hope and the despair, the unspeakable admiration and the unchanging devotion of the lover, are expressed in fitting tones. There are songs of lovers' quarrels, of refusal, of separation, and of consolation. There are songs of seduction and betrayal, songs of the free bird and the "caged bird." We give two of these love-songs, which show even by the sound of the Escuara words their sweet and tender sentiment.

"Celuco izarren bidia
Nic baneki,
Han nir'ene maite gaztia
Chuchen kausi;
Bena gaour jagoiti nic houra
Ez ikhousi.

"If I knew the ways of the stars of heaven,
It is there I should certainly find
My dear loved one; but from this evening,
Alas! I shall no more see her."

"Zuhain gazte bat nic aihotzaz
Trencaturic,
Uduri zait ene bihotza
Colpaturic,
Herrouac errorico zeitzola
Eiharturic.

"A young oak which I might cut
With the sharpened axe,
Gives me the symbol of my wounded heart;
For so soon its roots will fall
Dry and withered.

"Ceren beitzen lili ororen
Eigerrena,
Bai eta ene bihotzeco
Maitenena,
Haren izanen da ene azken
Hasperena."

"Since she was of all flowers the fairest,
And of my heart the best beloved,
It is for her that will be given
My last sigh."

This song illustrates well the liquid flow of the Escuara, and its freedom from all harshness of sound. The other is still more musical. It is entitled *Bidaia San Josephen Guernitara*, — "Journey to the Hermitage of St. Joseph."

"Chorittoua, nourat houa,
Bi hegalez airian?
Españalat jouaiteco,
Elhurra duc bortean:
Algarreki jouanen gutuc
Elhurra hourtzen denian.

"San Josefen ermita
Desertian gora da.
Españalat jouaiteco,
Han da goure pausada.
Guibelerat so 'guin eta
Hasperrenac ardura.

"Hasperrena, habiloua
Maitiaren borthala.
Bihotzian sar hakio
Houra eni beçala,
Eta guero erran izoc
Nic igorten haidala."

"Birdling, whither dost thou go
On thy two wings in the air?
Wouldst thou into Spain go?
The snow covers now the mountains:
Together we will go,
When the snow shall be melted.

"The hermitage of St. Joseph
In the desert there stands;
When we go into Spain
There will be our halting-place.
Looking back on our way,
Frequent are our sighings.

"O Sigh, go hence away
Even to the door of my beloved.
Enter deep in her heart
As she is in mine;
Then you may tell her
That I have sent you to her."

There is in the movement of these swinging vowels and trochees such dreamy and sad melody as one hears in the *gondellieder* of Mendelssohn or in a *berceuse* of Chopin. The dialect of these songs is the *Souletin*, the softest of the three provincial dialects of the Escuara. The *Labourdin* dialect is rougher and more masculine. A fragment of the song of the Siren, which M. Michel gives, in the Low Navarrese dialect, is exquisite.

"Urandian umen bada
Cantasale eder bat
Zerena deitzenden bat.
Itsasoan inganatzen
Ditu hac pasaierac,
Hala nola, ni maitenac."

"Down under the ocean wave
A songstress beautiful lives,
Siren they call her name.
'T is she who on the sea
Beguiles and enchants the voyagers,
As me enchants my beloved."

Under the head of *moral songs*, M. Michel gives us some curious specimens. There is an interesting dialogue between Water and Wine, in which the primitive drink has the last word, and gets the best of the argument. A translation of

this dialogue would make an excellent addition to our Temperance anthology. There is a song to the laborer, the rhythm of which, not to say the sentiment, is fully equal to that of Wordsworth's "Noonday Hymn." There are three songs of the smugglers, which express the feeling of the people toward custom-officers, and describe quite minutely the method of the contraband trade. One of the counsels given to the smuggler is *never to enter the house of Bacchus.*

Of satirical songs, we have here an amusing selection. The dialogue between an old rake and a lazy do-nothing concludes by making the end of indolence as wretched as the end of profligacy. "The Sporting Priest" holds up to ridicule the vices of the clergy, which were bolder among the Basques two centuries ago than they are to-day. The honest Pierre de Lancre, in his picture of "the levity of the wicked angels," in the seventeenth century, says that it was not an uncommon thing for priests to go to mass, and to travel through the country, accompanied by three or four pretty girls. In the *Escontzaco Consultacionea*, a bachelor asks his married friends if he ought to take a wife. "On all sides," says he, "I see tears in families. Do I commit any sin in staying as I am? If I take a beauty, I shall have a sluggard. If I take a red-cheeked girl, I shall have a drunkard. If I take a pale face, I shall have a patient. Married men! mourn that you are married. I am too thankful to remain just as I am." It is fair to say that very few instances of this practice have ever been found among the Basques. Celibacy among that people is a rare vice.

In the song "To the Liars," three classes are satirized. *Jaun Mihiluz*, or "Long Tongue," is the born liar, in whom the truth is not, and who is never guilty of telling it; *Tripero* is the cunning scoundrel, who gets his living by inventing stories; and *Bizargor*, or "Red-Beard," is the fellow who pleases all the girls by his false flatteries. "All the young damsels are enchanted with 'Red-Beard.' He (in fact) has seen cities paved with silver and gold. He is the man who has made his Indies (i. e. *his fortune*)."

"The Collier and his Mule" does not paint in very bright colors the lot of the men who carry charcoal to market. The

collier's mule is nothing but a miserable, meagre rack of bones, — weak-eyed, crook-backed, toothless, hardly able to stand alone, lame in all four legs, bringing pestilence into the stable, and making one sick to look at him. "If I were a young girl without a lover," says the bard, "I never would think of marrying a collier; a man who never gets enough to buy a bushel of corn, whose wife and children can never get anything to eat, whose shoes smell of the street-dirt and are always full of holes, whose buttons are too small, and button-holes worn out, whose vest and cap are always ragged, and who does with his money nobody knows what." "Amplé's old Horse," and the "Poor Old Ass," are subjects of similar satire. The poet regrets that he borrowed Amplé's horse, since he could hardly defend himself from the crows and the eagles that clamored to get their prey away from him. The old ass is a still worse bargain. He is not so much an attraction to birds of prey as a scarecrow. "Let 's put him in the field to drive off the birds." In the sprightly song "Against a Tailor," the old proverb is versified as well as it has been by Burns or Goethe, that "clothes do not make the man." In the "Satire of Different Professions," — laborers, shepherds, foresters, vine-dressers, weavers, seamstresses, wool-merchants, hussars and notaries, tax-gatherers and teachers, — all come in for a share of the sarcasm. "When a teacher dies," says the cynic poet, "there is no fear of any lawsuit. All his property was invested in his throat and stomach." "If you want to get rid of your property faster, call in the aid of lawyers."

The vice of drunkenness seems, from the tone of several of these poems, to have been formerly prevalent among the Basque women. One song represents a mother teaching her daughters to drink. Another, very graceful, reminds us, in its movement and structure, of the German song of "The Landlady's Daughter," though the tone of the song is of course very different. Four young girls go together to visit Simon the Innkeeper, and the poet sees them all, glass in hand, as he passes and stops to listen. The first cries, "O sweet wine, you have made me tumble my bonnet." The second adds, "Don't cry about a trifle like that. I should not care if such good

wine should drown me." The third interposes, "Be still; if you don't, all the public will laugh at us." The fourth calls the landlady, asks for wine, and says, "O delightful meeting! let 's not think of anything but our cups."

"The Basques," says M. Michel, "are not in the rear of civilization," if we may judge by the little song of "The Lost Dowry." Three centuries ago, a French essayist dropped the remark, that "in France men marry, not women, but money"; and the remark has passed into a maxim. The Dowry song is very simple and touching.

"Aitac eman daut dotia,
Neuria, neuria, neuria:
Urdeño bat bere cherriekin,
Oilo corroca bere chituekin,
Tipula corda hayekin.

"Oxuac jan daut urdia,
Neuria, neuria, neuria;
Acheriac oilo corroca,
Garratoinac tipula corda:
Adios ene dotia."

"My father to me has given my dowry:
Yes, my dowry! yes, my dowry! yes, my dowry!
A sow and her little pigs,
A hen and her chickens,
And, to crown all, a bunch of onions.

"The wolf has eaten up my sow,
Ah, my sow! ah, my sow! ah, my sow!
The fox my pullet and her brood,
The rats my string of onions.
Good by to my dowry!"

To his full and enthusiastic chapter of selections from the poetry of the Basques, as it is heard to-day in the songs of the people, M. Michel adds a few observations on their musical notation, and closes with extracts from the works of three of the most celebrated of their poets, Bernard d'Echepare, Arnauld Oihenart, and Pierre d'Axular. D'Echepare lived about the middle of the sixteenth century. He was a priest, and devoted his poetic gift to the service of the faith and the Church, yet was not unwilling "to burn incense on the altar of love." His quarto volume of *Primitiae* is about equally divided between pious and amorous verses. Some passages of the Christian half resemble the strains of the *Stabat Mater* and the *Dies Iræ*, while not a few from the other half seem rather to imitate the sensuous warmth of the Pagan idyls. Oihenart, who lived a century later, is better known as an historian than as a poet. In his volume, published at Paris in 1657, the piety comes after the gallantry. His elegies are

judged by M. Michel to be worthy of Tibullus. D'Axular, who lived at nearly the same time, is a writer of a very different order. His composition, though poetical in expression, lacks rhythmic structure, and is simply a moral and religious argument. M. Michel gives an elaborate analysis of the *Gueroco Guero*, a work in sixty chapters on the duty and destiny of man and his relation to God, — a Christian philosophy made practical, and brought within the reach of all classes of minds, — a manual for priests, and a monitor and teacher for Christians in their homes. No single work, according to M. Michel, has done more to elevate and purify the Basque language, and to illustrate its large capacities, than this "Gueroco Guero."

We shall not vex our readers, already over-fatigued, with an abstract of the learned chapter on Basque Bibliography, in which our author chronicles a formidable list of those who have edited, translated, and interpreted the Bible, and published manuals of devotion, catechisms, compends of doctrine, meditations, works on education and philology, from Leiçarraga to his Highness, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. This last-mentioned scholar seems likely to do more for the Basques than any who have gone before him; and if the works on Escuara literature which he has in preparation are ever finished, there will be no need to complain that the language of this obscure people is a barbarous or unknown tongue. It is a language which may not spread, but which will not soon die out. The Basque country is not likely to be invaded by railways at present, and the obstinate antipathy of the people to all innovation will assist them to keep the ancient dialect. It certainly would gain nothing in euphony or in ease of articulation by fusion with either the Spanish or the French. Whether it can be made to take root on American soil, and flourish as an exotic on the pampas of our Southern continent, time alone can show. It would do no harm if it should there supplant the corrupt patois which only by courtesy and custom is entitled to be styled "Castilian."

ART. XI. — 1. *A Commentary on the Original Text of the Acts of the Apostles.* By HORATIO B. HACKETT, D. D., Professor of Biblical Literature in Newton Theological Institution. A New Edition, revised and greatly enlarged. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1858. 8vo. pp. 480.

2. *Biblical Commentary on the New Testament.* By DR. HERMANN OLSHAUSEN, Professor of Theology in the University of Erlangen. Translated from the German for Clark's Foreign and Theological Library. First American Edition, revised after the Fourth German Edition, by A. C. KENDRICK, D. D., Professor of Greek in the University of Rochester. To which is prefixed OLSHAUSEN's *Proof of the Genuineness of the Writings of the New Testament*, translated by DAVID FOSDICK, JR. In 6 vols. 8vo. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1856–1858.

3. *Kritisch Exegetischer Kommentar über das Neue Testament.* Von DR. HEINR. AUG. WILH. MEYER. Abtheilung I.–XV. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht. 1855.

IN the numerous Latin works of the modern German theologians, we are often amused by the festive aspect of the words and phrases which they apply to the most abstruse and knotty questions and discussions, evincing a joyousness of spirit in the unearthing of Hebrew roots and the collation of Syriac synonymes, which we can only admire without hoping to emulate. Thus a commentator will quote a sentence from Gesenius in which an Arabic, a Coptic, and a Chaldee word are married to the Greek or Hebrew word under discussion by Latin copulas, and will pleasantly say of it, *arridet mihi*, "it smiles upon me," while beyond the precincts of a German university it wears an inexorable frown. A dissertation, which taxes and transcends the critical acumen of the ripest American scholar, bears the tripping title of an *excursus*, — a name which we might give to a schoolboy's run at recess. But even this is too grave a designation for frequent use. The more modest writer, who flourishes his virgin blade in defence of some theory too recondite, one would think, ever to be adopted or refuted, christens his trea-

tise a *prolusio*, — a "forth-playing," a game, a piece of fun. There is one title that often meets our eye, — we never saw the book, — which looks absolutely wicked. It is Fischer's *Prolusiones de Vitiis Lexicorum*, — "Sports at the Faults of Lexicons." That the lexicons have numerous faults and untrustworthinesses, has been to us a long-experienced fact too serious for laughter.

But if the witty German made fun of lexicons, what rare sport might not Biblical commentaries have afforded him! We could copy a long list of inconceivable *sottises* committed by critics, whose works no student of the Scriptures can afford to dispense with. Adam Clarke, always profound, and opening a magazine of learning on almost every mooted point, abounds in the grossest solecisms of interpretation. Thus, by a process of reasoning which not one theologian in a hundred has learning enough to verify or to gainsay, he proves the serpent that tempted Eve to have been a monkey. Still more atrocious, not indeed for its erudite absurdity, but for its utter non-appreciation and inconceivable bathos, is his annotation on the impressive words of our Saviour, — "Thinkest thou not that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?" On this verse Clarke sagely remarks: "A legion at different times contained different numbers; 4,200, 5,000, and frequently 6,000 men; and from this saying, taking the latter number, which is the common rate, may we not safely believe that the angels of God amount to more than 72,000?"

We were startled the other day on being asked by a friend, equally intelligent and devout, whether the cock that alarmed Peter was a Levite on duty at the temple, or a Roman sentinel; and were surprised to learn that this alternative, which we supposed had not found its way into sober English, had been named as indicating the only tenable theories, in one of the most deservedly popular of recent American commentaries. In point of fact, it has been gravely maintained by more than one Continental critic, that the only crowing which Peter heard was the knocking on the gate of the temple, by which the Levitical watch called the priests to their morning

duty. The ground of this strange perversion of the only possible sense of the narrative is a passage in an obscure Rabbinical writing, in which it is said, "They do not keep cocks at Jerusalem, upon account of the holy things; nor do the priests keep them throughout the land of Israel." But Lightfoot, who quotes this passage, tells us that there is abundant evidence that this useful fowl was kept at Jerusalem, as well as in other places, and cites the story of a cock which was arraigned before the Sanhedrim for the murder of a child, tried, convicted, sentenced, and stoned to death.

In our list of lapses of common sense which almost exceed belief, we ought not to omit the theory of "the temptation" advocated by the generally rational and judicious Kuinoel and Rosenmüller, and by some half-dozen other critics whose names are less familiar to us; namely, that the devil who tempted Christ was a member of the Jewish Sanhedrim, chosen and deputed for that purpose.

Where commentators have not outraged probability and the laws of language, they have not infrequently ignored patent or easily ascertainable facts in geography, history, and archæology, and substituted for them their own ideas of what ought to be. Thus, because in Deuteronomy certain blessings are appointed to be uttered on Mount Gerizim, and corresponding curses on Mount Ebal, it has been common to represent the former as surpassingly verdant and beautiful, the latter as frightfully sterile and dreary. But Robinson says: "The sides of both these mountains were to our eyes equally naked and sterile. The only exception in favor of Gerizim, so far as we could perceive, is a small ravine coming down opposite the west end of the town, [Nâbulus, the ancient Sychar,] which indeed is full of fountains and trees; in other respects both mountains, as here seen, are desolate, except that a few olive-trees are scattered upon them."

Of all follies perpetrated by Biblical interpreters, the palm, as we think, must be given to the expositions of the miraculous narratives of the Gospels by Paulus, who professes to receive the record in the sense in which the Evangelists wrote it, and takes upon himself the arduous task of so interpreting their language as to make it imply nothing supernatural, —

an enterprise hardly less daring than it would be to demonstrate that two and two are five.

Such specifications as we have now adduced might go very far towards justifying Douglas Jerrold's definition of *commentators*, — "worthy folks who write on books as men with diamonds write on glass, obscuring light with scratches." Yet of these very critics who at times provoke our mirthfulness, there is hardly one whose annotations are not in the majority of instances grave and valuable. And even where we cannot assent to their conclusions, we are often essentially aided in reaching and verifying our own, by having a variety of possible and probable interpretations suggested to us. Between the different significations assigned to a passage, the reader must generally appeal to his own common sense for the ultimate decision; and he who makes this his last resort need not be misguided or bewildered by the sophistry of a mere word-manipulator. At the same time, with the undeniable obscurity that rests on single words and phrases in the Scriptures, we have abundant reason for gratitude that the great truths appertaining to the spiritual world and the fundamental laws of duty are so plainly written that "he may run that readeth," and "the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."

Second to no qualification for a commentator on the Scriptures is acquaintance with the natural laws of composition, and the natural history of books. First-hand works and compilations, original writings and versions, designed history and intended allegory, the reports of eye or ear witnesses and the semi-myths of time-swollen tradition, have respectively their unmistakable literary characteristics; yet what prides itself on being the "higher criticism" of the sacred writings, ignores or confounds these marks of discrimination, and seems to substitute for them the more simple law of casting doubts on the authenticity of each book in proportion to its spiritual and religious worth if true. We make this stricture in sad earnestness; for there are critics, with whom the very grounds which render a document inestimably precious to the Christian believer furnish sufficient internal evidence to counterbalance the strongest array of testimony in its favor.

"I 'spect I grow'd; don't think nobody never made me,"— was Topsy's enlightened theory as to her own origin. Neological criticism passes a similar judgment upon most of the books of the sacred canon. Other books had authors, and were "made" at definite periods of time. The Pentateuch, the prophetical writings, the Gospels, "grow'd," yet not, like Topsy or any other living thing, by assimilation, but by accretion, like a snowball, which, originally no bigger than a walnut, may by dint of rolling become large enough to demand a regiment of boys to move it. These books respectively sprang each from a diminutive nucleus, which gained volume in its passage down successive generations, every transcriber modifying and adding at pleasure, yet, strange to say, making in each instance a composition which, to us unlearned readers, bears a perfectly homogeneous aspect, so that, with no man to guide us, we could never tell which was the original document, and what portions are to be regarded as the deposits of later ages. One great defect of the theory is, that it does not explain how the books stopped growing, or why they have not received the *detritus* of these latter centuries.

Most persons who are interested in the critical questions appertaining to the Bible, believe in the possibility, and rejoice to own the historical fact, of prophecy, miracle, and revelation. If we are prepared on philosophical grounds to occupy this position, then the only questions relate to the internal self-coherency of each individual book, and the amount of external evidence in behalf of its genuineness as the work of its reputed author or age. Its supernatural contents in no wise vitiate or impair this evidence, nor do they require for it proof differing in nature or in degree from that on which we admit the genuineness of other ancient writings. Now a large part of the reasoning of critics of the naturalist school has for its major premise the proposition, "A miracle is incapable of proof." Commentators of this class, then, are of no worth to the Christian student, except as they may occasionally elucidate the meaning of a single word or phrase. Their laws of interpretation preclude their trustworthiness as to the continuous exegesis of writings which are to them mythical or fabulous, while to the religious world they are the reputed record of truth and fact.

Another essential requisite in a commentator is an imagination sufficiently vivid and active to reproduce the circumstances of an unfamiliar age and region. In this, the German critics are, of all schools, the most palpably deficient. They antedate modern philosophies. They suppose the existence in Palestine, in the first century, of precisely the mental conditions which are rife in Germany at the present day. They ascribe to Paul, and James, and Peter, their own "standpoint," and draw from them oracles as to metaphysical and dogmatic subtilties, which could never have found lodgement in an Oriental brain. They presuppose in the sacred writers the dialectic culture and the logical precision which were equally beyond their possible attainment and worthless for the purposes of their sacred mission. At the same time, no critics handle archæology so awkwardly as the Germans in general. They have all the requisite knowledge, and pour it out in the most ample affluence; but they cannot combine and vivify its details, so as to represent the features and spirit of the primitive Eastern life, which glows on every page of the record.

It might seem superfluous to say, had not the need been so often illustrated by the lack, that a commentator needs to appreciate with clear understanding and full sympathy the position and aim of his author. In this regard, English commentators, and especially the most devout among them, have been the most faulty. Some very popular and edifying expositors of the Bible write as if their object was, not to determine in what sense the author, being the man he was and having a specific purpose in view, must have used such and such words, but to press out of them the utmost possible fulness and variety of religious meaning. The "double sense" of prophecy, which involves no intrinsic improbability, is a very slight matter as compared with the dozen or score of equally authentic meanings which Matthew Henry can deduce from a passage, whose literal signification he perhaps wholly overlooks. Then, too, this entire class of interpreters utterly disregard the laws of continuous discourse. Every sentence is an aphorism, a universal proposition, unlimited by what precedes or follows. Nor does it matter whether, in the connec-

tion in which it stands, the sentence is an affirmation, or whether it is a concession for the sake of argument, an hypothesis, an objection cited to be refuted, or a merely rhetorical reference to some opinion or event of the times, the same canon of literal interpretation is applied to it. Thus, to take a strong instance, the book of Ecclesiastes — if not written by Solomon, at least written in his name — derives its entire worth from its autobiographical character, from its being a record of the successive life-experiments which the king of Israel made and repented of, before he reached the "conclusion of the whole matter," so impressively set forth; yet we are acquainted with commentaries in which the repudiated opinions of the jaded sensualist, cited for no other purpose than to be held up for pious scorn, are treated as grave announcements of fundamental religious dogmas under the broad seal of inspiration. In like manner, the technical subtilties which St. Paul adduces only that he may show them in contrast with the beautiful simplicity of Christian truth, have been assumed as the divinely given moulds for Christian thought; and systems of belief, which the Apostle defined only that he might make his rejection of them more explicit and absolute, have furnished the terminology for permanent doctrines of the Church.

Strange to say, when John Locke announced that St. Paul's Epistles ought to be interpreted as actual letters, continuous, coherent, each addressed to a certain person or community, and with a definite end in view, he created a new era in Biblical exegesis. The Scriptures had previously been treated rather as homogeneous materials impressed with certain characteristics of sanctity, than as separate writings, each by its aim and its contents suggesting principles essential to its own interpretation. Locke pointed the way more successfully than he pursued it. He understood very imperfectly the Hellenistic Greek of the New Testament, and at the same time he lacked the sprightliness and vividness of conception and fancy which alone could have enabled him to follow St. Paul in his rapid transitions, his glowing rhetoric, and his arguments, rigidly logical, yet not strung upon one another, but fused as into chain-lightning, and flashing intuitive conviction. The great metaphysician's postulates in criticism have

now become axioms with the higher order of interpreters, and by the use of his method, the "things hard to be understood" in the Pauline Epistles have been reduced in number and in magnitude, until now no ancient writings lie more entirely within the comprehension of the patient and discriminating scholar.

Proof-texts, so called, — the bane of theology, — are the stumbling-block of mediocre critics. It is but seldom that they have the courage (even if they have the requisite discernment) to consider a text of this class in its actual significance, as determined by its position and by analogous statements in the same writing. A proof-text is a verse, or a fragment of a verse, torn by main force from its environments of circumstance, occasion, and context, — from whatever might limit and define it, — and employed as a divinely given aphorism, embodying a logical statement of some essential truth. Such a method of argument as is furnished by these texts is unworthy of being employed, unless one is constrained to measure strength with an antagonist whose limited intelligence makes him mail-proof against the weapons of a more manly warfare. Common sense would not suffer men to treat in this way any book but the Bible; nor would the Bible have ever been thus dealt with, had not the press first mangled it by the arbitrary division into versicles, each versicle a separate paragraph. None can say how many strange heresies would have remained unborn, how many sects would never have seen the light, what rivers of polemic ink might have been spared, had the Bible been printed as other books are, with such divisions only as the sense demands. In point of fact, of two opposite dogmas, that which has the least of Scriptural testimony in its favor is, with many minds, the most likely to find credence. One doctrine may pervade the whole sacred record, may give the undertone to prophecy, precept, and parable, may be expressed or implied in forms too numerous for specification; and in that case it will seem to have no *proof-texts*, because there are none which its advocates could single out as declarative of it, without admitting that it had a less substantial basis than the general voice of Scripture. The opposing dogma may seem to be taught in two, three, or half-a-dozen

texts; and because they stand out in such apparent contrast with the whole face of the record, they are conspicuous, remarkable, emphatic, — they constrain the awe-stricken belief of the superficial or timid inquirer, and blind him to a hundred-fold the amount of conflicting evidence. It is the merit of the truly enlightened and erudite commentator, that he seeks to disenchant his readers of the mere charlatanry of piecemeal criticism, and to present the breadths of meaning that lie in continuous discourses, connected trains of thought, and entire discussions.

From these general, perhaps desultory strictures on the office and province of commentators, we pass to the special consideration of the works named at the head of this article.

Professor Hackett's Commentary is a thoroughly revised and much enlarged edition of a work originally published in 1852. It might, at first thought, have seemed that the Acts of the Apostles less needed the labors of so justly eminent a critic, than any other book of the sacred canon. Certainly the reader of our common English version, to whom many Pauline passages are veiled in impenetrable obscurity, finds in this plain narrative hardly a sentence which does not seem directly and perfectly intelligible. But this book, if it needs less explanation, needs more illustration than any other part of the New Testament. Its story has for its varied scene almost the whole of the then civilized world, and lingers long on not a few spots which are now identified with difficulty, and whose monuments and memorials can be traced out only by the most painstaking research. It exhibits Christianity in collision with Judaism both in its domestic and its Hellenistic forms, with the philosophies and religions of the classic world, with the ruder and more complex types of Paganism in Asia Minor, and with adverse authorities of every description, — imperial, proconsular, military, and pontifical. It is a record of extensive travel by land and sea, involving numerous references to roads, routes, modes of transportation, the construction and management of vessels, and international relations and usages. Were we to employ, as in algebra, the last letters of the alphabet to represent unknown terms, there is hardly a paragraph in the book in which, for a well-educated English

reader, x might not occur more than once. Thus the chief worth of the narrative, in that it exhibits Christianity in its earliest forthputtings as a working force in human society, is entirely lost; for, in order to appreciate the power and excellence of a new spiritual agency, we must of necessity know upon whom, under what environments, and against what resistances it has been set at work.

As regards Paul's biography, which occupies so large a portion of the Acts, we have but a blurred and faded portraiture, if we know nothing of Tarsus, whose natural and social features were phototyped in his character; of Damascus, where his spiritual birth was consummated; of the extent and diversity of the soil subjected to his tilth; of the seas, coasts, and islands made memorable by his voyage and shipwreck. We can well remember in the Scriptural readings of our childhood the unparalleled dulness of that long chapter, bristling with unfamiliar nautical terms and incidents, which closes with the beaching of the ship on the coast of Malta. But now that the whole of the voyage and the catastrophe has been vivified by recent scholarship, so that we can identify every league of the ship's passage, every angle of her course, the successive expedients of the best seamanship of the day, the soundings off the island, the very nook of the beach where the Apostle was cast ashore, the chapter seems to us the most intensely interesting nautical narrative extant. In like manner has fresh life, as of a story of our own time, been poured into the entire history as recorded by St. Luke, so that there is no ancient writing which can place before us a series of so vivid sketches of character and incident, or which we can follow throughout with so sightlike a conception of the events it portrays.

This work, performed admirably by others for single parts of the narrative and personages in it, Professor Hackett has been, so far as we know, the first to accomplish for the entire book. His Commentary leaves nothing to be desired. The Introduction is methodical and exhaustive in its arrangement, and full, explicit, and candid in its details. The Greek text is made, as it must needs be for a critical work, the basis of the annotations. Various readings, where they occur, are

treated with judicial fairness, and the author's theological proclivities are not suffered to derange the balance of authorities, which is struck against the received text in the very instance in which there must have been the strongest inclination to retain it for its dogmatic significance. The verbal criticism throughout is minute, thoroughly digested, and impartial, — more nearly conformed to the best German models than in any other commentary which has yet appeared in England or America. The leading questions of a general character are carefully discussed, with a full statement of theories opposed to the author's; and — what we regard as a great gain on the score of unity and compactness — these discussions, instead of being thrown into separate essays, are incorporated into the body of the work. For the elucidation of the narrative, archæology, geography, and history are taxed to their utmost capacity, and no sources of illustration are suppressed or slighted. The chronology of the book is given in detail in the Introduction, and distinctly indicated in the progress of the Commentary. The author has made faithful use of his ripe classical scholarship, of his keen observation and careful research as a traveller in the East, and of the most recent — by far the most important — critical labors on the Acts, as well as of the earlier standard, but often unsuggestive commentaries.

In our examination of this work, we have been greatly gratified by the everywhere felt, yet unobtrusive influence, of the author's convictions and sentiments as an earnest and devout Christian believer. Strange is it that such a condition of the æsthetic and spiritual nature should not always have been regarded as an essential qualification for the Biblical commentator. No one supposes that mere philology could qualify one to expound the Greek and Latin classics; but he alone can hope to cast added light upon them who is profoundly penetrated with the spirit of the classic lands and ages. Scores of learned English lexicographers and antiquaries have there been, who could no more elicit the sense of a passage in Othello or King Lear, than they could decipher the legend on Dighton Rock; while Shakespeare was scarce more truly born a poet, than Hudson was his born

expositor, as endowed with an intuitive appreciation of the great dramatist's genius. In every department of literature, except that of the Scriptures, congeniality of taste and sentiment is deemed indispensable in an interpreter. Now the Scriptures are not only ancient writings, but religious books. Their sole interest and value hinge on their adaptation to the religious susceptibilities and needs of man. How can they be understood where these susceptibilities are dormant, these needs unfelt? One's religious intuition ought indeed never to bias his decision as a critic; but it may often clarify his discernment, and make him aware of a deeper meaning and a more consummate fitness in the sacred text, than could meet eyes which faith had not opened. This is precisely the aid which in the work before us the believing heart has rendered to the critical judgment. Not in a single instance, as it seems to us, has Professor Hackett distorted the sense of a word or sentence to suit a foregone conclusion; but there is often a clearness, richness, and fulness of illustration, which could result only from an intimate sympathy with the spirit and intent of the record. Nor is his in any sense a preaching commentary, — it contains no "practical observations"; but, even in mere verbal criticism, a truly reverent spirit makes itself felt, as a master-violinist betrays himself in the random touches by which he tests his instrument. Without a word of sanctimonious profession, — without departing, in a single instance, from the severe simplicity of a scholastic commentator writing for scholarly readers, — our author seems never for a moment to forget that he is engaged on themes of the profoundest sanctity and of immeasurable interest.

On one of the chief points of discussion in the Acts, — the (so-called) gift of tongues on the day of Pentecost, — Professor Hackett adheres to the common belief that the power of speaking languages previously unknown was conferred, in opposition to Neander, who regards the miracle of that day as having consisted in the endowment of men previously unskilled and unpractised in public speaking with the power of persuasive, cogent, eloquent utterance in the tongues which they already knew. Neander's arguments seem

to us conclusive, if we could confine our view to the Acts; but in Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians there are some references to "tongues," which it is difficult to interpret otherwise than as denoting "foreign languages." Yet it may be that Paul is writing about something very different from the continuance or renewal of the Pentecostal miracle, and thus that Luke and Paul throw no light upon each other in this matter.

We would gladly follow Professor Hackett in various interesting portions of his Commentary; but, in the brief space now remaining for us, we can do him better justice by quoting one of his notes. It shall be on the phrase rendered "they strake sail," Acts xxvii. 17.

"Χαλάσαντες τὸ σκεῦος, *having lowered the sail.* Σκεῦος is indefinite, and may be applied to almost any of the ship's appurtenances, as sails, masts, anchors, and the like. Many have supposed it to refer here to the mast, or, if there was more than one in this case, to the principal mast; but it would seem to put that supposition out of the question, that according to all probability the masts of the larger sailing ships among the ancients were not movable, like those of the smaller vessels, but were fixed in their position, and would require to be cut away; a mode of removal which the accompanying participle shows could not have been adopted in the present instance. The surprising opinion of some that σκεῦος is the anchor, is contradicted by the following οὕτως ἐφέροντο. Of the other applications of the word, the only one which the circumstances of the ship at this juncture naturally suggest is, that it refers to the sail. It is not certain how we are to take the article here. It leads us to think most directly perhaps of the large, square sail, which was attached to the principal mast. The ancients had vessels with one, two, and three masts. Τό would then point out that sail by way of eminence. The presumption is, that, if the ship carried other sails, as cannot well be doubted, they had taken them down before this; and now, having lowered the only one which they had continued to use, they let the vessel 'scud under bare poles.' This is the general view of the meaning. It would follow from this, that the wind must have changed its direction before they were wrecked on Melita; for some thirteen days elapsed before that event, during which the storm continued to rage; and within that time, had they been constantly driven before a northeast wind, they must have realized their fear of being stranded on the African coast. — But an eastern gale in the Levant, at this season of the year, is apt to be lasting; the

wind maintains itself, though with unequal violence, for a considerable time, in the same quarter. Professor Newman, of the London University, states the following fact in his own experience: 'We sailed from Larnica in Cyprus in a small Neapolitan ship with a Turkish crew, on the 2d of December, 1830. We were bound for Latika, in Syria, — the course almost due east, — but were driven back and forced to take refuge in the port of Famagousta, the ancient Salamis. Here we remained wind-bound for days. Owing to our frequent remonstrances, the captain sailed three times, but was always driven back, and once after encountering very heavy seas and no small danger. It was finally the first of January, if my memory does not deceive me, when we reached the Syrian coast.' It was probably such a gale which Paul's ship encountered, that is, a series of gales from the east, but not a constant hurricane; for the seamen were able to anchor and to let down their boat, and a part of the crew to attempt to escape in it to the shore. If, then, we assume that the wind blew from the same point during the continuance of the storm, we must suppose that they adopted some precaution against being driven upon the African coast, which Luke does not mention, although his narrative may imply it. The only such precaution, according to the opinion of nautical men, which they could have adopted in their circumstances, was to *lie-to*, i. e. turn the head of the vessel as near to the wind as possible, and at the same time keep as much sail spread as they could carry in so severe a gale. For this purpose, they would need the principal sail; and the sail lowered is most likely to have been the sail above it, i. e. the topsail, or *supparum*, as the Romans termed it. By the adoption of these means they would avoid the shore on which they were so fearful of being cast, and drift in the direction of the island on which they were finally wrecked. Τό, according to this supposition, would refer to the sail as definite in the conceptions of the writer, or as presumptively well known to the reader." — pp. 428 – 430.

Olshausen's qualifications as a critic were of a very high order. He was not only a man of vast learning, — that is nothing rare in Germany, — but his learning, unlike that of many of his countrymen, was well digested. A German scholar frequently reminds one of a small vessel with an inordinately heavy deck-load, putting her out of trim, making her a slow sailer, and lumbering up all her hatches and gangways. A man, like a ship, should take in cargo no faster than he can stow it. Olshausen seems to us to have obeyed this maxim, and to have been no less sensible than erudite. He was not so

much a subtile analyst of the sacred text, as a liberal interpreter of its import and spirit. If we may judge of his mental processes from their result, we should say that with him synthesis preceded analysis. Instead of considering the possible or probable meaning of individual words and sentences, he first made himself master of the entire book under his hand, and then interpreted single passages in analogy with the tone and spirit of the whole. On the Gospels, we regard his Commentary as the most suggestive among those within our knowledge. He seems like one who took his place at the very feet of the great Teacher, in order to study his life-record. On the Pauline Epistles, Olshausen will equally commend himself to the confidence of not a few among our readers. A thorough Augustinian in his theology, he evidently came to the investigation of those writings with the antecedent certainty of finding in them all portions of the Augustinian system. The truth or falsity of this system it is beyond our fit province to discuss. We think, however, that Paul's object in his Epistles was not to impart detailed or general knowledge of Christian dogmas, but to solve such problems as had presented themselves in the administration of the Church by the already admitted principles of Christianity. This latter purpose Olshausen, indeed, does not leave out of sight; but in his mind it is evidently subordinated to the former. Whether he has rightly understood Paul's theology or not, he felt the strongest sympathy with the Apostle's character, and had a clear and lofty appreciation of his greatness of intellect and soul, so that his interpretations are never chargeable with shallowness or inadequacy.

Olshausen did not live to complete his work. The Philippians, the Pastoral Epistles, the Catholic Epistles, the Hebrews, and the Apocalypse remained untouched. Ebrard and Wiesinger have continued, and nearly completed, the commentary. The Catholic Epistles alone are unfinished; the commentary on the Apocalypse is as yet untranslated; and the New York publishers promise in due time a seventh volume, to contain these. We have made no examination of Ebrard's part of the continuation. Wiesinger's commentary on the Pastoral Epistles we have read, and we confess that,

while we suppose him less a man of genius, we regard him as a no less sagacious and trustworthy interpreter than Olshausen. On those Epistles we should indeed name him as preferable to any other commentator within our cognizance, and we doubt not that we should say the same of the residue of his critical labors, had we made ourselves acquainted with them.

In the edition before us, Professor Kendrick has himself translated only the Commentary on the Second Epistle to Timothy and that on Philemon. For the rest of the work, he availed himself of previous versions. But throughout the entire six volumes he has made his readers largely his debtors. His notes are few, but eminently seasonable, judicious, erudite, and instructive. There is hardly one of them which we would willingly miss. It is interesting to mark the tokens of the respective nationalities of author and editor, as they are here brought together. So mutually incompatible are the German and the American mind, that the wisest German can hardly fail sometimes to write what an American will deem weak, irrelevant, or absurd; and we have no doubt that a *vice versa* statement is equally true. Now, whenever Olshausen propounds an explanation which (to use those sadly abused terms) is subjective rather than objective in its source, — is drawn from his own idiosyncrasies or his German cast of thought, and not from the obvious intent of Evangelist or Apostle, — the American editor in the most simple and direct style possible indicates the error, and suggests and defends the more tenable interpretation. He has thus shown a very high degree of critical acumen and soundness, which would make us glad to welcome him in some work entirely his own. In closing our brief notice of his labors, we would call the attention of our New England readers to that same University of Rochester. Has it not engaged in its administration an extraordinary amount of learning and talent? There is not a single member of its Faculty, (unless some name has escaped our knowledge,) who has not won and merited in his own department distinguished reputation.

Of Meyer's Commentary we have room to speak but briefly. Its salient points are its comprehensiveness, its philological

accuracy, and its honesty. Wonderfully concise, and employing abbreviations *ad libitum*, it brings together on every point all leading opinions, the reasons for them, and the names of their supporters. It is literally a "Synopsis Criticorum." It contains, with reference to every word that needs to be dwelt upon, all of lexicography that is applicable to it in its position and use. Meyer has also the merit — very rare in a German — of never substituting his own opinions for those of his author. He is far from orthodox — we often wish it were otherwise — in his own notions; but he does not attempt to make the sacred text a party to his heresies. He expounds its words as in his dispassionate judgment he believes them to mean, and then with perfect *naïveté* expresses his own dissent from their meaning. We differ from him as to his views of inspiration and authority; but we want no better help than his in determining what is actually taught in the New Testament; and could we have but a single commentary, we should, for the purpose of critical study, select his in preference to all others. The work, though bearing Meyer's name and sanction throughout, has been performed in part by Lünemann and Huther, and the volume on the Apocalypse has, we believe, not yet appeared, — at least, we have not seen it announced.

Art. XII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The Poetical Works of* James Russell Lowell. Complete in two volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 315, 322.

The poems of Mr. Lowell have a peculiar and specific value, derived partly from their intrinsic merits and partly from the time and circumstances of their composition. To adopt a rather objectionable phrase of vulgar criticism, we regard him, to a certain extent, as the Wordsworth of New England. He began to write at a time when the reformatory agitations of that region had developed among the refined and enlightened classes an unwonted activity and independence of thought. Theories of metaphysics and religion, previously unknown on this side

of the Atlantic, and a more fervent appreciation of the scope of that sentiment of "humanity" underlying and prompting the recent movements of social amelioration, had initiated a convulsion with which our political and religious world still shakes from side to side. Of course, literature could not withstand the contagion, and of all our young poets no one more distinctly received and embodied the new spirit of the age than Mr. Lowell. This, we think, furnishes the key-note and explanation of his poems. An acquaintance with the contemporary events which suggested or affected their composition is as essential to the full enjoyment of them, as a knowledge of the life and times of Wordsworth is to the full understanding of the philosophy of "The Excursion," which grew out of them; and the want of this among ordinary readers may account for the limited popularity of a large portion of the more elaborate efforts of the New England poet. In his poem entitled "Above and Below," for example, there is no inherent obscurity, yet its meaning can be adequately comprehended only by one who is conversant with the school of Antislavery reformers, with whose views Mr. Lowell has in some degree sympathized. It is not every reader who would see in it an expression of the author's inability to concur with, or to reach, their exacting standard of doctrine and conduct. This peculiarity it is which has limited the circle of Mr. Lowell's readers. While other poets, like Bryant and Longfellow, not indeed without great and original merits, have attained reputation by sedulously conforming to the recognized canons of poetical treatment, Lowell has, in some degree, been obliged to create the taste which he would gratify. Notwithstanding his professed and sincere dislike of didactic verse, we cannot help observing in him an ambition to be a teacher as well as a poet, — an ambition to which the more pleasing exercise of his art in ministering to popular delight has been subordinate. The small niceties, — the *quiddling* of versification, — so necessary to artistic perfection, he has postponed for the more important duty of inculcating with energy and effect some paramount doctrine or theory. That he is not unconscious of this may be inferred from the jesting description of himself which he gives in "The Fable for Critics": —

> "There 's Lowell, who 's striving Parnassus to climb
> With a whole bale of *isms* tied together with rhyme.
> He might get on alone, spite of brambles and boulders,
> But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders,
> The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching,
> Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;
> His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
> But he 'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
> And rattle away till he 's old as Methusalem,
> At the head of a march to the next New Jerusalem."

This, however, is by no means a complete view of so versatile a poet as Mr. Lowell. He has of late added but few to the list of his productions, and the additions are not of a character to modify the highest estimate which favoring criticism has pronounced upon his genius. In what other modern poet shall we find a more manly and robust mould of imagination and thought, a more subtile insight, a more intense sympathy with Nature in all her forms, or a soul more alive to those moods and impressions which a close and loving intimacy with nature and humanity can alone create? Where shall we read passages of description more thoroughly interpenetrated with profound sensibility and poetic feeling, than in "Margaret," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and "An Indian Summer Reverie"? What poet has expressed with more homely beauty and directness those sweet and precious, but almost voiceless sentiments and emotions, which have their hiding-place in the innermost chambers of every human heart, than Lowell in "The Shepherd of King Admetus," "The Changeling," "The Forlorn," and many other of his shorter pieces? In what poems is the humane philosophy of the age more nobly comprehended, than in "Prometheus," "Columbus," "Rhœcus," and the odes "To the Past" and "To the Future"? or where with more lyric fire and strength, than in the "Lines on the Annexation of Texas," and "The Present Crisis"? And where can be found so full and genuine a revelation of the wealth of Yankee humor, of the habits of thought, the philanthropic patriotism, the keen wit, and sound common-sense which characterize those sturdy pillars of our republican institutions, the farmers of New England, as in the "Bigelow Papers"?

It would be vain to deny that Lowell has faults. But they are the faults of a sincere, strong, and manly genius, more intent on benefiting his fellow-men than on contributing to their amusement or advancing his reputation among his contemporaries. The mean desire for immediate applause, and the unworthy mania for self-culture, which absorb the mere literary laborer, who employs his gifts solely for selfish purposes, — for his own recreation or profit, — seem to exert no influence on him. Hence the disregard of artistic finish, the crude and clumsy phraseology, and the want of compact and intelligible expression, which occasionally interfere with the reader's enjoyment. Yet, with these drawbacks, we reaffirm the opinion that Mr. Lowell's works have a high, unique, and permanent value, both to the lover of poetry, and to the philosophic student of human progress, and especially of those great movements and theories which distinguish the enlightened New England of the present day, and of which many of these poems are the characteristic outgrowth and exposition.

2. — *Recollections of the last four Popes, and of Rome in their Days.* By H. E. Cardinal Wiseman. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1858. 8vo. pp. 532.

It is just forty years since Cardinal Wiseman was sent to Rome with five companions "to colonize the English College in that city, after it had been desolate and uninhabited during almost the period of a generation." There he resided for twenty-two years, until he was appointed to a high ecclesiastical station in England. His personal recollections of the Papal Court, therefore, extend over the latter part of the Pontificate of Pius VII., the whole of the Pontificates of Leo XII. and Pius VIII., and the early years of Gregory XVI. With each of these Popes he was brought into personal intercourse, and from each he received special favors. To this circumstance probably we must ascribe the very marked Ultramontane tinge which colors his Eminence's pages. It is certainly an edifying spectacle to see how entirely he has divested himself of the prejudices which even an English Catholic might be supposed to entertain; for though he did not happen to be born in England, nor to be descended from an English family, his earliest impressions must have been received under British institutions. But making allowance for opinions which few English or American readers will share, his volume is an acceptable contribution to historical literature, varied and interesting in details, racy in style, and genial in tone. With a thorough acquaintance with his subject and a profound veneration for every wearer of the triple crown, his Eminence unites a keen sense of the ridiculous and a genuine relish for quiet humor, which give vivacity to his picturesque descriptions and lend an added interest to an attractive subject. Nor does he disdain to point his sentences with sarcastic allusions to the real or imagined follies of others.

The four Popes are of course the central figures upon his canvas, and he has lavished all his resources upon the delineation. Their characters are drawn with a reverent touch, — the virtuous traits all brought out in due prominence, and the weaknesses thrown into the shade; their services to the Church and the Roman state are rehearsed with watchful care, — no praiseworthy act forgotten, and no doubtful step or failure to act left undefended; and their public and private lives are made reciprocally to illustrate each other by striking anecdotes drawn from the author's well-stored memory. The section devoted to Pius VII. is the longest, and in some respects the most attractive; principally, however, on account of its chapters upon the art, literature, condition, and public sentiment of Rome in the early

part of this century. But it was for Gregory XVI. that Cardinal Wiseman felt the strongest personal attachment. He had received many favors from that Pontiff when he was known only as Cardinal Capellari and Prefect of the Propaganda. "You must now revise your own proofs," were the first words which the new Pope addressed to his admirer a few days after his accession; "I fear I shall not have much time in future to correct them." The allusion, we are told, was to a little work in Italian which the young foreigner was then printing, and the proof-sheets of which Capellari had undertaken to revise. This friendly act was followed by others, continuing through the whole of Gregory's Pontificate. It is not to the Supreme Pontiffs alone, however, that Cardinal Wiseman introduces his readers. His volume also contains interesting notices of Cardinal Consalvi, the celebrated minister of Pius VII. at the Congress of Vienna, of Cardinal Mezzofanti, universally known for his marvellous philological acquirements, of Cardinal Angelo Mai, the discoverer of Cicero's De Republica and many other lost treasures of classical literature, of the two English Cardinals, Weld and Acton, of Dr. Lingard, the Catholic historian of England, of the brilliant and wayward Abbé de la Mennais, and of many other dignitaries of lesser note.

The volume is enriched by four beautifully engraved portraits. They furnish a curious commentary upon the text, to one who carefully studies the differences of character so strikingly exhibited in them. Rarely have we seen a more remarkable contrast than each portrait presents to all the others.

3.— *The Boscobel Tracts, relating to the Escape of Charles the Second after the Battle of Worcester, and his Subsequent Adventures.* Edited by J. Hughes, Esq., A. M., Author of "Provence and the Rhone." Second Edition. Edinburgh and London: W. Blackwood and Sons. 1857. 8vo. pp. 399.

The first edition of this work was published many years ago, at the suggestion of Bishop Copleston, who rightly regarded the escape of Charles the Second after the battle of Worcester as one of the most romantic incidents in English history, and who thought that a collection of documents illustrative of that event would be an acceptable and useful contribution to historical literature. He accordingly in 1827 addressed a letter to Mr. Hughes, expressing a strong desire "that some one, qualified both by education and taste for such a task, would undertake to sift all the historical materials relating to it which

can be collected, and draw out a complete circumstantial narrative, digested in exact order of time, from the day of the battle to the day of the king's landing in France." The suggestion was favorably received; and subsequently the principal part of the volume before us was published. But the new edition is enriched, especially by the insertion of a considerable number of illustrative notes, which were inscribed by the late Reverend Richard H. Barham, author of the Ingoldsby Legends, in an interleaved copy of the first edition belonging to Bishop Copleston. The book opens with a diary of nearly eighty pages, compiled by the editor upon the plan originally recommended, and very clearly describing the events of that anxious period during which Charles was a pitiable fugitive in the midst of unceasing perils. Following this we have the account of the king's flight given by Lord Clarendon; a letter written after the battle of Worcester by a prisoner at Chester, and first printed in the Clarendon State Papers; the account given by the king himself to Mr. Pepys; and the two parts of Boscobel, — a well-known narrative of the same events, which has been commonly ascribed to Thomas Blount, a Catholic gentleman of Hereford. In regard to the substantial accuracy of this narrative, we are not aware that any difference of opinion exists; but the right of Mr. Blount to be regarded as its author has been disputed upon pretty strong grounds. Mr. Hughes, however, raises no question in regard to its authorship. The remaining documents in the volume are Whitgreave's narrative; Ellesdon's letter to Lord Clarendon; and the Claustrum Regale Reseratum, which contains simply an account of the king's concealment at Trent House. The Appendix furnishes several genealogical tables prepared by Mr. Barham. It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that the papers in this volume are of very unequal value; but all are interesting to the student of history. The volume is illustrated by a small map of Charles's wanderings, and several engravings. Among them are two views of Boscobel House, and views of Moseley Hall and Trent House.

---

4. — *Sermons, preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late* Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M. A., *the Incumbent.* Second Series. From the Fourth London Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858. 12mo. pp. 342.

This volume fully confirms the favorable opinion which we have heretofore expressed concerning the first series of Mr. Robertson's Sermons. It does not, indeed, contain any discourse equal in brilliancy

and power to the three Advent Lectures in the previous volume. But with this exception the sermons are equal, if not superior, to those already published. They have the same fervor and eloquence of expression, the same clearness and force of statement, the same freshness, and the same breadth and liberality of tone; and if they were all that remained of Mr. Robertson's labors, they would still be sufficient to place him in the front rank of modern English preachers. The discourses entitled "Christ's Judgment respecting Inheritance," "Worldliness," "The Glory of the Virgin Mother," and "The Irreparable Past," in particular, are admirable illustrations of the power with which he seized and unfolded the truths he wished to impress upon his hearers. He was never content with the mere commonplaces of religion and theology; but he always sought to penetrate to the essential verities which lie behind them. "Let us look a little more closely into this subject," is a phrase of not infrequent occurrence in his sermons, which shows exactly the method of all his investigations in the domain of spiritual things. And this desire to deal directly with the central truths of religion, as well as with the real wants and weaknesses of men, is seen, not only in the topics which he discusses, but also in the whole structure of his sermons.

The American edition is prefaced by a brief and well-written Memoir of Mr. Robertson, reprinted from an Edinburgh periodical, tracing the outlines of his biography, and affording fresh illustration of his power as a preacher, and of his salutary influence in social life.

We are pleased to notice that the publishers announce a reprint of the third series of sermons, which we have already read with much satisfaction in the English edition, a fourth series consisting of sermons and expository notes upon some books of the Old Testament, and a volume of lectures, addresses, and other miscellaneous remains. The whole will form a most valuable addition to our religious literature.

---

5. — *The Life and Times of Dante.* By R. DE VERICOUR, Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the Queen's University, Ireland, &c. London: J. F. Hope. 1858. 12mo. pp. 398.

THE position which Dante holds in Italian literature is curiously illustrated by the list of recent editions of the *Divina Commedia*, and commentaries upon it, which M. de Vericour gives in the Appendix to this volume. Under the first title he enumerates forty editions in the original, published since the commencement of the century; and under the second, he places a catalogue of eighty-three "commentaries, documents, and researches published in Italian," within the same period.

From this great mass of materials, and from his own researches while he was resident in Italy, he has prepared the volume before us, which embodies all the results of modern criticism, in a form designed for popular use. It opens with an elaborate survey of the state of Italy before the time of Dante, and at the period of his birth. Thence it passes to a minute sketch of the poet's stormy career, and of the tumultuous period in which his lot was cast. Following this we have an excellent analysis of the *Divina Commedia*, covering nearly a hundred pages. The volume closes with a general estimate of the poem and of Dante's genius. Here, as in other parts of the work, our author falls into the common fault of biographers, and exaggerates the merits of the great Italian poet, both in comparison with other poets, and when tried by an ideal standard. Great as is our admiration of Dante, we can by no means assent to some of M. de Vericour's critical opinions. But without entering upon a discussion of these points, we may express our surprise at the apparent preference which he gives to the Paradiso over the Inferno and the Purgatorio. "The Paradiso," he tells us, "with its strange beauties, its streams of light, and its myriads of gems and dazzling stars, displays the poet's genius in its zenith." So far is this from being true, that we think few persons can read the Paradiso, after having read the two preceding parts, without feeling a sense of disappointment. Indeed, M. de Vericour admits that it is very little read out of Italy; but, strangely enough, he ascribes this neglect to theological prejudices, — as though Protestants were more easily reconciled to Dante's revelations of Hell and Purgatory than they are to his pictures of Heaven.

It is only simple justice to say, that M. de Vericour's volume is a work of much real learning and ability, and that it will prove a useful introduction to the study of Dante. But it must be added that his style is very bad. He has little command of the resources of our language. Solecisms are frequent; and his sentences are often painfully stiff and formal. Grave grammatical blunders also occur, which might easily have been removed with a little care on the part of the author or the proof-reader.

---

6. — *Sermons for the New Life.* By HORACE BUSHNELL. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858. 12mo. pp. 456.

IT is the peculiar charm of some authors, and one that gains for them the public regard, that their pleasing personal characteristics are visibly embodied in their writings. The pulsations of their own lives throb in their pages. The pattern of their mental and moral structure gives a charm to their words, as drapery on the graceful wearer is a

very different thing from the same drapery upon a lifeless show-block. This is indeed a standard prerogative of genius. It is hardly possible for it to act at all, and not thus manifest the life behind the form, while form is all that the imitator manifests; and what the limb is in beauty, power, and value, compared with the garment adapted to it, that is the genius, the originator, compared with the copyist and imitator.

Among our foremost authors, some invest themselves in all that they do, and so double their power to engage public attention, by uniting the interest felt in themselves as persons, and in their works as learned or excellent. Others in the same departments of literary labor are so far apart from their productions, so invisible through or behind them, that no true portrait of what they are could be drawn from what they have written.

The very contradictions, doublings, and contrasts in the opinions of an author, are often largely explained by knowing the structure of his mind. He does himself and his readers a signal kindness, when he reveals himself in just measure through his work. We think that the volume before us happily — at least for the author — does this, and it needs to be done, before the true position of the book, in relation either to his reputation, or to the common sentiment for which he writes, can be fairly determined. We must adjust a position before the measuring-line can be put upon the work. To stand on the ground where we commonly stand for that purpose, will not serve here. The book is in some respects unlike the author's former books, unlike the popular convictions to which it is addressed, and, indeed, unlike itself. A strong, uniform, persistent character does not pervade it. But in original forms of thought, that highest order of originality, which comes more from nice elaboration than from wayward spontaneity, it is surpassingly rich. Another generation will peruse it as a book that has life in it, — the double life of its author and of vital truth.

Few books bear so many marks of minute carefulness. Each word in each sentence seems to have been thoroughly tested before it was adopted. We praise this feature of the book. It complies with the essential law of human excellence. It honestly pays the price exacted for all true bread, — "the sweat of thy brow." Twenty-three sermons, joined under the title "Sermons for the New Life," compose the volume. We infer that they are designed for the times, — intended to swim upon the tide of the general religious feeling which characterizes our day. So far as the book is an utterance of theological faith, it will be generally regarded as more nearly in accordance with Scripture, and with the common Christian consciousness, than some of Dr. Bushnell's previous writings. But the great charm of the discourses to us is the

intensely vigorous and earnest spiritual life which inhabits each of them, from the caption to the last sentence.

---

7. — *The Works of* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *the Plays edited from the Folio of* MDCXXIII., *with Various Readings from all the Editions and all the Commentators, Notes, Introductory Remarks, an Historical Sketch of the Text, an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama, a Memoir of the Poet, and an Essay upon his Genius.* By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1858. Post 8vo.

MR. WEBSTER was once asked if the legal profession was not overstocked. He replied that the lobbies, indeed, were much crowded, but that there was plenty of room up stairs. This remark is true of the editions of Shakespeare. While almost all possess some peculiar merit, few have as yet mounted into the upper story. The crowd in the lobbies, however, only shows how much need there is that the work be well done. When, therefore, it was announced that Mr. White, already eminent in Shakespearian scholarship, had undertaken to edit anew the works of Shakespeare, much interest was excited among literary men. An editor so learned, judicious, faithful, and competent, and publishers whose literary integrity suffers them to spare no pains to do the best work in the best way, augured that success which the first instalment seems to promise for the completed work.

The primary condition, on which the whole value of any edition of a classical book depends, is the purity of the text. In this respect, probably, Mr. White's Shakespeare will have no superior. The folio of 1623, edited, seven years after Shakespeare's death, by Heminge and Condell, his fellow-actors and friends, is the highest authority for a good text. For nearly half of the whole number of plays, this folio affords, not only the most authentic, but also the most ancient reading. The other plays were separately printed in quarto before the publication of the folio. The quarto editions, however, possess little authority, since we have no reason to believe that Shakespeare himself had anything to do with their issue. Collier maintains even that Shakespeare in no instance authorized the publication of any of his plays, not even of the Hamlet of 1604. Although the quartos are wretchedly corrupt, Shakespeare seems to have been wholly indifferent as to their fate, and not even to have endeavored to restore them to their normal condition. There was no attempt at accuracy till the publication of the folio of 1623. Mr. White, therefore, wisely adheres to the text of the folio

of 1623 in all cases, except where that is manifestly corrupt or defective, in which cases he gives the original reading in his notes, while he corrects the error in the page. The notes are well chosen, and show first-hand study, as well as judicious research and selection. They are generally brief, pointed, and not controversial. They follow each play; and the pages of text, therefore, are free from the disfiguration of foot-notes and references. This arrangement, though apparently a trifle, adds much to the beauty of the volume. The introductory matter is excellent and valuable.

The famous Chiswick edition was issued in 1826. Had its literary equalled its typographical execution, Mr. White's edition would be needless. It has long been out of print, and its text was far from good. Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co., however, rival even that celebrated issue in its own peculiar province of beauty of type and paper, while the small size of the volumes will adapt them for easy transportation, no less than for home use.

---

8. — *The New York Pulpit in the Revival of* 1858. *A Memorial Volume of Sermons.* New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 395.

It is noticeable of every great religious movement, that all good interests in society get their share of blessing from it. Quickening forces arise in it, which travel to the remotest forms of human condition, carrying one or another kind of benefits with them. Much as a renovating subsidy at the root is felt shortly at the topmost twig, so an infusion of genuine religious impulse finds its way through all the ramifications of that huge growth, — society. This volume of sermons, — one from each of twenty-five gifted preachers, — on a somewhat novel plan of blending many voices and minds under the guidance of one common impulse, supplies an unusual illustration of the above truth. Here it comes, — a fresh and shining wave on the sea of literature, raised and sent on its way by what is termed the great revival. As galleries of portraits and groups of life-sketches of persons eminent in a given period, or from their personal part in a signal era, are both a convenience and a curiosity, so a group of such discourses from men of differing forms of faith and modes of worship is an essential help to those who would look through results to their causes and producers. This claims to be a "memorial volume," but it very usefully serves the inquisitiveness of the world outside of, and remote from, that great impulse-centre whence it comes, concerning the marvellous movement. What was done, by whom, and how, are queries this volume helps to answer.

The theological qualities of this book concern us less than its place among the forms and forces of the literature of the day. Is it likely to touch the public taste in its better sensibilities? Will it abate the perilous hankering for extravagant fiction and unheard-of incident? Does a book of this stamp really come at the call of a purer and higher longing than has possessed the reading public for years past? We trust it does. We are glad that so many men, with such wide-spread personal affinities, agree in proposing such a use of the public confidence in them. That is one good fruit of the revival.

Then, too, we welcome it as an improvement in the common pulpit style of our day, which has been confessedly faulty, compared with the talent found in the pulpit. There is here an urgent, vigorous use of words, which is the reverse of the technical and prosy style so often charged upon modern sermons.

The pulpit does much toward forming the public taste, in the use of words and modes of speech. We think that, if these discourses were chosen as models, they would be largely beneficial in this regard. Some of them, and some sentences in all, seem in the old classic sense *winged.* It starts a man's intellect barely to read them, whether he believes them or not.

Probably few contributions to our current literature are made with so much indifference to the mere literature they are to illustrate, and just in this *nonchalant* tone, this daring to forget form and phrase in the ardor of their main pursuit, consists much of their charm. The fervor of spirit and gush of impulse common to them all, lift the authors over many minor faults and graver errors to which a less animated action would expose them.

We hail, too, this *fraternity* of names and of labors, as at least a temporary triumph over the distorting and unloving denominational enclosures in which most of these authors dwell. It evidently does them good to get out, or to get over, their ecclesiastical fences, and to walk awhile side by side like Christian men, on the great common ground of love to their race. They feel better, they look better, for doing this. It is a genuine advance in what we esteem a better style of Christianity than that of the too common gyve and tether. As religious acrimonies are the bitterest, and ecclesiastical scruples the most sensitive, which men feel, we welcome this more catholic manifestation as a godsend for the peace and welfare of society. It wins all men to love one another, when the ministers of religion join hands in a common impulse of goodwill to them. To such a service we trust that this publication is mainly devoted, and it will thus be a wide and deep channel for the beneficial influences of this anomalous religious awakening, to reach the thirsty ridges of the moral world.

9. — *Jean Calas et sa Famille. Étude Historique d'après les Documents originaux, suivie des Dépêches du C^te^ de Saint Florentin, Ministre, Secrétaire d'État, et d'autres Fonctionnaires Publics, et des Lettres de la Sœur A. G. Fraisse, de la Visitation à Mademoiselle Anne Calas.* Par ATH. COQUEREL Fils, Pasteur Suffragant de l'Église Reformée de Paris. Paris: Joël Cherbuliez. 1858. 12mo. pp. 542.

THE history of John Calas and his family, scarcely known to American readers, makes one of the most tragic and suggestive passages in the record of French persecutions. It is too painful to yield enjoyment; and M. Coquerel feels called upon to apologize for the elaborate work in which he has brought it before the public. The accidental possession of several important pieces of documentary evidence seemed to compel him, for the full vindication of one whom the general sentiment had long ago acquitted, to establish the innocence of Calas upon a firm and incontrovertible foundation. This he has done in a most masterly manner, bringing to bear upon the investigation at once a judicial fairness and a legal acuteness, leaving aside all passion, and never allowing sympathy with the martyr to make him intolerant of the deluded persecutors. As a logical disquisition, we have never seen any work of special church history which surpasses this volume. It discusses and exhausts the subject, and henceforth it will be impossible for any candid mind to doubt that the merchant of Toulouse was judicially murdered. The minuteness of the narrative is in another respect ingenious, in mitigating the repulsiveness of the story. It is much less painful, if told so much at length, with so many incidental details, than if it were told concisely. M. Coquerel's consummate taste, which has appeared in all his other works, didactic, critical, and artistic, appears also here. In this particular, the son wears the mantle of the father.

The story of John Calas, in brief, is as follows. Born in 1698, in Languedoc, of a Protestant family, married to an English lady of French descent, in the year 1761 he was living as a merchant of foreign stuffs in Toulouse, with a family consisting of five sons, two daughters, and an old maid-servant. His means were moderate, his character was exemplary, and only his religion made him unpopular in that fanatical city. Most of the family were Protestants; the oldest son, Mark Antony Calas, was violently so, and no inducement could win him to the Catholic faith, though every art was tried. He was more bitter against the Church of Rome, the more he was urged to join it. His character was not praiseworthy; and his careless, dissipated, unstable habits, while they did not weaken his father's love, precluded

his father's confidence. The second son, John Peter, was a decent, but very commonplace man. The third son, Louis, had become a Catholic, converted partly by the influence of the Catholic servant-girl. Of the two daughters, one was quite an ordinary person, but the other, Anne, the flower of the family, manifested from first to last in the troubles of her household a strong and superior nature. The youngest son was an apprentice at Nismes at the time of the catastrophe, and did not share in its distresses. His spirit was noble, and through interest in him Voltaire became the sympathetic defender of the accused victim.

On the evening of October 13, 1761, about half past eight o'clock, the oldest son of this family, Mark Antony, was found hanging at the door of the shop. The discovery was not made until it was too late to allow of resuscitation. The cries of the family alarmed the passers-by, brought a crowd around the house, and excited public sympathy. This sympathy was turned to horror, when a report arose, no one could tell how, that the young man had been murdered by his father and brother, with the connivance of his mother and sisters, and of a young man by the name of Lavaysse, who happened to be supping with the family on that evening, to prevent his joining the Catholic Church. The family were at once arrested and thrown into prison, no heed being paid to their protestations of innocence; and the body of the dead man was paraded through the streets as that of a martyr, and was interred with the greatest pomp and ceremony, the "white penitents" and the Dominicans taking the lead in the funeral service. Public clamor pressed an immediate trial. Abundant evidence was furnished that the young man had never been inclined to the Roman Church, and many facts were produced which went to prove that his death was that of a suicide. But nothing could avail. All the multiplied proofs that the father had never constrained his son's inclinations, but had loved him only too fondly, all that friends could do or say for him, could not save him from the doom which the fanaticism of the rabble had decreed. The trial was a mockery of justice. The forms of law were violated, calumnies the most gross and outrageous were allowed to be heard, and the innocent father, the only color for whose condemnation was his mistaken care to save the honor of his household by concealing the manner of his son's death, was sentenced to be broken on the wheel, and was so executed on the 9th of March, 1762. Of his thirteen judges, only one voted for acquittal. Eight of them voted for immediate and disgraceful death. John Peter, the second son, whose hand was supposed to have committed the murder, was condemned to perpetual banishment from France. The daughters were sent to a convent.

The widow of Calas, released from custody, did not cease to exert herself to procure the reversal of the sentence, and the restoration of the confiscated estate to herself and her children. After long and patient effort, she was able, mainly through the aid of Voltaire, to bring the case before the court and king at Paris. Several of the first lawyers in France, among them Elie de Beaumont, lent their aid, and a royal decree changed the sentence, and declared the innocence of the unfortunate family. A compensation of thirty thousand livres was granted them. No punishment, however, was appointed for their unjust judges, nor did the interference of the king reverse the common opinion in Toulouse concerning the tragedy. While all other Frenchmen were convinced that a judicial murder had here been perpetrated, the Catholics of Toulouse continued to regard John Calas as the vilest of criminals, and his suicide son as a blessed martyr.

Perhaps the most curious feature in M. Coquerel's work is his long catalogue of the "Bibliography of the Calas Tragedy." He enumerates one hundred and two different books and pamphlets which have treated this subject more or less fully, among them many plays and poems in the English, German, and Dutch languages, as well as in the French. A list of eleven engravings, representing scenes connected with the Calas family, is also given.

10.— *Œuvres Posthumes de* BÉRANGER. *Dernières Chansons* 1834 *à* 1851. *Ma Biographie, avec un Appendice et un grand Nombre de Notes de Béranger sur ses Anciennes Chansons.* Paris: Perrotin. 1858. 8vo petit. pp. 568.

We know not where to find so much charming wit and wisdom in so small a compass as in this diamond edition of the last works of Béranger. It is a gem of mechanical execution, both in paper and type. It is small enough to be carried in the pocket, yet it is full enough to give a just idea of the most national of all French poets, and the most lovely of all French literary men, of the present century. The outline portrait prefixed to the volume indicates the character of the man, his honesty, his integrity, his easy disposition, his negligent habit, his loving heart, his thoughtful observation. It shows him as he might have appeared when meditating a song or a kindness. And it accords closely with the spirit of the autobiography. Some have professed disappointment with this, because it is so chary of anecdote and gossip; because there are so few revelations of the secrets, social and political, which the poet of the people must have known, and so few criticisms of noted

men and women with whom he came in contact. They had supposed that, after Béranger's departure, the stores of his journals and letters would open a mass of facts which in life his kindly temper suppressed. But they have found that he has said nothing more from "beyond his tomb," than he said on this side of it. He has not imitated Chateaubriand in gratifying curiosity by posthumous revelations, of which in life he was not willing to meet the responsibility. His posthumous biography is true to the spirit of the man. He tells all about himself that he thinks ought to be known, all that will help to explain his acts and illustrate his character, and nothing about others that can hurt the feelings of friends, or show him as an enemy, a censor, or a cynic. Clearness, frankness, and good humor are the characteristics (and, in our view, the signal merits) of Béranger's personal narrative. If it tells only what was known before, it tells this in an authentic and natural way, and in a style of inimitable grace, as much superior to the "Confessions" of Lamartine as the lyrics of the patriot are superior to the effusions of the sentimentalist. The biography does not include the latter years of Béranger's life. It bears the date of 1840. To supply the deficiency, we have the poet's later songs, in which the force of his life adequately shows itself. These songs, the work of age, bear no mark of declining power. They are as fresh and bright as the stanzas which animated the people in the days of the First Empire and the Restoration. Their spirit is the same, their fire is the same. Nearly a hundred are given, besides fragments of others contained in the biography.

Not the least valuable part of this rich volume is the Appendix, containing Béranger's correspondence with some of the French notables, particularly with Lamennais and Chateaubriand. These letters show his true, brave, and incorruptible spirit. Some fifty pages of "notes," too, drawn up by the poet's own hand, are added, explaining the occasion and meaning of the songs published by him before 1825. More than one suspicion is removed, and more than one pet theory exploded, by these instructive notes.

---

11. — *Les Squatters, — La Clairière du Bois des Hogues.* Par Gabriel Ferry. Paris. 1858. 12mo. pp. 259.

"Gabriel Ferry" is the *nom de plume* of Count Louis de Bellemare, who bears a name already celebrated in French literature, and needs no fictitious designation to give popularity to his writings. In the volume which we notice there are two stories. One of these,

"The Glade in the Forest of Hogues," is chiefly remarkable for its finished and chaste style, and the familiarity which it shows with the less known antiquities of France. The other is a story which will be very attractive to American readers, for the pictures of life which it gives in the backwoods of Virginia, on the Ohio and Mississippi steamers, on the prairies, and at the mines of California. Following a fine description of San Francisco and its bay, the story opens with the voyage of a young Frenchman from Havre, by way of New Orleans and the rivers, to take possession of a claim of five hundred acres of land in Western Virginia, which had been pledged to him as security for a friendly loan. After several experiences, which are graphically told, the village of Guyandot is reached, and the new immigrant learns for the first time the broad difference between "owning a claim" and possessing the land. He finds the original word "squatter" practically illustrated on his own domain, and discovers that, before he can live there, he must win his place by desperate fighting. Fortunately, on the very night before the morning when the fight is to take place, a newspaper comes into the squatter's cabin, which tells about California and its gold, and makes the squatter now as eager to leave his unlawful home as he was before obstinately determined to hold it. The combat is relinquished, the squatter and his family set off at once, and the Frenchman takes solemn and solitary possession of his broad territory. But the bright eyes of the squatter's daughter disturb his dreams, and he finds that the free life of a Virginian landholder is too grandly dull. In a few weeks, he is following the family, bound, though with a different motive, to the same Western Colchis and Pactolus. He joins a caravan at St. Louis, meets with various adventures on the prairies, and finally overtakes the family of his squatter friend in season to make common cause with them in the mining district, and to protect them from the dangers which he had discovered to be impending over them. He does not succeed, however, in preventing a murder and its terrible vengeance, and he comes away in the end disgusted, without marrying the damsel who had allured him to such scenes of barbarity. The story is not sufficiently complete to satisfy practised novel-readers, and it does not come out exactly right. But as a series of American sketches, not too highly colored, yet strongly enough drawn to make them distinct, it shows great ability. The brilliant writer, who in the current numbers of the Revue des Deux Mondes is showing up the gravities and gayeties of Kentucky life, may have more wit; but his description cannot be considered as much better than amusing extravaganza. Gabriel Ferry's statements are veracious, in his account both of customs and of charac-

ter. The scenes, the acts, and the men are all genuine. Hunting the buffalo and tracking the bear are as truly described as the lying in wait for the Mexican thief or the stern execution of Lynch Law. The story ought to be translated.

---

12. — *Republic of the West. Order and Progress. The Catechism of Positivism; or, Summary Exposition of the Universal Religion. In Thirteen Systematic Conversations between a Woman and a Priest of Humanity.* By AUGUSTE COMTE. Translated from the French. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: John Chapman. 1858. 16mo. pp. 428.

As an exact reasoner and a demonstrator of facts, Comte is entitled to rank with the greatest minds of this century. In his larger works, the extent of his knowledge and the ability of his criticism seemed almost to excuse his repulsive theories. But in this condensed catechism the worthlessness and folly of his system appear in bold relief. There is no beauty in this substitute for faith and for society, which he so confidently offers. There is no charm in this abstract humanity, which he presents to us in the stead of a God, — in this *subjective,* unconscious immortality, which he sets in the place of the Christian doctrine of spiritual life, — in this exaltation of feminine sentiment above masculine thought. Very few who read this "Catechism of Positive Philosophy" will accept its doctrine, even if they understand its positions and its teaching. Comte labors to make his scheme seem rational, as well as any abstract reasoner can; but he will hardly persuade men of sound mind that such a scheme is desirable, if it were possible; or possible, if it were desirable. The reorganization of society which he proposes, is too exclusively scientific to have any show of practicability; and his book, therefore, can be regarded only as a curious specimen of misdirected human ingenuity. It cannot be treated with contempt; for its tone is earnest, sincere, and charitable. Its moral standard is not low, though it is far enough from being Christian. In the disinterestedness of its maxims, teaching that the great end of man is to live for his fellow-men, there is a sort of sublimity, which the details of the scheme unfortunately destroy. The grandeur of the thought is quite lost, when all its proportions are drawn out with mathematical exactness, and when all mystic elements, all individual freedom and spontaneity, are so carefully eliminated. The Catalogue of the Positivist Library, for instance, utterly loses dignity when one learns that it contains just one hundred and fifty volumes, in four departments, thirty in Poetry, thirty

in Science, sixty in History, and thirty in Synthesis. The Positivist Calendar, with its five hundred and fifty-six names of great men, suggests the question, whether these exhaust the list of those who are entitled to regulate the days of the year. The table is very ingeniously arranged, but on the whole the old names of the days and months are to be preferred. We must own, however, that Comte has made a catholic selection, and has impartially distributed his posthumous honors, and his tables may be studied as an excellent mnemonic exercise.

But apart from the unsatisfactory impression left by its theorizing, this Catechism of Comte has worth in awakening thought. It tells truth about many systems that exist, and gives hints of work which may be carried out without forsaking existing institutions. The chapter on "The General History of Religion" is very valuable. Few more candid observers have written upon the progess of society and the past work of man than Auguste Comte, atheist as he was called, and atheist as he professed to be.

13.— *Quackery Unmasked, or a Consideration of the most Prominent Empirical Schemes of the Present Time, with an Enumeration of some of the Causes which contribute to their Support.* By DANIEL KING, M.D. Boston. Printed by David Clapp. 1858. 12mo. pp. 334.

IT does not fall within our province to discuss the opinions of this volume. Without taking sides for or against the various forms of empirical medicine upon which Dr. King makes so vigorous an onslaught, we may fairly speak with high praise of the literary merits of his book. It is well worth the reading even of those who may not agree with its conclusions. The author is not a zealot nor a bigot, not a blind conservative in the science of medicine, but a clear-sighted, fair-minded man, who is ready to try novelties honestly, and to judge them by the tests of logic, experiment, and common sense. He has reasons to give for rejecting the prevalent "improved" methods; and no homœopathist can complain that Hahnemann and his school are condemned without a hearing. Their own approved documents are used in the decision of their claims, and not any loose charges of prejudiced opponents. In his anxiety to make thorough work, Dr. King, in fact, quotes much more largely from the homœopathic manuals than is necessary for his argument. In discussing homœopathy, — for this is the scheme to which most of his attention is given, — he deals with the radical maxim, *Similia*

similibus curantur, and the analogies used to sustain it, and attempts to show that these analogies fail in a very important respect, that they prove a great deal too much, and that they are more than balanced by analogies of an opposite kind. He then tries to reduce to an absurdity the theory of the power of infinitely small doses, and contends that in actual practice homœopathic doctors are compelled to forsake that theory. He discusses also the connection of homœopathy with *theology*, — a subject which we do not remember to have seen treated by any previous writer. He asserts that the system, on the continent of Europe where it originated, if not in England and America, is in process of rapid and sure decline, and is regarded by scientific men as fallacious. Though Dr. King uses strong and clear language in speaking of the system which he cannot receive, and points out its weaknesses with a hearty good-will, he does not use vituperation, and keeps his temper well.

The single chapter on Hydropathy, the water and the hunger cure, opens with a fanciful and appropriate paragraph, which leaves us to think that the author has a vein of poetry in him which he might work if he chose. The chapter is, throughout, so entertaining, that it seems too short. In succeeding chapters the subjects of Thomsonianism, Female Physicians, Indian Doctors, Eclecticism, Chrono-Thermalism, and Natural Bone-Setters are handled, and summarily disposed of. With the possible exception of the chapter on Female Physicians, the author's remarks on these subjects will gain the assent of all intelligent men. Dr. King does not object to the employment of women in some departments of medical practice, particularly in the diseases incident to their own sex; but he contends that they are by constitution, and by laws of intrinsic propriety, not adapted to the various labors of the physician's calling. He would have them remain useful assistants to regular physicians, rather than assume the duty of principals.

The last third part of the volume abounds in valuable observations. The titles of its chapters — The Press, Female Influence, Professional Discord, Clerical Influence, Vagrant Quacks, Nostrum Recommendations, Allopathy, The Low Standard of Professional Acquirement, The Insufficiency of Medicine — indicate the variety and interest of the thoughts which are suggested. Dr. King justly refers the great success of empirical schemes to the willingness of the press — not the secular only, but the religious as well — to circulate their advertisements and puffs. He does not, as we think, exaggerate the influence of the clerical profession in their patronage of quacks and nostrums; and we heartily sympathize in the complaint of the regular medical profession, who work with the clergy and for them so freely, that the

clergy so often directly work against them and in favor of pretenders. Great injustice is done, when clergymen lend the sanction of their names to patent medicines, or in any way go out of their sphere to uphold one or another form of irregular medical practice.

This book of Dr. King, carefully prepared as it is, deserves a larger notice than we are here able to give it. It will doubtless be reviewed by competent hands in the medical journals of the country. It is a book which those who agree with its views ought to assist in circulating, and it is able enough to need a strong man on the homœopathic side to answer it. Good taste is rarely violated in its composition, and it is impossible for any man to write more earnestly, or to state his case more clearly. The Preface is modest, and makes for the volume an apology which it does not need.

---

14. — *The Day after To-morrow; or Fata Morgana: containing the Opinions of* Mr. Sergeant Mallet, *M. P. for Boldborough, on the Future State of the British Nation, and of the Human Race.* Edited by William De Tyne, of the Inner Temple. London: G. Routledge & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 431.

An odd book with an odd title is The Day after To-morrow. The tediousness of its first chapters, and the intolerable vexation of its fragmentary sentences, are a serious drawback upon the pleasure of studying its pages. It is necessary to get used to the manner of Mr. Sergeant Mallet, before one can either understand his meaning or enjoy his wisdom. But when you have reconciled yourself to the expression, you will find the material to be good. The accessories to the monologue — soldiers, sportsmen, chaplain, and dogs — are of no use whatever. They only annoy us by their presence. The substance of the volume is a series of discourses, fantastically put together, on the World's Workshop, — Government by Representatives, — the House of Commons, — the House of Lords, — the Throne, — the Press, — the Church, — the Metropolis, — Foreign States, — the Inner Life, — the Public Service, — and India, — the whole concluded by a Picture of the Earth as seen from the Moon. In these several discourses there are a great many noble sentiments and striking thoughts, with not a little that is affected, obscure, and trifling. Mr. Sergeant Mallet is too ambitious in his dialect, and imagines that by dressing up commonplaces in a semi-transcendental verbiage, he can make them profound and original utterances. Most of his observations are true; but a great deal that he enunciates as new truth is old truth. The ablest discourses are

those on "The Church" and "The Inner Life"; but there are very few pages in the book in which some bright word is not said. Hundreds of aphorisms and proverbs might be borrowed from it. The good Sergeant evidently wants to be considered as a cynic, and has taken Carlyle for a model so far as he has taken any model. But his nature is genial, his tone is healthy, and it is evident that fault-finding is not his real vocation. His scolding is forced, while his praise is frank and spontaneous. He sees a great many defects in the existing institutions of England; but there is nothing, after all, which he would have radically changed. Government by King, Lords, and Commons, on the whole, is best, though the King may be a powerless puppet, the Lords a poor shadow of the ancient aristocracy, and the Commons an assembly of factions. Even in the union of church and state the Sergeant is in some sort a believer.

The most remarkable thing about the book is its exuberance of fancies and comparisons. It seems impossible for the author to say anything simply or in common words. There is a perpetual glitter and confusion of metaphorical speech, which first bewilders, then amazes, and at last fascinates the reader. And between these metaphors there is usually no near connection. A half-dozen very diverse forms of expressing the same idea will occur in a single paragraph. Such a passage as the following, from the discourse on the Church, is a fair specimen of the Sergeant's style.

"The controversy of sword and word for three hundred years should have taught many lessons. The vast volcanic European earthquake, with its spouted fountains of fire and of mud, should be spent. The lava, the ashes, and the water should alike be cold. It broke the bands of the great Church dome, and the iron still lies in the ground. Happily, Christianity can exist in almost any form and under any difficulties. Otherwise it must have been dead as Druidism. Have men learned at last that the combats of the centuries have often resembled that of the two knights, who in their mutual defeat discovered that the figure had two sides and two colors? — or that of Tancred against his betrothed? — or that of the Greeks at Troy for the dead corpse? — or of the raging bulls against the rags? — or of the last of the knights against the windmills? — or of Ajax against the sheep? If they have not learned this, then the happy hour is not yet come. Let them have another round or two and then finish the bottle."

The discourse on "The Throne" is as full of wit as a sermon of Dr. South, and as full of learning as a homily of Jeremy Taylor. Some of the fun sounds rather irreverent.

"You must keep now," says the Sergeant, "this pageant of royalty out of sight, for fear of open laughter, lest much familiarity should beget contempt.

When royalty is shown in public it is done hastily, as if it were still under age, or in a hopeless state of sickness. It travels at express speed on the railways. Hence the elaborate machinery of court usages for keeping out the impertinent crowd. In America, it will rush in and slap the President on his back in his own house. Here the mob is as large, but it must be in grand costume. The weaker the sceptre, the stronger must be the chamberlain's stick to beat back the rabble."

---

15. — *Church and Congregation: a Plea for their Unity.* By C. A. Bartol. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858. 16mo. pp. 336.

The title of this book sufficiently defines its scope and aim. It undoubtedly is the long and deep reproach and guilt of Christendom, that multitudes, who so far acknowledge the Divine mission and authority of the Saviour as to be the supporters and constant attendants of Christian worship, should refuse compliance with his dying request, and turn away from the festival that commemorates his love; that barriers of a merely conventional character should exclude or deter from that service any who could bring to it grateful hearts; and that the children of the Church should grow up and enter active life as aliens from it rather than as its members. This condition of things every right-minded Christian regrets, and would gladly reverse. But the question remains open, whether the communion-service would receive a larger number of sincere participants than it now has, were it made no longer a separate service, but a part of the order of worship for the whole congregation. That a rite so tenderly significant should become an unmeaning form, to be observed with no more seriousness of purpose than that with which many take their seats in the house of worship, none could wish. But that it should be observed by all who could make it the expression and the nutriment of sincere religious feeling is, we doubt not, the desire of enlightened Christians of every denomination; and this, as we understand, is the object which Mr. Bartol would further in the book now before us. He regards the observance of the rite in the presence of the entire congregation, and with no recognized discrimination between communicants and non-communicants, as the best mode of effecting this end. We are strongly moved, yet not convinced, by his arguments. It is a question which prolonged experiment alone can determine; and the experiment could be made under no better auspices than his. To be fairly tried, it must be conducted under ministrations which present only the highest standard of Christian character, and which preserve the sacramental prestige of the commemorative rite inviolate. But whether the book

produce conviction or not, it cannot fail to impress, instruct, and edify its readers. If it seeks to obliterate the distinction between the Church and the world, it is not by secularizing the Church, but by sanctifying the world. Its aim is not to tread down, but to enlarge and enrich the sanctuary. It is the expression of a noble endeavor to level upward the entire realm of home, business, society, and state. It would reverse the sacrilege of the Jewish traders, and make the house of merchandise our Father's house. Its successive chapters are unsurpassed in the outflow of glowing, fervent, pathetic, persuasive Christian eloquence, in the sublime portraiture of the Saviour's love, in the exhibition of the scope, claims, and bonds of human brotherhood, and in earnest pleadings for the highest form of religious self-consecration. Without artifice or effort, the author's thought runs often into an almost lyric mould, and spreads itself into an anthem or canticle of sweet and touching melody, now plaintive, now jubilant. If the work does not multiply converts to the author's method of administration, it can hardly fail in numerous individual instances to effect his purpose, by awakening devout thought and holy resolution, and bringing to the altar those who else might have remained in the congregation, yet not of the Church.

16.—*Essays in Biography and Criticism.* By PETER BAYNE, M. A. Second Series. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 392.

THERE is no need of our repeating the eulogy, which we put on record on the appearance of Mr. Bayne's earlier volumes. He is still a young man, and in this volume we feel that his is, and we trust will long continue to be, a culminating fame. With no diminution of his previous merits, we discern here, as we think, less exuberance of ornamental rhetoric, more careful discrimination, and a more systematic arrangement of thought. His essay on Kingsley strikes us as a masterpiece of appreciative criticism. That on Macaulay has no less of truth and eloquence, though the subject demands less of *chiaro 'scuro* delineation. That on Coleridge seems to us eminently just and adequate. The closing paper is an able, elaborate, and successful defence of Hugh Miller's "Testimony of the Rocks" against the attack upon it in the North British Review. The Essays in the volume are eleven in number, all on subjects of enduring interest, and no one of them can fail to add to the author's permanent reputation. We are glad to find a preliminary notice of the author's personal history, from which it

appears that his mind was formed under the influence of Sir William Hamilton. Of Carlyle he writes: "The influence exerted by him upon my style and modes of thought is as powerful as my mind was capable of receiving; yet my dissent from his opinions is thorough and total."

---

17. — ΥΠΕΡΙΔΟΥ ΛΟΓΟΣ ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΣ. *The Funeral Oration of Hyperides over Leosthenes and his Comrades in the Lamian War. The Fragments of the Greek Text now first edited from a Papyrus in the British Museum. With Notes and an Introduction, and an Engraved Fac-simile of the whole Papyrus; to which are added the Fragments of the Oration cited by Ancient Writers.* By CHURCHILL BABINGTON, B.D., F.L.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1858. Folio. pp. 31. Columns of Lith. Engraving, 14.

WHEN the article on Hyperides — by Dr. Schmitz of Edinburgh — in Smith's Dictionary was written, there were known to exist, of the seventy-seven orations attributed to Hyperides, only a few fragments, most of them in the form of quotations. Since that time no less than four of his orations have been discovered on papyrus at Thebes. Most important of these, in its historical bearing, is his Oration against Demosthenes, whose intimate friend he had long been and was subsequently, but whose public accuser, in connection with the corruption of many prominent citizens of Athens by Harpalus, he became, either by an appointment which he could not evade, by the impulse of a patriotism stronger than friendship, or in order to save the accused from harsher treatment at other hands. Of all these orations Mr. Babington has been the editor. The one now before us was found "broken into many fragments, which were loose and in disorder." There was later writing on the back, which was of important aid in arranging the fragments. The editor has succeeded in uniting the largest portion of the manuscript into a continuous discourse, — not, however, without numerous *breaks;* for old papyrus crumbles under the very touch. These breaks are supplied hypothetically in the modernized text which accompanies the fac-simile. The opening sentence of the oration is preserved in "three fragments which precisely fit into each other." The close is wanting in this copy; but, fortunately, it has come down to us in that wonderful miscellany of Stobæus, whose "elegant extracts" have preserved with his own name specimens of some hundreds of writers else unknown. Mr. Babington judges from the orator's

promise of brevity at the outset, and from the topics successively treated, that the Thebes papyrus and the extract of Stobæus furnish very nearly the whole oration. The death of Leosthenes under the walls of Lamia occurred in 323 B. C., and his interment with his comrades in the Cerameicus the following year. The copy now published cannot be less than seventeen, and may be twenty, centuries old.

This oration justifies the traditional fame of Hyperides. It is strongly Demosthenean in its style, nor could it well have been otherwise; for there was but one tone of thought and sentiment which could then find voice in the public eloquence of Athens, and the prince of orators no less surely was formed by his age than he gave lustre to it. He was but the prolocutor of his fellow-patriots; he but poured forth in burning words, in measured cadence, and with unequalled energy of utterance, the passions that glowed in a myriad of souls; and it was only as other orators could give forceful expression to the same passions, that they could obtain the public ear. In all exciting political eras there is this sameness in the topics and the tone of popular oratory, because the orator at such a period, whatever creative powers he may possess, can employ them, not to invent or shape the materials of his discourse, but only to intensify the thoughts of which he is made the spokesman.

---

18. — *A Few Verses for a Few Friends.* Boston. 1858. 16mo. pp. 78.

We know not whether usage sanctions the public expression of our thanks for an unpublished book; but this is so charming a little volume, that we do not like to let its appearance pass unchronicled. It is a collection of poems, partly reprinted, partly new, by the man, not of "few," but of many "friends," James T. Fields, to whose judgment, taste, skill, enterprise, and generosity as a publisher, the American literary world is indebted to a larger amount, in more various directions, and in more numerous ways, than could be easily or briefly set forth. This book itself, apart from its contents, is a poem. In paper, type, edging, and ornament, — in all the variable details of mechanical execution, — it vindicates its title to be termed a work of high art. The poems it contains are gems well worthy their setting, — pure thought, genial feeling, tender remembrance, and lambent fancy, in natural measures and easy rhythm, — such poems as always win a higher fame than they seek, and are best appreciated by those whose verdict is of the most significant import.

19. — *Poems by* GEORGE P. MORRIS. With Illustrations by WEIR and DARLEY. Engraved by American Artists. Fourth Edition. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858. 8vo. pp. 365.

THE successful lyric poet has it in his power to be among the greatest benefactors of his own and coming ages. What men sing, strikes deeper into the soul than what they read. Blessings then be on the song-writer, who marries rhythm, rhyme, and melody to none but pure thought and generous feeling. This merit richly belongs to Mr. Morris. He has written odes and songs for a wide diversity of occasions, temperaments, and modes of feeling, from grave to gay, without ever pandering to a low taste, or giving voice to an unworthy sentiment. The popularity of his lyrics is the surest testimony to their poetic worth. No verse that is not at once sweet in sound, and imaginative in sense, — no verse that falls below a somewhat exclusive definition of true poetry, — can float smoothly and gracefully on a well-woven melody, or take strong hold on the hearts of a people. There are some of the songs in this collection that are heard through the land, and cannot but live for generations; for they touch the universal heart. Mr. Morris has an easy command of rhythm and metre. His verses are music to the ear, as well as poetry to the inward sense. They are not such verses as feebly suit existing melodies, but such as would of themselves inspire and reward the musical composer, and could not fail to prescribe and enforce at his hand, each its appropriate style of treatment. They commonly seize on the one central idea of the occasion or theme, give perfect unity to its expression, and group around it just those subsidiary thoughts that render it more emphatic. Though many of the pieces in this volume are not songs, there are hardly any of them that might not be sung. They are all short, yet without being fragmentary. They are miscellaneous and unconnected, except that the last sixty pages are occupied by "The Maid of Saxony," a brilliant and successful opera, in which the songs are bound together by a thread of spirited dialogue in prose. The volume contains not a few pieces that are familiar to every ear, such as "Woodman, spare that tree," and "Near the lake where drooped the willow." Among those that are new to us, though perhaps well known to many of our readers, we quote the following, inscribed "The Evergreen."

"Love cannot be the aloe-tree,
Whose bloom but once is seen;
Go search the grove — the tree of love
Is sure the evergreen:

For that 's the same, in leaf or frame,
'Neath cold or sunny skies;
You take the ground its roots have bound,
Or it, transplanted, dies!

"That love thus shoots, and firmly roots
In woman's heart, we see;
Through smiles and tears in after-years
It grows a fadeless tree.
The tree of love, all trees above,
For ever may be seen,
In summer's bloom or winter's gloom,
A hardy evergreen."—p. 136.

It seems to us that there is as much of true poetry as of pious sentiment in these "Lines on the Burial of Mrs. Mary L. Ward."

"The knell was tolled — the requiem sung,
The solemn burial-service read;
And tributes from the heart and tongue
Were rendered to the dead.

"The dead? — Religion answers, 'No!
She is not dead — she cannot die!
A Christian left this vale of woe! —
An angel lives on high!'

"The earth upon her coffin-lid
Sounded a hollow, harsh adieu!
The mound arose, and she was hid
For ever from the view!

"For ever? — Drearily the thought
Passed, like an ice-bolt, through the brain;
When Faith the recollection brought
That we shall meet again.

"The mourners wound their silent way
Adown the mountain's gentle slope,
Which, basking in the smile of May,
Looked cheerfully as hope.

"As hope? — What hope? — That boundless One
God in His love and mercy gave;
Which brightens, with salvation's sun,
The darkness of the grave."—pp. 219, 220.

20. — *History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vol. VII. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 435.

WE hope in our next number to make this volume the text of an extended article, and shall therefore notice it now with the utmost brevity. It comprises the most eventful period of our history, that from May, 1774, to the termination of the Bunker Hill battle, or from the time when altered relations with the mother country were inevitable, to the conflict which, not indeed as our fathers saw, but as we see, made separation from her certain. The painstaking minuteness of detail involved in transactions that have left such copious materials for history, would have made almost any other writer dull; in Mr. Bancroft it has only repressed the tendency to an oratorical style, without impairing the vividness of his portraiture or checking the vivacity of his narrative. Of course, in times that have bequeathed to us their favoritisms and animosities, there is room for dissent from some of the historian's views as to the relative importance of different agencies in the common cause, and such dissent, so far as we find ground for it, we reserve the liberty of expressing and defending.

---

21. — *History of the Origin, Formation, and Adoption of the Constitution of the United States; with Notices of its Principal Framers.* By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. Vol. II. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. 8vo. pp. 653.

THE contributor who has promised to review this work is now absent from the country, and we await his return for an adequate exhibition of its merits. Meanwhile we would say, that in fulness and explicitness of detail, clearness of method, impartiality of statement, and the pervading spirit of reverence and love for the Constitution and the Union, Mr. Curtis has equalled the highest expectations of his friends and the demands of the theme. His History must take its place among the standard works in its department; and while it will be read with unflagging interest, its copious index fits it to be a permanent reference-book as to the whole ground that it covers. In these days of latitudinarian construction, we cannot overestimate the importance of easy access to the fountains of our fundamental law, and those fountains lie beyond and above the Constitution itself, in the *animus* of its founders, as expressed in their debates, claims, concessions, and compromises.

22. — *Wyoming; its History, Stirring Incidents, and Romantic Adventures.* By GEORGE PECK, D. D. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 432.

THE unsurpassed beauty of the Wyoming valley, the savage outrages by the combined British and Indian forces of which it was the theatre in the war of the Revolution, the subsequent controversy waged so fiercely for its jurisdiction between Connecticut and Pennsylvania, and its recent transformation by the opening of its mineral treasures, render its history eventful and exciting. In the book before us, this history is given with an ample array of documentary evidence, and that on both sides where there is conflicting testimony. The residue of the volume is occupied with personal sketches and narratives, some of them generally interesting from the strongly marked character of the persons described, and the uniqueness of their adventures and experiences, all of them of local value, as embodying in an authentic form such traditions as attach men to their soil, and such memories of the fathers as sustain an honest ambition in the children. The work is well and lovingly wrought, in an easy and unambitious style, and evidently with a conscientious regard to truth and fact. The numerous illustrations, though not of a high order of art, are of well-chosen subjects, and seldom fail to convey a clear idea of the scenes and countenances they portray.

---

23. — *History of Eastern Vermont, from its Earliest Settlement to the Close of the Eighteenth Century. With a Biographical Chapter and Appendixes.* By BENJAMIN H. HALL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 799.

SO rife from the very first has been the spirit of freedom among the New England people, and so large was the authority conceded to, or usurped by, their local organizations, that every section, county, and village possesses ample materials for a more copious history than could be written of a great nation, bound together by the constriction of arbitrary power, and made to move ever as one body under a single controlling will. The early and lengthened conflict of jurisdiction between New York and New Hampshire, as regards the largest part of what is now Vermont, tended to make it peculiarly a region of fierce strife, bitter feuds, and often of open violence, whether under or against the forms of law. Such discipline no doubt developed in the Vermont character the hardihood and energy which, under more peaceful auspices and

with culture of a higher order, now lend their strength to every cause of freedom, humanity, and progress, and have given the State an enviable reputation for political firmness and uprightness, — a reputation which must have its sources in scattered villages and isolated farm-houses. The ponderous volume before us is full of exciting incident, and of the play of such passions and the exercise of such virtues as on an extended theatre produce world-famous conspirators, traitors, heroes, and patriots. The author sustains himself throughout with unflagging spirit, and his book will be read with unwearying interest. Not the least engaging portion of the work is an extended biographical chapter, which records all that tradition has transmitted of some thirty or forty of the chief citizens of Eastern Vermont during the last century, with autographs and portraits where they could be procured. Among these sketches we have read with peculiar interest quite a full biography of Royall Tyler, who had few equals, no superiors, among the wits of his day, — a more marked distinction, probably, than he possessed either at the bar or on the bench.

---

24. — *Old New York: or, Reminiscences of the Past Sixty Years. Being an Enlarged and Revised Edition of the Anniversary Discourse delivered before the New York Historical Society, November* 17, 1857. By JOHN W. FRANCIS, M. D., LL. D. New York: Charles Roe. 1858. 12mo. pp. 384.

FEW authors or books can afford to dispense with method; here, however, we have a book, which is altogether the more racy and attractive for the lack of method. In every attribute but that of dulness Dr. Francis is a Nestor among the literary and cultivated men of New York. For the last sixty years intimately conversant with the leading personages of the city, with large sympathies, with extensive social connections, a public-spirited citizen, a judicious philanthropist, a recognized friend of letters and the arts, an honored member of an influential profession, a cultivator of science, — now, in old age, clinging indeed to what is good in the past, but with a hospitable mind and heart for all that is better in the present, and with a hopefulness made wise, but not weak, by experience, — he is the very man we need to throw the shuttle between the former times and our own. On the inauguration of the new and beautiful building erected for the New York Historical Society, he was the orator of the day. In preparing for this duty, he wrote out his remembrances of New York as it was sixty years ago, of the processes of change and growth by which from the seaport of a State it has be-

come the metropolis of a continent, of the men of the last century, and of those of the two intervening generations who are no longer among the living. This volume was the result; the Discourse as actually delivered can have comprised but a small part of it. Dr. Francis writes as he might have told the story in successive sittings, bound by no prearranged order, but letting each name or topic suggest that which succeeds. The style is colloquial, by which we do not mean *slipshod*, but unartificial, — the style in which one may talk, who adds to the fluent speech that is the gift and grace of nature the culture of a scholar and a gentleman. A large part of the narrative is necessarily personal; and here we have perpetual reason to admire the author's kind, genial, tolerant spirit, his liberal standard of judgment, his reluctance to censure, and readiness to approve and praise. Not that he lacks keen discrimination; on the other hand, his friendly coloring marks differences as broad as are often designated by the extremes of light and shadow; but moral delinquencies alone provoke his censure, — diversities of taste, sect, opinion, party, in no wise detract from his estimate of men's worth, ability, or usefulness. In fine, he presents the attractive spectacle of one to whom many years have brought their ripe maturity of wisdom, and conferred all that can make the aged venerable, without chilling a single generous sentiment, or clouding in the least the sunshine that hung over him "sixty years" ago.

---

25. — *Life of John Fitch, the Inventor of the Steamboat.* By Thompson Westcott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 415.

This is an interesting, but a very painful biography. That John Fitch made successful experiments in steam-navigation twenty-one years before Fulton's boat on the Hudson astonished the world, is beyond a doubt; but that his discovery was thrown aside and almost forgotten, was, we cannot help believing, because he had not the moral endowments requisite to inspire confidence. As regards pecuniary matters he was rigidly upright, and this is no mean praise; but with that exception there seems to have been in his character no one trait which could be admired. A renegade husband and father, an Ishmaelite in society, bristling with porcupine individualities, an inveterate complainer, with growing years sinking into beastly sottishness,* and

* His biographer says, "It is believed he was not a drunkard"; but Hon. Robert Wickliffe writes, that he saw two instruments, by each of which Fitch conveyed one hundred and fifty acres of land to the tavern-keeper with whom he boarded at

at length terminating life by deliberate suicide, it cannot be a subject of surprise that, in an undertaking which demanded strong associated effort, he should have found little and brief sympathy and furtherance. The book will well reward perusal; for many of his personal adventures are stranger than most fiction, while the details with reference to the early history of steam-navigation are copious, and bear all the marks of diligent and thorough research.

26.—*Rome: its Churches, its Charities, and its Schools.* By the Rev. William H. Nelligan, LL.D., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin; Member of the Archæological Society of Great Britain. New York: Edward Dunigan and Brother. 1858. 12mo. pp. 452.

Rome has more than one aspect; yet in books of travel we commonly see but one. The pious Protestant, if he have at the same time classic culture, bends with reverence over the dust and rubbish heaps which are all that remains of Pagan Rome; confesses the vastness, but doubts the symmetry, of St. Peter's; finds the ecclesiastics mercenary and dissipated, the people wretched, society almost disintegrated, enterprise effete, intelligence dead. To all this there must be a reversed side. Nay, in full proportion to the unexaggerated truth of what Protestants allege as to Rome, there must needs be somewhere in the body politic a counterpoise of strength, beauty, and purity; else decomposition and the last stages of decay had long ago been passed. That counterpoise exists precisely where no Protestant can see it, in those portions of the life of the Church which are the least open to the world's eye. The Roman Catholic from abroad, on the other hand, seeks out first of all the highest forms of ecclesiastical worth and devotion among the living, while canonized memories consecrate for him every church and altar, and make the very dust of the city holy ground. It was with such feelings that Dr. Nelligan visited Rome. The result is before us, and we regard it not only as deeply interesting, but as of very high value in its æsthetic and its moral bearings. We have descriptions of churches by one who is impressed by the spiritual glory that hangs over them, and of ceremonies by one to whom they are not an unmeaning mockery, but the felt symbols and pledges of things spiritual and divine. We have several chapters on the charities of Rome, with a fair specification of the

---

Bardstown, Kentucky, and among the conditions of each was the allowance to Fitch of a pint of whiskey a day. The second conveyance was made, because the pint covenanted in the first was not enough. The quart a day, we think, will justify the terms we have used above.

reasons "why they have not been recorded." The details under this head certainly show Rome second to no city upon earth in the number, variety, and affluence of its institutions and agencies for the relief of want and suffering. Our author gives us nearly as favorable a view of the state and institutions of education; he describes the penitentiary system as not only improved in discipline, but as connected with wise plans and faithful endeavors for the reformation and higher life of the criminals; and he shows us that beyond a doubt there is, on the part of numerous bodies of ecclesiastics, (and these would of course be the least apt to fall in the way of foreign heretics,) a very earnest religious zeal, manifested equally in their devotional habits and in their labors for the true welfare of their community. We hope that this book will be generally read, both because it tells much concerning Rome which we are not likely to learn elsewhere, and because it does needed and merited justice to the influence and power of our common Christianity under what we deem the superstitions and falsities of the dominant Church.

---

27. — *Italian Legends and Sketches.* By J. W. CUMMINGS, D. D., of New York. New York: Edward Dunigan and Brother. 1858. 12mo. pp. 275.

THIS book is a miscellany, in prose and verse, containing in part descriptions of things as they are, in part popular legends recast in the author's own imagination, and revivified by his rich and active fancy. They will be read with interest, the rather because, like the last-named book, they occupy ground with which Protestants have no first-hand familiarity; and they will confer valuable assistance in acquiring a better knowledge of Italy, and a more candid and veracious estimate of what the Roman Church is, essays, and does in her own peculiar domicile.

---

28. — *Appletons' Cyclopædia of Drawing, designed as a Text-Book for the Mechanic, Architect, Engineer, and Surveyor, comprising Geometrical Projection, Mechanical, Architectural, and Topographical Drawing, Perspective, and Isometry.* Edited by W. E. WORTHEN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 410. Plates 102.

THIS is a great and important work of its kind. Commencing with the modes, instruments, and canons of simple geometrical projection, it

describes the methods of delineating structures of every description, and enters into the details of every department of the art of drawing, as practised by the mechanic, machinist, architect, surveyor, and topographer. Yet more, it enters into the scientific principles involved in the exercise of these various professions, the strength and disposition of materials, the laws and postulates of machinery, the styles of architecture, the details of architectural arrangement and construction, the forms of specifications for masons and builders, and the theory of perspective. The plates, and the still more numerous wood-cuts, are executed in the highest style of art, and the volume is one of surpassing beauty no less than of essential utility. The publishers, in their series of Dictionaries and Cyclopædias, have shown their liberal and forecasting enterprise in issuing such works as cannot be easily superseded, but must hold the first place, till the unanticipated discoveries and improvements of coming generations shall set them aside.

---

29. — *History of the Inductive Sciences, from the Earliest to the Present Time.* By WILLIAM WHEWELL, D. D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Third Edition, with Additions. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 566, 648.

MANY of our readers have long been familiar with this most thorough and comprehensive of scientific histories, and with its companion treatise, "The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," which finds the matrices and germs of these sciences in the native structure, laws of thought, intuitive conceptions, and innate ideas of the human mind. The "History" ought to be read by every one who would acquire a systematic knowledge of the progress of the race; while the "Philosophy" might demand for its comprehension habits of abstract thought and metaphysical research. We rejoice in this republication. It is worth scores of cheap and superficial compends. It will enlighten, where they only confuse and bewilder. It will impart solid knowledge, of which they give only the glimmerings and fragments. It should have its place in every library worthy of the name.

Note to Article II.

The Thames Tunnel was not constructed, as erroneously stated in the article on Stephenson, by the present Brunel, but by his father, Marc Isambard Brunel. The son was assistant engineer in the work, but is in no wise accountable for miscalculation as to its cost or its prospective income.

Note to Article V.

The benefactions of the Brown family to the Andover Theological Seminary were stated in the text of the article considerably below their actual amount. We have received the following note from Rev. Mr. Taylor, the author of the Memoir of Judge Phillips: —

"Moses Brown gave $10,000 to begin with, as one of the associate founders, then $1,000 to the library, then $25,000 to endow a distinct professorship. Mrs. Brown gave at one time $300 toward furnishing Phillips Hall, and some other small sums. Mrs. Hale gave $4,000 to provide a house for the Brown Professorship, and has lately subscribed $1,000 more in order to help increase the salary."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

A Sermon addressed to the Second Presbyterian Congregation, Albany, Sunday Afternoon, May 9, 1858, on Occasion of the Death of the Hon. Archibald McIntyre. By William B. Sprague, D. D. Albany. 1858.

The Reaction of a Revival upon Religion. A Sermon preached before the Convention of the Congregationalist Ministers of Massachusetts, on Thursday, May 27, 1858, at the Church in Brattle Square, Boston. By George E. Ellis. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858.

A Discourse on the Revival, delivered in the Universalist Church, Portsmouth, N. H., on Sunday, April 18th, 1858. By A. J. Patterson. Portsmouth. 1858.

Permanent Realities of Religion, and the Present Religious Interest. A Sermon. By F. D. Huntington, D. D., Preacher to the University at Cambridge. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858.

A Discourse on the Life and Character of Rev. Joseph C. Smith. Delivered in the Channing Congregational Church, Newton, Sunday, March 28, 1858. By Henry A. Miles. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858.

Inspiration of the Bible. Integrity of Genesis. A Sermon: [with some Allusion to Arguments by Rev. E. M. Wheelock, of the Unitarian Church in Dover, on the Book of Genesis, with Reasons for Dissent therefrom.] Delivered in the Universalist Church in Dover, by Rev. T. J. Greenwood, April 18, 1858. Dover. 1858.

A Discourse, delivered on the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of the Church of the Epiphany, New York, January 10, 1858. By the Rector and First Pastor, Rev. Lot Jones, A. M. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1858.

Truths for the Times. No. 1. The Reasonableness of Future, Endless Punishment. — No. 2. Instantaneous Conversion, and its Connection with Piety. — No. 3. Justification and its Consequences. Addressed to Inquirers and Young Converts. By Nehemiah Adams, D. D., Pastor of the Essex Street Church, Boston. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858.

Forty-first Annual Report of the American Colonization Society, with the Proceedings of the Board of Directors and of the Society: January 19, 1858. Washington. 1858.

The Social Evil practically considered. A Paper read at a Meeting of the Lay and Clerical Union. By James Charles Whittehorne, Esq., B. A., of the Middle Temple. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, & Hunt. 1858.

Harp of the West; a Poem, in Five Parts. By Hiram A. Reid. Davenport: Luse, Lane, & Co. 1858.

The Southern Platform: or, Manual of Southern Sentiment on the Subject of Slavery. By Daniel R. Goodloe. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1858.

Letters to the President, on the Foreign and Domestic Policy of the Union, and its Effects, as exhibited in the Condition of the People and the State. By H. C. Carey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 171.

Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, at the Semiannual Meeting, held in Boston, April 28, 1858. Boston. 1858.

The Purgatory of Prisoners: or an Intermediate Stage between the Prison and the Public; being some Account of the Practical Working of the new System of Penal Reformation introduced by the Board of Directors of Convict Prisons in Ireland. By the Rev. Orby Shipley, M. A., Deacon in the Diocese of Oxford. London: Joseph Masters. 1857. 8vo. pp. 150.

Fifth Pastoral Report of Trinity Church, Pottsville, comprising the Ecclesiastical Year from Advent, 1856, to Advent, 1857, by the Rector. Pottsville. 1858.

Report of the Ministry at Large, in Charlestown, April, 1858. By Rev. O. C. Everett. Charlestown. 1858.

Private and Confidential Circular on Government Matters. The Lecompton Crisis. Grand Mass Meeting at Tammany Hall, Thursday evening, March 4th, 1858, to strengthen the President; called by Stewart Brown, Henry Grinnell, William Whitlock, Jr., and 3100 others. 1858.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the Managers of the State Lunatic Asylum. Transmitted to the Senate, February 7, 1858. Albany. 1858.

The Future Life: an Examination of its Conditions from the New Testament. By J. P. Blanchard. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858.

The Ninth Annual Report of the Ministry at Large, in the City of Roxbury. Roxbury. 1858.

"Honor to the Illustrious Dead." A Lecture in Behalf of the Mount Vernon Association, delivered in the State Capitol, Nashville, Wednesday, Dec. 4, 1857. By Richard Owen, M. D., Professor in the University of Nashville. Nashville. 1857.

The Fossil Plants of the Coal Measures of the United States, with Descriptions of the New Species in the Cabinet of the Pottsville Scientific Association. Read before the Pottsville Scientific Association, and ordered to be published, February 13th, 1858. Pottsville. 1858.

Opening Ode, by Jno. R. Thompson, and Oration, by Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, delivered at the Inauguration of Crawford's Equestrian Statue of Washington, Richmond, Va., 22d February, 1858. Richmond: Macfarlane & Fergusson. 1858.

The Christian Principle: its Influence upon Government. A Lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association of Gettysburg, February 13, 1858. By Edward McPherson, A. M., Gettysburg, Pa. Gettysburg. 1858.

Sequel to the Statistical Details respecting the Republic of Lubec, &c. By the Rev. R. Everest, A. M. St. Martin's Lane. 1858.

Tendency of Misdirected Education and the Unbalanced Mind to produce Insanity. By Edward Jarvis, M. D., Dorchester, Mass. From Barnard's Journal of Education, for March, 1858.

Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Bowdoin College, and the Medical School of Maine: Spring Term, 1858. Brunswick. 1858.

The Printer. Vol. I. No. 1. New York: Henry & Huntington. May, 1858. 4to. pp. 16.

The Bank-Note Register and Detector of Counterfeits. By Gwynne & Day, Bankers. No. 1. New York, May 10, 1858. 4to. pp. 32.

Silver Sutures in Surgery. The Anniversary Discourse before the New York Academy of Medicine. Delivered in the new Building of the Historical Society, on the 18th November, 1857. By J. Marion Sims, M. D., Surgeon to the Woman's Hospital. New York: Samuel S. & William Wood. 1858.

Recollections of the Last Days of Shelley and Byron. By E. J. Trelawney. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. 16mo. pp. 304.

Report on the Commercial Relations of the United States with all Foreign Nations. Edmund Flagg, Superintendent. Vol. II. Washington. 1857. 4to. pp. 623.

The Old Red Sandstone; or, New Walks in an Old Field. To which is appended a Series of Geological Papers, read before the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh. By Hugh Miller, LL. D. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. A new, improved, and enlarged Edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 403.

Adèle; a Tale. By Julia Kavanagh. Three Volumes in one. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 574.

Ursula. A Tale of Country Life. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," "Ivors," etc., etc. In 2 Vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 312, 314.

Abridgment of the Debates of Congress, from 1789 to 1856. From Gales and Seaton's Annals of Congress; from their Register of Debates; and from the Official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View. Vol. VII. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 795.

Waverley Novels. Household Edition. The Fortunes of Nigel. — Peveril of the Peak. — Quentin Durward. Each in two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858.

Mount Vernon, and other Poems. By H. Rice. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1858. pp. 184.

Cornell's First Steps in Geography. By S. S. Cornell, Corresponding Member of the Geographical and Statistical Society. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 68.

Specimens of Douglas Jerrold's Wit: together with Selections, chiefly from his Contributions to Journals, intended to illustrate his Opinions. Arranged by his Son, Blanchard Jerrold. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. 16mo. pp. 243.

Life Thoughts, gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. By one of his Congregation. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 299.

Posthumous Works of the Rev. John Harris, D. D. Edited by the Rev. Philip Smith, B. A., late Colleague of Dr. Harris in Cheshunt College, and in New College, London. First Series. Sermons on Special Occasions. — Second Series. Sermons and Addresses delivered on Special Occasions. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1857, 1858. 16mo. pp. 375, 390.

The Life of Thomas Jefferson. By Henry S. Randall, LL. D. Vol. II. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1858. 8vo. pp. 694.

Publications of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Contributions to American History. 1858. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 429.

Collections of the South Carolina Historical Society. Vol. I. Charleston: S. G. Courtenay & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 307.

The Para Papers on France, Egypt, and Ethiopia. By George Leighton Ditson, Author of "Circassia, or a Tour to the Caucasus," "Crimora," etc. Paris: Fowler. 8vo. pp. 496.

History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in MDCCCXV. to the Accession of Louis Napoleon, in MDCCCLII. By Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D. C. L. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 8vo. pp. 449.

The Imitation of Christ. By Thomas à Kempis. Rendered into English from the original Latin, by John Payne. With an Introductory Essay, by Thomas Chalmers, D. D. Edited by Howard Malcom, D. D., President of Lewisburg University, Pa. A new, improved Edition, with a Life of the Author, by C. Ullmann, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 283.

Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London. Fourth Series. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 445.

Heaven. By Jesse William Kimball. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1857. 12mo. pp. 281.

The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. II. Araktsheeff — Beale. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 776.

The History of Ireland from the earliest Kings of that Realm down to its last Chief. By Thomas Moore, Esq. In 2 Volumes. New York: Edward Dunigan & Brother. 1858. 12mo. pp. 712, 671.

An Exposition of the Apocalypse of St. John the Apostle. By a Secular Priest. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1858. 8vo. pp. 348.

A Compendium of American Literature, chronologically arranged, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors. On the Plan of the Author's "Compendium of English Literature," and "English Literature of the Nineteenth Century." Philadelphia: E. C. & J. Biddle. 1858. 12mo. pp. 740.

Tracts for To-Day. By M. D. Conway, Minister of the First Congregational Church, Cincinnati, Ohio. Cincinnati: Truman & Spofford. 1858. 12mo. pp. 303.

The Every-Day Book of History and Chronology: embracing the Anniversaries of Memorable Persons and Events, in every Period and State of the World, from the Creation to the Present Time. By Joel Munsell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 537.

Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the State of the Finances for the Year ending June 30, 1857. Washington. 1858. 8vo. pp. 379.

The Happy Home. By Kirwan, Author of "Letters to Bishop Hughes," "Romanism at Home," "Men and Things in Europe," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 16mo. pp. 206.

Our Little Ones in Heaven. By the Author of "The Aimwell Stories," etc. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 248.

Fred Markham in Russia; or, the Boy Travellers in the Land of the Czar. By W. H. G. Kingston, Esq., Author of "Salt Water," "Peter the Whaler," "Mark Seaworth," "Manco," etc. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 16mo. pp. 315.

The Course of True Love never did run Smooth. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. New York: Rudd & Carleton. 1858. 12mo. pp. 41.

Ran Away to Sea: an Autobiography for Boys. By Captain Mayne Reid, Author of the "Desert Home," "Boy Hunters," etc., etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. 12mo. pp. 359.

Select Discourses by Adolphe Monod, Krummacher, Tholuck, and Julius Müller. Translated from the French and German, with Biographical Notices, and Dr. Monod's Celebrated Lecture on the Delivery of Sermons. By Rev. H. C. Fish, and D. W. Poor, D. D. With a fine Steel Portrait of Dr. Monod. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 408.

Annual of Scientific Discovery: or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1858. Exhibiting the most important Discoveries and Improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Zoölogy, Botany, Mineralogy, Meteorology, Geography, Antiquities, etc., together with a List of recent Scientific Publications; a Classified List of Patents; Obituaries of eminent Scientific Men; Notes on the Progress of Science during the Year 1857, etc. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 419.

The Christ of History: an Argument grounded on the Facts of his Life on Earth. By John Young, M. A. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 260.

Andromeda, and other Poems. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. 16mo. pp. 111.

An Historico-Critical Introduction to the Canonical Books of the New Testament. By Wilhelm Martin Leberecht De Wette, Doctor of Theology and Regular Professor in the University of Basel. Translated from the Fifth, improved and enlarged Edition, by Frederick Frothingham. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 388.

Woman: Her Mission and Life. By Adolphe Monod, D. D., late Minister in Paris, France. Translated from the French. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, and a Portrait from Steel. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 82.

Glimpses of Jesus; or, Christ exalted in the Affections of his People. By W. P. Balfern. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 259.

A German Reader, by Prof. Charles Follen, D. D. A new Edition, with

Additions, by G. A. Schmitt, Instructor in Harvard University. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 326.

A Memoir of the late Judge Tebbets, of New Hampshire. Boston. 1858.

A Practical Grammar of the Latin Language; with Perpetual Exercises in Speaking and Writing. For the Use of Schools, Colleges, and Private Learners. By G. J. Adler, A. M., late Professor of the German Language and Literature in the University of the City of New York. Boston: Sanborn, Carter, Bazin, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 706.

Boston Board of Trade. 1858. Fourth Annual Report of the Government, presented to the Board at the Annual Meeting, on the 20th January, 1858. By Lorenzo Sabine, Secretary. Boston. 1858. pp. 240, 16.

A Treatise on the Greek Prepositions, and on the Cases of Nouns with which these are used. By Gessner Harrison, M. D., Professor of Latin in the University of Virginia. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 498.

Mary Derwent. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers. 1858. 16mo. pp. 408.

The Condition of Woman and Children among the Celtic, Gothic, and other Nations. By John M'Elheran, M. R. C. S. E. With Illustrations, designed and drawn on Wood by the Author. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1858. 12mo. pp. 393.

Rays of Light. Second Series. Boston: Otis Clapp. 1858. 16mo. pp. 128.

The Pocket Chess-Board, being a Chess and Checker-Board provided with a complete Set of Men. Adapted for Playing Games in Rail-Cars, and for Folding up without Disturbing the Game. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858.

Trésor des Livres Rares et Précieux; ou Nouveau Dictionnaire Bibliographique, contenant Plus de Cent Mille Articles de Livres Rares, Curieux et Recherchés, d'Ouvrages de Luxe, etc., avec les Signes connus pour distinguer les Éditions Originales de Contrefaçons qui en ont été faites, des Notes sur la Rareté et le Mérite des Livres cités et les Prix que ces Livres ont atteints dans les Ventes le plus fameuses, et qu'ils conservent encore dans les Magasins des Bouquinistes le plus renommés de l'Europe, par Jean George Théodore Graesse, Conseiller Antique, Bibliothécaire du Feu Roi Frédéric-Auguste II., Directeur du Musée Japonais à Dresde, et Auteur de l'Histoire Littéraire Universelle. Première Livraison. Aa, P. van der — Amarasinha. Dresde: Rudolf Kuntze. 1858. 4to. pp. 96.

Eulogy on the late Prof. E. A. Andrews, LL. D., delivered at New Britain, Conn., May 19, 1858, by Hubbard Winslow. Boston. 1858.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. CLXXXI.

OCTOBER, 1858.

ART. I. — 1. *Waverley Novels.* Household Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1857 – 58.

2. *The British Poets.* SCOTT. In Nine Volumes. 12mo. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857.

THE works of no modern writer have been presented to the public in greater variety of form, with more typographic skill, or with more ample wealth of illustration, than those of Sir Walter Scott. Yet the market seems never overstocked, and every edition, from the cheapest and poorest up to the richly adorned "Abbotsford," or the still more beautiful "Library Edition," finds its appointed readers. Until now, however, there has been no American edition, at once satisfying the most critical taste, and yet within the means of the poorest lover of letters. The enterprising publishers to whom we owe the beautiful volumes noticed at the head of our article have really left us nothing to desire. The novels, gracefully and appropriately dedicated to "Washington Irving, the Friend of Sir Walter Scott," are printed from the four best edited English editions, subjected to very critical proof-reading, and illustrated by the latest notes and emendations of the author. Of the poems, we doubt if there had previously appeared so complete and carefully edited a collection as that of Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. It contains, besides the larger and well-known works, all the shorter pieces,

mottoes of chapters, and playful trifles scattered through the novels and the biography by Lockhart, with brief notes by the editor, and not unfrequently with short illustrative criticisms from the most eminent contemporaries of Scott.

To what is owing the undiminished popularity of the "Wizard of the North," magician no less when he stood openly confessed, than when veiled under the semitransparency of a pseudonyme, — no less now that the wand has been long broken, than a third of a century since, in the full plenitude of living power, — is a question which we do not propose particularly to discuss. It is the prerogative of genius to be in advance, not only of its own age, but, in large measure, of every age. Its productions never grow old. They are literally possessions for ever, κτήματα ἐς ἀεί. Homer sings to us as heroically as he did to the Greeks at Athens. Shakespeare will be as reverently studied in New Holland and New Zealand a thousand years hence, as he is in England in this day of Collier and Halliwell. And Scott will be the delight of many generations, in lands which are now the abode of savage beasts and savage men.

We review, with pleasure undiminished by familiarity, the story of Scott's early life; — the weak and sickly childhood; the vigorous youth; the activity, firmness, and courage of the boy; the sound good-sense gradually and surely developed; the story-telling dimly prophetic of future fame; the fondness for history, and stirring events, and Scottish scenes, highland and lowland; the genial companionship and joviality; the *raids*, as he called them, into Liddesdale and still more distant regions, when he explored the streams and lakes, the mountains and ruins, — when he became familiar with the huts of the poor, and learned their habits and language and songs, and stored in his capacious memory the wealth of incident and adventure which was afterwards to be poured forth, varied, combined, and enriched with all the power of an untiring fancy. Scott's acquisitions at this early period were not in the line of patient and exact scholarship, but they were abundant in the substance of literature and knowledge. He knew no Greek, confessing in late life that he had forgotten even the letters; and in Latin, though able to read most of the authors

with readiness, he was more interested in the narrative or the poetry than in the language. But one would have a narrow idea of learning and scholarship, who did not see that the boy was rich in that spirit which is the chief end of wise study.

After a due period of discipline at the high school, due attendance on the classes in the university, and the usual amount of preliminary professional study, Scott entered upon his proposed course at the bar, with fair prospects of success. This was in 1792. The weakness of the child had given place to an uncommonly vigorous manhood. A slight remaining lameness did not prevent the love or the practice of the most manly and athletic sports. "Will," said Archie Park, brother of the celebrated traveller, to William Laidlaw, when Scott first met the Selkirk troop of yeomanry, — "Will, what a strong chield that would have been, if his left leg had been like his right ane!" A few years later the young advocate, after one disappointment in love, was married to Miss Charlotte Carpenter. By degrees a taste for letters gained the ascendency in his mind. He acquired the German language, and translated from Burger and Goethe. He plunged deeper into Scotch antiquities; extended his acquaintance among literary men; visited London; printed several ballads; and altogether gave evidence of rising power. His first important work, however, was "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," published in 1802, when he was at the age of thirty-one. It brought him little money, but much fame; and more than all, it opened the way for subsequent publications, the success of which decided his course in life. His inquiries and studies, during the preparation of these volumes, had led to immense acquisitions of that peculiar knowledge which formed afterwards so largely the body of his works. Already, quite unconsciously to himself, were gathering those beautiful and gallant companies, to be in after time marshalled by his genius before the eyes of the world, and to move in imperishable beauty and spirit, beside the immortal Pilgrims to Canterbury, beside Godfrey and Tancred, beside Desdemona and Ophelia.

One step forward was still to be taken, however, before the irrevocable decision in behalf of literature was made. His

mind was already more than wavering. He had already casually remarked to Wordsworth, with a confidence which surprised the English poet, that "he felt sure he could, if he chose, get more money than ever he should wish to have, from the booksellers." Before the publication of the Minstrelsy, he had received the appointment of Sheriff-depute of Selkirkshire, an office of small demands upon his time, of considerable local importance, and bringing with it the acceptable addition of three hundred pounds a year to his income. Its indirect influence was still more important. It compelled him to fix his residence in the county, and thus led the way to Abbotsford, preserved and cherished the healthful freshness and simplicity of his tastes, and the breadth of his sympathy, and did much, we doubt not, to insure the soundness of his judgment, and to free him from the danger of narrow and local influences.

During these years Scott's income was such as to place him quite at ease. In 1804, from one source and another, apart from the receipts from his profession and the rewards of his literary labor, it had reached the fixed sum of a thousand pounds sterling. It is no wonder then, that, when "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" came from the press, and was so eagerly received, Scott, conscious of his own powers, and secure at any rate against want, should have determined to abandon a mistress he never loved for another whom his heart chose, and who promised him the noblest rewards. "My profession and I," he says in the delightful Introduction to that poem, "came to stand nearly upon the footing which honest Slender consoled himself on having established with Mistress Anne Page: 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on further acquaintance.'" Yet his fee-book shows no necessity for this change, since his professional income was gradually increasing, and gave fair promise of an honorable reward to his labors, if he had chosen to continue them.

The "Lay" was born of the "Minstrelsy," but the direct occasion of its production was the request of a lady (the Countess of Dalkeith), that he would write a ballad on Gilpin Horner. The recollection of the wild music of Coleridge's

"Christabel," repeated to him some time previously by a friend, suggested the then unusual metre. The kick of a horse, when he was on duty as Quartermaster of the Edinburgh Light Dragoons, confining him for three days to his lodging, the sound of the bugle and the sight of military manœuvres expanded his ideas on a larger scale, and suggested the tumults and incidents of border warfare. A friend advised the division into cantos, with a suggestive motto to each, and his mind, in a moment of inspiration, leaped to the happy conception of the last minstrel. After being long on the stocks, and part of it having been communicated to many friends, the poem was at last published, in 1805. It at once flashed into universal popularity. Critics and poets, gentle and simple, were alike charmed. Both Pitt and Fox, bending from their high places, united to render their tribute of sincere admiration. The life and freshness, the rapid movement and picturesque scenes, the touch of mystery and magic, the solemn earnestness, and the pathos touched the common heart. Poetry descended from her lofty throne and walked among men. Her stiffness and formality were dashed aside by the new-comer, who seemed clothed with the fire of Homer and the tenderness and simplicity of the old ballads.

His great success left Scott, as we have said, no choice but to abandon the bar as a profession, and to betake himself to literature. But even now his calmness, self-possession, and good sense did not fail him, in the midst of the universal adulation, and he seems to have entered on his new career with modest hopes, justified by a fair estimate of his own capacities, as well as by the favor of the public, on which he seems not to have reckoned too strongly.

The introductions to the different works of Scott, furnished for the complete edition of 1830, abound in pictures of great beauty and exquisite humor, deepening not unfrequently into tender pathos or profound wisdom. In that prefixed to the "Lay," he indicates the principles by which he early determined to be guided in his literary life, — principles which, if generally followed by writers, would have saved many a child of genius from unnumbered sorrows.

"It was my first resolution," he says, "to keep as far as was in my

power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company, without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language, which, from one motive or other, is apt to ascribe a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were, indeed, the business, rather than the amusement, of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with luscious draughts, until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick to the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

"My second resolution was a corollary from the first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with that triple brass of Horace, of which those of my profession are seldom held deficient, against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh if the jest was a good one; or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

"It is to the observance of these rules, (according to my best belief,) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labors of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a still more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties." — *Introduction to the Lay of the Last Minstrel*, pp. 13, 14.

Thus Scott found himself, at the age of thirty-four, after thirteen years of indifferent service, withdrawing from the bar to a more congenial life. He was destined, however, for many years to sit beneath the shadow of the Bench in the Scottish Court of Session, and to spend a portion of every day in the mere mechanical occupation of a clerk. In looking about for some mode of retreat at once honorable and not without profit, he soon found one of those "respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher honors." Through the kindness of his friends, he obtained, during the year 1806, the reversion of the clerkship of the above-named court, upon the labors of which office he at once entered, although he did not

receive its emoluments for many years after. His prospects had now come to be most flattering. Living at ease, with a sufficient income, surrounded by friends whom he "grappled to him with hooks of steel," known and esteemed all over the kingdom, with a family growing up about him in health and prosperity, there seemed little more for him to desire, or little which he might fairly desire that he could not obtain. Yet, as all prosperity has its attendant peril, and "no man may be accounted happy till his death," one who could have seen the end of Scott's career from its beginning, would have preferred for him a more moderate measure of early success.

James Ballantyne, at Scott's suggestion, had removed from Kelso some time before, and established himself as a printer in Edinburgh. The demands upon his press, in consequence of the beauty of his work, exceeded his power to meet them without an increase of capital. He applied to Scott, his old friend, from whom he had already received assistance, for additional aid. Scott at first demurred, but finally agreed to furnish a loan on condition of being admitted as partner in the business, and at once put into it the whole fortune at his disposal. Thus he entered on that career which, bringing to him many facilities, and making his way easy along heights of unexampled prosperity, finally ended in a precipice off which he fell with those to whom he was thus irrevocably bound. For a while all went on, not only well, but in a manner the best possible. Gigantic undertakings already loomed up in the distance, — a complete edition of the British Poets, the works of Dryden, poems, even novels. Some of these were carried out, and some failed. It is certain that Waverley was commenced as early as 1805, though it was thrown aside for a seven years' sleep after a few chapters had been written. The poet seems also to have entered upon that methodical employment of his time, without which not one of his schemes in a hundred could have been realized. He habitually rose early, dressed himself as he intended to remain till dinner-time, and by six o'clock was at his desk. At noon his day's work was done, and he was ready for those constant excursions on horseback or on foot to which he owed so much of his health of mind as well as of body.

"Marmion" was published in 1808, and was received with little less enthusiasm than the "Lay," although with somewhat more closeness of criticism. It certainly has held its ground for fifty years quite as firmly as the earlier work, and the general opinion would probably affirm that Scott never rose to a loftier or more vigorous flight than in the last canto; nor indeed would it be easy to find a poet, from Homer downward, by whom this portion of the poem has been surpassed. The following years were very busy and very happy. One work followed another, and the literary labor was interspersed with a constant succession of agreeable occupations, visits to friends, buying, building, and planting at Abbotsford, journeys to London, and excursions northward even to the "wind-swept Orcades." The Quarterly Review sprang up from Jeffrey's article on Marmion. Dryden, Somers, and Sadler were edited. In 1810, "The Lady of the Lake," the most widely popular, perhaps, of all the longer poems, saw the light. "The Vision of Don Roderick," "Rokeby," and "The Bridal of Triermain," followed in rapid succession.

And now, when the vein of chivalric poetry was somewhat exhausted, a new candidate for public favor arose, more audacious, less scrupulously moral, at once surprising and delighting by strength and intensity of movement, by absolute command of an unusual metre allowing a more noble music, by new yet familiar scenes, and by the powerful exhibition of human sympathies and passions. Scott did not yield the ground at once, yet he felt that his empire was less secure; and while meditating the abdication of the poetic crown, he fell by accident upon the forgotten pages of Waverley. At once he determined to try a new venture. The novel was finished with great rapidity, — the last two volumes being written during the evenings of three weeks, while the author was performing all his duties as clerk, — and printed anonymously. There was a risk, it was thought by the booksellers, in the publication. Constable, the most enterprising of the tribe, refused to give a thousand pounds for the copyright, at the same time that he was glad to offer fifteen hundred guineas for one half the copyright of "The Lord of the Isles," and it was finally published on an agreement to divide the

profits equally between author and publisher. Within a year several distinct editions had been disposed of, and each partner in the bargain had received considerably more than a thousand pounds. The vein proved indeed rich, — how rich no one then conjectured, — and the author needed but a single experiment more to lead him to desert the old mine for the new. That experiment was "The Lord of the Isles," the sale of which, compared with anything he had written before, was small, and still less when compared with the vast circulation which was at once given to some of Byron's poems.

The announcement of this fact, made to him by Ballantyne, was a trying disappointment, but he rallied at once, with accustomed manliness. "At length," writes Ballantyne, in his memoranda, "he said with perfect cheerfulness, 'Well, well, James, so be it; but you know we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else'; — and so he dismissed me, and resumed his novel." The new novel was Guy Mannering, "the work of six weeks at a Christmas." "It was published, like Waverley, in three humble little volumes," within a month after "The Lord of the Isles," and, by its appearance so soon, increased the doubt whether it was possible for the author of both to be the same person. The secret of authorship, — at first concealed, partly in caprice and partly from prudence, assuming some importance from the unexpected popularity of the novels, adding to the interest by stimulating curiosity, and prompting some very ingenious literary criticisms, — though open to many friends, was carefully preserved, occasionally by means of at least doubtful morality, it being denied sometimes playfully, and sometimes with rather too much seriousness, until the bankruptcy of the publishers compelled a disclosure; in which, after all, the main interest was the assertion of Sir Walter's sole and undivided claim to the production of his own works.

It is quite unnecessary to follow the career of splendid and unexampled successes, as rapid, startling, and contrary to all precedent, in literature, as those of Napoleon in war. The times favored the writer. All were waiting for his coming. Scottish literature had not kept pace with Scottish science,

nor advanced much beyond the conquests of a former day. Black, Playfair, Adam Smith, Hume, Reid, Stewart, Robertson, were hardly equalled by Ramsay, Home, Beattie, and Mackenzie; Burns was comparatively little known, and imperfectly appreciated; and especially throughout the whole island was there a dearth of fictitious literature. Scott's intellect seems to have been in its high meridian between 1814 and 1819, in the years of his own life from forty-three to forty-eight. During this time he finished Waverley, and produced Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Old Mortality, Rob Roy, The Heart of Mid-Lothian, and Ivanhoe. In the last of this grand and unequalled series, his genius may be said to have culminated. Certainly, in splendor of exhibition, vigor of movement, extraordinary vividness of scenes, exhibition of manners and life, and breadth of interest, if not in tenderness of personal feeling, nothing that he wrote ever surpassed it. Both before and after this period he did great things, — enough, and more than enough, to secure perpetual honor in the world of letters, — enough to make the fame of half a dozen men of ordinary capacity. Outside of these limits we find on one side, the Lay, Marmion, and The Lady of the Lake; and on the other, Kenilworth, Quentin Durward, The Talisman, and Woodstock. But these, beautiful, grand, and unique as they are, are the lesser peaks of the majestic range, the Eiger and the Mönch, compared with the Jungfrau, Monte Rosa, and Mont Blanc.

To estimate the rank of Scott's genius, we must look at its force and its nature, at the quantity of the production and the quality. When we remember that from 1802, when the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border appeared, until 1831, a period of twenty-nine years, not a twelvemonth elapsed (with but a single exception), in which he did not publish some original work, and in some years so large a number of such works that the average reaches four volumes a year for every year of his life after he was thirty, besides editing such ponderous works as Somers's Tracts, Sadler's Life and Letters, Dryden's Works, and Swift's Works, besides, also, reviews and songs and letters without number, we may form some idea of the irrepressible force within, as well as of the exhaustless energy in

execution. For a considerable portion of this time, Scott was not impelled to write by present or prospective want. He was in possession of an ample income, and had already accumulated, as he thought, not only a competency, but what might be fairly considered affluence. Yet he labored as if the bread of every day were dependent on his unflagging exertion. Now this power of continuous production, even were the material produced but of moderate value, is no small gift. The full and steady stream gushes not from a cistern, but only from perennial fountains, with their sources deep within the everlasting hills. The works of Scott were not the result of an accidental stimulus, but of native, irrepressible faculties, whose very life was action. With equal force of thought, there is doubtless in different men a vastly different amount of written production. One often spends his time in concentration, composes slowly, meditates profoundly, and brings forth with pain. With Scott, to write was almost as easy as to think. His facility of composition was really prodigious, and combined with this were an industry and a resolution quite as extraordinary. When a novel was on the stocks, it may be said that he was composing at *all* times; not only in his study, but in his rides, his walks, and even sitting at his clerk's desk in the courts. Of this, one of his biographers gives an interesting, and, we can easily believe, an authentic account. On one occasion when Jeffrey was arguing a case with great felicity and eloquence, Scott was observed to be very busy in writing. After the plea was finished, Jeffrey leaned over the bar, and archly requested of Scott a sight of his *notes*. The request was at once granted, and the manuscript, written with flying pen, proved to be the lyric commencing: —

> "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
> Pibroch of Donuil,
> Wake thy wild voice anew,
> Summon Clan-Conuil."

Scott asserted that the spirit of the lyric was all owing to the eloquence of the advocate. At another time, it is said, the poet was so much engrossed in his own thoughts, that, in drawing up a decision of the judges, he precisely reversed it.

Fortunately, it was examined before being signed, and the error remedied by a new record.

"Frequently," says one writer, "Scott sat doing nothing but staring about him in a vacant manner, with his under lip far drawn into his mouth, as if he experienced a difficulty in breathing. At such times, his countenance seemed to have rather a stolid expression; but to those who examined it closely, it evidently arose from intensity of internal rumination. He would frequently cast his eyes up to the gallery, which fronted the bench, and when any strange-looking rustic lout happened to be there, he usually watched his demeanor for a good while, and often broke out into a hearty laugh, as if tickled by the associations called up by the appearance of the personage before him. During these involuntary cachinnations, his face assumed a peculiarly droll expression. His eyes, which, in what may be termed the moments of repose, gave little animation to his features, appeared then to light up the whole visage with the sunshine of humor."

So well did this habit of his seem to be understood by his friends and intimates, that, when walking in the "outer house," as was his custom during the recesses of the court, he was frequently left to himself, as if they were unwilling to interrupt, by unimportant conversation, the train of thought which he might be carrying out for a new novel or poem. The preliminary labor may thus be said to have been often entirely accomplished when the author took his seat at his desk, and his pen seldom waited for his mind. Scott was undoubtedly aided in this power of rapid composition by his methodical habits, as well as by that extraordinary memory, which kept sleepless watch over every fact, event, and word once committed to its charge, and rendered them up in due time with untiring docility.

In turning to the quality of these productions of Scott, we believe that time will never reverse the decision pronounced by acclamation throughout the civilized world. We accept the judgment given more than a generation since, that "the Waverley Novels are, even from their mere popularity, the most striking literary phenomena of the age." Scott is still the monarch of novelists, — still wears the crown, the right to which none has dared to dispute. He marches in the van of a bold, ambitious, daring, and chivalrous company of friends

and rivals, drawn from all countries and climes, and armed with all sorts of weapons. One is more agile, another more wary, one with sharper wit, another more subtile in delineation of character, another keener in satire, this more a master of the sea, and that more familiar with the slang of thieves and the vulgarities of crime; but in the completeness of accomplishment in the whole circle of "morall and polliticke vertues," who can be compared with him? The Red Cross Knight and Sir Guyon, Artegall and Britomartis, move before us with dignity and power, they compel our admiration and win our love, but Arthur overtops them all.

If one seeks for terrible and bloody catastrophes, for intense excitements, for sly and bitter satire, for plots intricate as the problem of the perturbations of Uranus, or for any unnatural or fantastic modes of exciting or keeping the attention, he will be disappointed. If he is looking for the profoundest depths of passion; obstinate questionings; thoughts which wander through eternity; hearts dissected in the agony of awful sorrow; crime working out by slow degrees and against itself its own punishment, or overwhelming the good in remediless ruin, the avenging Nemesis tracking her victim to the world's end; the intensity of Dante; the cold subtilty of Goethe; the wild and beautiful and terrible scenes which Shakespeare calls up so easily, — he will find but glimpses and intimations. Tragedies and comedies there are in Scott, but almost every single quality which goes to constitute them we may see matched in some other modern novelist; yet none can equal the grand combination of excellences which we trace in him. He still remains the standard by which we unconsciously measure all others.

One ground of the fame of Scott is, that he virtually created a new school of novelists. Detecting the weaknesses, while he acknowledged the power, of the great story-writers that had gone before him, from De Foe to Smollett, he chose a new path, capable of endless ramifications, and leading over loftier and serener heights, through sweeter meadows and by purer streams. When he appeared, but one novelist, Miss Edgeworth, commanded the popular ear; and her genius, though admirable, moved within well-understood limits.

"The dead past had buried its dead." The field was fresh for the new champion, and he careered over it with such grace and strength, such splendor of appearance, such kingly courtesy, such gentleness and sweetness, that for a time there seemed room for no other.

The permanent grounds of the perpetual delight which Scott affords, are found in his broad and strong pictures of life in many ages and countries, his high and generous spirit, his refinement, gentleness, and delicacy, his catholicity of taste, his high-toned honor, his patriotism and humanity, and, in general, his sound morality. He shares with Shakespeare the great virtue of being at once thoroughly national and widely cosmopolitan. Each product has the flavor of the native soil, yet each is rooted in sympathies of which none can claim exclusive possession. Scotland owes him a debt which she may well despair of paying. He made her a classic land. He peopled her shaggy solitudes. Her cities and towns, her forests, her lakes, her mountains, her battle-fields, her great men, her martyrs, her history, started into new life under his magic touch. Scotchmen all over the world received higher honor, and might well become more proud of their birth-land, because of him; and through his writings Scotland herself acquired more substantial power than by any political event in her history since the union of the two crowns. No future Johnson will repeat his sneering definition of "oats," nor can any general satire on the country be other than malicious dulness or falsehood. This high praise cannot be given, in equal extent, to any writer of the world. At the same time he touches the universal heart of the race. If he moves with consummate courtesy and grace among the most cultivated and refined, he is no less at home with the lowly, as true in delineating their life, as full of admiration for their humble virtues, and of pity for their misfortunes. Hence no writer seems more closely bound to his readers by something like the ties of a personal friendship.

We cannot help quoting a few words in evidence equally of Scott's sound literary judgment and of the healthfulness of his sympathies. They were in reply to Lockhart, who had said something of poets and novelists as looking at things only in reference to art.

"A soft and pensive shade came over Scott's face as he said, 'I fear you have some very young ideas in your head. Are you not too apt to measure things by some reference to literature, — to disbelieve that anybody can be worth much care who has no knowledge of that sort of thing, or taste for it? God help us! what a poor world this would be if that were the true doctrine! I have read books enough, and conversed with enough of eminent and splendidly cultivated minds, too, in my time; but, I assure you, I have heard higher sentiments from the lips of poor *uneducated* men and women, when exerting the spirit of severe yet gentle heroism under difficulties and afflictions, or speaking their simple thoughts as to circumstances in the lot of friends and neighbors, than I ever yet met with out of the pages of the Bible. We shall never learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.'"

Of similar purport is his reply to his daughter Anne, who happened to say of something, "that she could not abide it, — it was *vulgar*." "My love," said her father, "you speak like a very young lady; do you know, after all, the meaning of this word *vulgar?* 'T is only *common;* nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is *uncommon*."

This feeling it was which led him with the truest instinct to avoid the rock on which, with his high tastes and ambition, he might have been wrecked. If we look at it closely, we may find no one trait so thoroughly distinguishing Sir Walter from the great body of romance-writers who preceded him, as his deep spirit of humanity; and it is precisely this which takes his writings from the sphere of merely immediate and temporary interest, and stamps them with immortality.

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,"

into the fleeting and transitory scenes which he has pictured so graphically, he has thrown enough of the salt of human joys and sorrows, of temptation and triumph, of patient endurance and high resolve, of fidelity and love, to preserve them for ever. We may become indifferent to joust

and tournament, to Highland and Lowland, but never to Rebecca, the "bright, consummate flower" of a despised and persecuted race, — never to the self-denial and truth and meek heroism of Jeanie Deans, the high loyalty of Flora M'Ivor, the courtesy of Mannering, the rough virtues of Rob Roy, or the good sense, kindness, and substantial excellence of the Antiquary.

No writer but Shakespeare has so largely peopled our world with real characters endowed with more than the life of history. What a void would be left in our thoughts were they removed! These characters, too, not a few of them, partake largely of the Shakespearian type of vitality. They are made known to us, not by description, but by their words and their actions. They glow with life. They act and speak as they do, because they are what they are. Nor are we stimulated to observe them through any unnatural exaggeration of qualities, or caricaturing of faults and foibles, but by a well-sustained exhibition of traits which in themselves are replete with interest. To excite surprise and attract attention by a display of the monstrous and distorted, is far easier than by justness and accuracy of delineation to depict some of the multitudinous forms of original character. A writer of an inferior order may seize upon some hideous or ludicrous characteristic, and make it play a striking part among the scenes and incidents of fiction; but it requires higher powers to develop the various and conflicting elements of a complicated character, and higher still to interweave the thousand strands of many lives so as to produce an harmonious unity. It is easy to determine the law which governs the falling of a stone, but to discover and demonstrate the complicated laws of the celestial mechanics is quite a different matter. Now Scott is none the less a master in this subtile and grand department of fiction, because he conceals his skill, and leaves us to discover it only by the results.

In reviewing at this distance of time the historical fictions of Sir Walter, we are struck with their general truthfulness. Individual pictures are liable to criticism. Neither Cromwell nor Charles may appear in the exactest colors and propor-

tions. Claverhouse may be too attractive, and the Puritans too sour. Scott was strong in his political feelings, yet he was also magnanimous, chivalrous, and just. No history will give us pictures so thoroughly true, or half so vivid, of the unsettled and turbulent society of England in the time of Richard, as does "Ivanhoe"; of the strifes and dissensions of the Crusaders, and the arts of the Saracens, as does "The Talisman"; of the spirit and policy of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold, as does "Quentin Durward"; of the strangely compounded character of James, as does "The Fortunes of Nigel." And even on the more delicate and hazardous ground of religious differences, although correctness of statement is much more difficult, and prejudice stronger, we cannot see that Scott fairly laid himself open to very severe criticism. His mind, though serious and earnest, was not profoundly religious, and he might well mistake or misunderstand the depth and awfulness of those convictions and emotions which led martyrs joyful to the stake, or even misconceive the better side of that enthusiasm and fanaticism by which they were driven to the caves, or "scattered on the *Scottish* mountains cold"; yet not only was Scott's life irreproachable on the score of morality, but the national spirit, devout, simple, and steadfast, came down to him through his ancestors, the under color of old Presbyterianism shone through the lights and shadows of his maturer tastes, and the noble and beautiful liturgy of the Church of England was familiar to him by choice. The Colonel Gardiner of Waverley is the Colonel Gardiner of Dr. Doddridge. The truthfulness of Jeanie Deans under the most terrible temptation that could assail a loving heart, sprang from a devoutly religious, God-fearing soul. When "Old Mortality" first appeared, it was assailed vigorously and angrily by Dr. M'Crie, on the charge of its defaming the character of the Covenanters; but the criticism seems to us more vehement than necessary, and we more than doubt whether the early defenders of the faith in Scotland against the unwise efforts of the English government and the persecutions of Lauderdale and Claverhouse, stand less high in the general esteem than they would have done had Scott never written. They certainly are more widely known, and as a body they move

before us even on his canvas, pure in life, lofty in resolution, and heroic in endurance.

It has been somewhat the fashion to speak slightingly of the poetry of Scott; yet in its line what other has been so popular, or has maintained so permanent a hold on the public regard? There is indeed a "fatal facility" in the metre which he chose, and a strong temptation to be betrayed into carelessness and superficiality. Yet in dwelling upon the spiritual essence of poetry, it is possible to estimate its music at too low a rate. And when we look at the pictures of life, at the movement of the action, the variety of incident, the gentleness and tenderness, the truth and moral purity of every poem, we need not be surprised that no poet of "fifty years since" has so entirely kept his ground. It were quite unfair to compare him with Shakespeare or Milton or Spenser or Byron or Wordsworth. He aimed at no such flight as the "first three"; he yielded before the intense vehemence and the philosophic profoundness of the others. But he was free from the morbidness and immorality of Byron, and from the didactic quietness, the occasional prosaic simplicity, and the rather dangerous self-esteem of Wordsworth. Not occupying the "glory-smitten summit" of English song, to which indeed he did not aspire, he will long move, we believe, in honorable fellowship with those who midway encircle the poetic mountain with beauty and joy.

The four or five years following the publication of Ivanhoe were among the happiest. Scott had acquired an ample fortune, and re-established an honored name. For more than two thirds of the period ordinarily assigned to a generation, he had contributed more to the delight of tens and hundreds of thousands than any other man. His productions had become almost a necessity of life. He was overwhelmed with attentions and praises, which would have destroyed the balance of a mind not firmly fixed upon its centre. Not without labor, yet with few disheartening struggles, with the least possible envy and jealousy, and attended all along his way with congratulations and kind wishes, he had reached the highest literary eminence in the kingdom. He was the representative man of Scotland, and daily more and more the observed of all

observers. Lawrence, at the command of his sovereign, painted his portrait, and Chantrey sculptured him in marble. Both Oxford and Cambridge tendered to him honorary degrees. The king, of his own motion, created him a baronet. Wealth flowed in upon him in a stream so deep and full and steady as to seem exhaustless. Ashestiel, where he was a tenant, had long before been exchanged for Abbotsford, and Abbotsford had grown from the small though comfortable house, into the fantastic, castellated, pointed, pinnacled, and turreted structure, his joy and pride, crowded with comfort, bursting full with books and paintings, steel armor and curious weapons, relics of the chase and objects of antiquity, — the Mecca of pilgrims from many countries. From its windows its master looked out over his broad plantations, upon objects to whose fame his pen had contributed not a little, and which he loved almost as a child loves its mother, — upon the Eildon Hills, Melrose Abbey, and the Tweed. The love of possession grew by what it fed on. Land and still more land was added to the original estate; — here a hill and there a glen; a loch on this side to correspond with the river on that; here the veritable haunts of Thomas the Rhymer, and there the battle-ground of Melrose. Nature had clothed his possessions with richness. The hills which he purchased barren and bare were waving with foliage and fruitful with harvests. He cut timber from forests which his own hand had planted. His children were prospering in the world; his grandchildren already enlivening the house with their prattle. His name and lineage should not close with himself. Strangers in ever increasing numbers flocked to Abbotsford, attracted not only by the fame, but by the ample hospitality, the considerate, refined, and gentle courtesy of the host. Friends, too, among all classes, gentle and simple, were becoming more numerous and more kind. We are not surprised at the strong and universal attachment to Scott, personally, among all who knew him; for there have been few natures more happily formed for friendship than his, few with a spirit more genial, with a disposition so destitute of envy and jealousy, or with manners less lordly, overbearing, or dictatorial.*

* An anecdote, never, we believe, printed till now, may illustrate Scott's gener-

Scott was a high Tory in politics, yet some of his most intimate acquaintances were Whigs. He was devoted to royalty and power and rank, yet his sympathies were ever with the lowly and humble, with the natural and not the artificial; and the characters which he portrays with the most warmth, and through which his own heart's blood seems to circulate, are such as the poor fishermen of Fife, or the devout cow-feeder of St. Leonard's.

His relations to other authors had always been genial and friendly. We do not remember a word of harsh or unkind criticism, or an ungenerous judgment, and many were the young writers to whom his sympathy and counsels, and sometimes his pen, were free. He who loved so broadly, how could he but be loved in turn? Men as opposite as Byron and Wordsworth, Coleridge and Moore, seem reconciled under the shadow of his wide humanity. No literary life was ever attended with such a splendid retinue; no literary man — not even Johnson — was ever the centre of a group of philosophers, poets, critics, artists, and men of affairs, more ample in intellect, more various in tastes, more hearty in friendship. Yet how mingled with sadness now is the thought of all that building and buying and furnishing, the taste and kindness of friends called so largely into requisition, the rejoicing of neighbors, the enjoyment and hope of the illustrious owner! All the apartments of Abbotsford were thrown open on the 9th of January, 1825, at a ball given in honor of the affianced bride of young Walter. They were never but once thrown open for company again, and that was at Sir Walter's funeral. The wheel of fortune never stands

---

ous appreciation of favors received, and the enhanced value he gave to the acknowledgment by his manner of expressing it. There had been some obstacles interposed by the friends of Miss Jobson to her marriage with Scott's eldest son. These — known, of course, only to the parties interested — were removed mainly through the intervention of a mutual friend, Rev. Dr. Dickson of Edinburgh. After the matter had been fully settled, the Doctor was invited to dine with Sir Walter and a few friends. Near the close of the dinner, Scott asked Dr. Dickson, who sat near the opposite end of the table, to do him the favor to exchange snuff-boxes. As the boxes passed to the opposite ends of the table, Scott proposed as a toast the health of the Rev. Dr. Dickson, *a friend at a pinch*, and the Doctor, on looking at the box, saw that it was an elegant one of gold, bearing his own name, with the addition, "From his friends Walter Scott and Ann Jobson."

still, and he who would moralize on the vanity of human wishes finds here, not only the text, but the sermon.

During all these last proud and happy years, a sagacious observer might have more than once noticed something — leaning buttress, or loosened stone, or settling foundation — to awaken suspicion, and excite fears for the security of the aerial structure of that great fortune,

> "rising with the sound
> Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet."

Recent purchases, at high prices, had made a demand on Scott's resources not very easy to be met. Personal and family expenses had increased. The sale of the later novels had fallen off from the standard of the Heart of Mid-Lothian and Ivanhoe, and this, with injudicious kindness, had been kept from the knowledge of the author. At the same time, his publisher, proud of success, was forming gigantic plans, and pursuing them with something of the audacity and recklessness of a despot.

At the moment, then, of highest prosperity and unclouded joy, when the marriage-bells were ringing, and he had just settled Abbotsford with its ample domains upon his son by the marriage contract, the shadow of the coming eclipse was already creeping over the horizon, and within a twelvemonth all was darkness and dismay;

> "The lights were fled,
> The garlands dead,"

and Scott was left to a few years of comparative poverty, to the most overwhelming labor, but yet to friendships the noblest, because proved so severely, and to high, perpetual honor.

Scott lived a double life; — one genial and free among his friends and neighbors, a life of activity and business, of prudence and sound sense and practical judgment, of planting and building, of hunting and fishing, of visiting and entertaining; and another of fancy and romance, in the past and the distant, among the shadows of early history, among the creatures with which his own imagination had peopled the world. He lived in a world of books, and of rare books. He seldom read newspapers, and except the larger questions

of politics, or the immediate interests of his friends, seemed to have little concern in what was going on among men. It was not strange then, if, dwelling so much in an unreal world, his plans should have been sometimes visionary, nor that, in the full tide of the most extraordinary literary success ever seen, he should have forgotten some of the requisites of commercial soundness and strength. It much exalts, then, our estimate of the self-possession, the entire self-mastery of his mind, to read, in some of his letters, the prudent and wise counsels which he was able to give to others, and the unquestionably sound principles of conducting pecuniary affairs which he commended. His mistake was, in being linked with those over whom he had but a partial control, and of whose affairs he had but a partial knowledge.

Early in January, 1826, came the crash which involved Sir Walter in irretrievable ruin. Constable failed. Ballantyne was connected with Constable, Scott directly or indirectly with both, and all went together. "It was between eight and nine in the morning," says Ballantyne, in his memorandum (January 17), "that I made the final communication. No doubt he was greatly stunned, but upon the whole he bore it with wonderful fortitude." Soon after, his friend Mr. Skene came in by appointment. Scott rose and said, "My friend, give me a shake of your hand, — mine is that of a beggar." Then came the revelation to the world of the great author's commercial relations. Then followed how many sneers from the vulgar, how many self-complacent expressions of pity, how much blame from the prudent, what profound sorrow from his friends, what deep mortification to Scott himself, who had concealed his business partnership from his most intimate companions, — yet how much noble sympathy from every land penetrated by his fame! In a moment his air-castles were dissolved, his children were without patrimony, Abbotsford fading from his grasp, and a debt of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds weighing upon his shoulders. His own imagination had hardly conceived a position more appallingly calamitous, or demanding more force of character to meet and surmount it. Yet even this was

necessary for a complete demonstration of the true nobility of Scott's life. "All was lost but honor"; but that never shone so bright, never rose so high and beautiful, as when emerging from the clouds of that melancholy year. The oak was fearfully wrenched by the blast, stripped of its leaves, and bereft of some of its branches; yet it stood firm, its trunk unbroken, and its roots still going down into the heart of the earth.

"Scott ruined!" said the Earl of Dudley when he first heard of the catastrophe; "the author of Waverley ruined! Good God! let every man to whom he has given months of delight give him a sixpence, and he will rise to-morrow morning richer than Rothschild." This was said of Englishmen in 1826. But give it a literal and universal application at the present day, and what a fabulous stream of wealth would be flowing towards Abbotsford from every province of the world! It is sad to think that for the want of a tithe of that which millions would have counted it all honor to give, a frame so strong, a mind so affluent, should have been pressed prematurely to the grave. But no constitution could avert the inevitable result, nor indeed would any aid be received. It was most generously offered, but respectfully and firmly declined. The harvest must be gathered by him who sowed the seed.

It would have been commercially fair and honorable to attempt a composition with the creditors, and none would have refused the most favorable terms. But Scott's nice sense of justice would not allow this, so long as a possibility remained of a more favorable issue; and he at once set himself to the monstrous task, of which no literary man before or since could so much as have dreamed, of coining from his own brain six hundred thousand dollars. The narrative reads like a romance, yet no writer of novels would dare attach to any hero so improbable a story. He proceeded at once with cheerfulness to adapt himself to his changed circumstances. His town residence was given up; his establishment at Abbotsford diminished; his hospitality somewhat curtailed; his property fairly put under the charge of his creditors; and he himself, bending to work as if in the full vigor of youth,

sent forth volume after volume, novels, biographies, histories, as if he commanded a score of brains and a hundred hands. Henceforth no time was given to himself. The methodical diligence of former years was insufficient. His labor began as before with the early morning, but it ended only when he was obliged to sleep at night. No hour was allowed for reading, for recreation, or for pleasure. All was cheerfully consecrated to work. Woodstock went on at the same time with negotiations with creditors. The Life of Napoleon followed close upon it. The Chronicles of the Canongate, first and second series, appeared soon after. Then the Tales of a Grandfather, Anne of Geierstein, the History of Scotland, and Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, all at the rate, for three years, of nearly ten volumes a year! The copyright of the Waverley Novels was also bought in, and a new edition published, which reached an average sale of twenty-three thousand copies. "In the mere *production* of the work, apart from the sale," says Mr. Chambers, "nearly a thousand persons were supported." Within four years, besides his personal and family expenses, he had paid to his creditors fifty-four thousand pounds. At this rate of working, it was evident, even to the incredulous, that the great debt would soon be cancelled. But, alas! his sturdy frame could not endure the unrelaxing labor. He was coining his blood for drachmas. And of this he was not unwarned. Not yet an old man, he grew weak, and still more weak. One recreation after another was abandoned. At last a stroke of something like paralysis startled all his friends, as too sure a monition of what might be near at hand. His physicians forbade labor; but what could stop the working of his brain? The mill would grind, if not wheat, then the stones themselves. At last it became evident that the only hope lay in rest so far as it was possible, and a long absence from home. A voyage to Italy was decided on. The government placed a frigate at his disposal. On the 23d of September, 1831, Sir Walter left Abbotsford to return only to die. Wordsworth had come to take leave of him the day before, and commemorated his visit and the sad occasion of it in one of the finest sonnets in our language.

"A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope!"

The journey, the voyage, and the foreign residence were attended with the most assiduous kindness of friends, the delicate courtesy of strangers, and with some pleasure to the invalid. Yet the clouds of disease gradually gathered thicker and thicker, and the party were obliged at last to hurry home, almost by forced marches. On the 11th of July, 1832, lying almost torpid in his carriage, Sir Walter drew near to Abbotsford. The old scenes revived the old affections, and for a little while seemed to feed the exhausted lamp with fresh oil. His mind, in its few hours of consciousness, turned to the Bible, the Liturgy, and a few favorite poets, especially Crabbe. On the morning of the 17th of September, he awoke with perfect consciousness, and, calling for Mr. Lockhart, gave him his touching legacy of kind advice, too memorable to be forgotten, deserving to be engraved in letters of gold: "*Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, — be virtuous, — be religious, — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.*" These were among his last words. Four days of almost entire unconsciousness followed, and the generous, noble heart ceased to beat.

"It was a beautiful day, — so warm that every window was wide open, — and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes."

> "So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,
> All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
> The stars of human glory are cast down;
> Perish the roses and the flowers of kings."

The title of great has been denied to Scott. His ambitions have been pronounced "worldly," and his life merely "economical, material, of the earth, earthy." This judgment seems to us not only harsh, but narrow and false. It were easy to adopt a standard according to which no man could be called great. "God only is great," said the French preacher, and who will deny the truth of the utterance? It is the dictate of inspiration, and equally of philosophy and of history. But when we speak of greatness in man, it is, of course, in comparison with man. We confess that, in the sphere in which he moves, we look upon Scott as very great. As a writer, and still more as a man, judged by what he did and by what he was, we cannot fail to acknowledge the propriety of that eminence which, by common consent, he occupies. That he stands on the same ground with Dante and Shakespeare and Milton, we of course would not affirm. He nowhere presents us with the model of a perfect character, or attempts to solve the full problem of life. Such is not the aim of his fictions. But in depicting the peculiarities of different times and scenes, in giving to the abundant suggestions of his imagination "a local habitation and a name," he has realized high thoughts, generosity and magnanimity, the constancy of martyrs, the self-devotion of patriots, the courage of men and the modesty of women, and a thousand of the virtues and graces which go so far towards ennobling and beautifying life. And still he himself was always greater than anything that he produced. We are not surprised in him at any production of high quality, but are rather surprised, and ascribe it to some accident, if by any distance he fails of the noblest aim. True, the splendors of life caught and delighted his eager eye; the temptations of wealth and applause, the fascination of rank, position, and an honored name, were nearly irresistible. Let us acknowledge that he thought more of these things than a very wise man would. Yet to consider these as the governing elements of his life would be no more just, than to see in

Bacon only his dishonor, or in Goethe nothing but his cool and detestable selfishness. And, allowing these strong tastes of Scott, do they not enhance the serenity and self-possession with which he yielded his hopes and expectations? Few men have been tried by such prosperity and by such adversity, and proved themselves so fully equal to either fortune. Few men have climbed to the dizzy heights of wealth and popularity, and stood there with firmer feet and more unmoved brain. Fewer still have seen the highest worldly good vanish in smoke, and still retained in undiminished lustre all their strength and beauty of character. If he had loved these things as the supreme good, could he have relinquished them with so little regret? "I have seen," he says to Laidlaw, after the catastrophe, "all that society can show, and enjoyed all that wealth can give me, and I am satisfied that much is vanity, if not vexation of spirit." Here, at least, as well as in those last words to Lockhart, is there not an effluence of divine wisdom? We do not commend the life of Scott as being governed by absolutely the wisest aims. We see and feel that, if he had obtained all that he struggled for, it would not have been the greatest or best possession. But did not he feel this too? Did he not form an estimate of wealth and popularity, and station and power, on the whole as nearly just as any of his critics have?

Great praise indeed it is that Scott preserved in all his writings so high a moral tone. He was not betrayed by his popularity into any licentiousness of picture or of phrase, and from beginning to end scrupulously avoided every sentiment which would offend the moral judgment of the most sensitive. He had no ambition to attract the praises of the vulgar by ministering, however indirectly, to their self-indulgence. And this not from policy, but from principle. We cannot forego the satisfaction of quoting a short passage from the Introduction to Ivanhoe, as showing a striking clearness of moral insight, as well as the method in which that element of character affected his productions.

"The character of the fair Jewess," he says, "found so much favor in the eyes of some fair readers, that the writer was censured, because, when arranging the fates of the characters of the drama, he had not

assigned the hand of Wilfred to Rebecca, rather than the less interesting Rowena. But, not to mention that the prejudices of the age rendered such a union almost impossible, the author may, in passing, observe, that he thinks a character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, or the indulgence of such a rashly formed or ill-assorted passion as that of Rebecca for Ivanhoe, the reader will be apt to say, verily virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show, that the duties of self-denial, and the sacrifice of passion to principle, are seldom thus remunerated; and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give or take away."

With these words of truth and wisdom, we close. We assent again to the free, spontaneous judgment of the world; and, with reverence and love, would add one more leaf to the immortal chaplet, one more flower to the ever-blooming amaranth.

ART. II. — 1. *Botany for Young People and Common Schools. — How Plants Grow, a simple Introduction to Structural Botany. With a Popular Flora, or an Arrangement and Description of Common Plants, both Wild and Cultivated.* Illustrated by 500 Wood Engravings. By ASA GRAY, M. D., Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1858.

2. *First Lessons in Botany and Vegetable Physiology, illustrated by over* 360 *Wood Engravings, from original Drawings by* ISAAC SPRAGUE. *To which is added a copious Glossary, or Dictionary of Botanical Terms.* By ASA GRAY, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co., and Ivison and Phinney. 1857.

3. *Introduction to Structural and Systematic Botany, and Vegetable Physiology, being a Fifth and revised Edition of the Botanical Text-Book.* Illustrated with over thirteen hundred Wood-cuts. By ASA GRAY, M. D. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1858.

4. *Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States. Revised Edition, including Virginia, Kentucky, and all East of the Mississippi: arranged according to the Natural System.* By ASA GRAY, M. D. (The Mosses and Liverworts, by WILLIAM S. SULLIVANT.) With fourteen Plates, illustrating the Genera of the Cryptogamia. New York: Ivison and Phinney. 1858.

LET no tyro in science, whatever else he may attempt, undertake to write elementary books; for to simplify knowledge and make it interesting to the opening intellect requires a mind thoroughly imbued with the subject. Yet most learned men who attempt to teach the rudiments of their specialties signally fail. Doubtless they fancy, having forgotten when and how they learned first principles, that they are innate, — a part of the birthright of humanity. So they commence as if the student were already familiar with what ought to be the initial chapter, and virtually bid him read before teaching him the alphabet.

Far removed from this class is the eminent and able author

of the volumes under consideration. Beginning with the alphabet of Botany, he carries us easily and pleasantly onward, explaining every difficulty in clear, concise terms, so that one must be dull indeed who can even read attentively the "First Lessons in Botany," or the more recently published volume entitled "How Plants Grow," without obtaining a tolerable comprehension of their structure and classification, their mode of growth, and the general scope of the science. These two recent botanical works by Dr. Gray are designed for quite young persons and common schools, and are intended to enable any one to understand the nature and names of the plants that cluster around our daily paths and our homes.

What the Text-Book and Manual are to older and maturer students, "How Plants Grow," with the "Popular Flora," is to beginners; and we doubt not it is destined to become a decided favorite among all young persons. The excellence of these elementary books is what every one who has had any knowledge of Dr. Gray's previous works must have expected; for to a perfect knowledge of his subject he adds a clearness and exactness of style seldom met with, and the power of condensing in a few words a great amount of information. As an accurate analyst, he has received a just meed of praise from all foreign botanists. Standing as he does at the head of the science in our own country, and scarcely inferior to any botanist of the Old World, we consider it a subject of congratulation that he has found time, among his multifarious avocations of a high order, to write two books expressly for the young. The urgent need of a botanical primer, to introduce so charming a study into the school-room in a form attractive to children, has long been felt. The habits of observation, research, memory, and judgment, which are exercised and developed by the pursuit of natural history, are the very qualities which are most needed in every day's practical life; and if by proper educational training these discriminating powers are quickened at an early age, they will continue a constant and unfailing source of instruction and delight.

The introductory chapter presents the subject of Botany in so interesting and appropriate a light, that we cannot forbear quoting from it.

"'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' — Matthew vi. 28, 29.

"Our Lord's direct object in this lesson of the lilies was to convince the people of God's care for them. Now, this clothing of the earth with plants and flowers — at once so beautiful and so useful, so essential to all animal life — is one of the very ways in which He takes care of his creatures. And when Christ himself directs us to consider with attention the plants around us, — to notice how they grow, — how varied, how numerous, and how elegant they are, and with what exquisite skill they are fashioned and adorned, — we shall surely find it profitable and pleasant to learn the lessons which they teach.

"Now this considering of plants inquiringly and intelligently is the study of Botany. It is an easy study, when pursued in the right way and with diligent attention. There is no difficulty in understanding how plants grow, and are nourished by the ground, the rain, and the air; nor in learning what their parts are, and how they are adapted to each other, and to the way the plant lives. And any young person who will take some pains about it may learn to distinguish all our common plants into their kinds, and find out their names.

"Interesting as this study is to all, it must be particularly so to young people. It appeals to their natural curiosity, to their lively desire of knowing about things: it calls out and directs (i. e. educates) their powers of observation, and is adapted to sharpen and exercise, in a very pleasant way, the faculty of discrimination. To learn *how to observe* and *how to distinguish things* correctly, is the greater part of education, and is that in which people otherwise well educated are apt to be surprisingly deficient.

"Natural objects, everywhere present and endless in variety, afford the best field for practice; and the study, when young, first of Botany, and afterwards of the other Natural Sciences, as they are called, is the best training that can be in these respects. This study ought to begin even before the study of language. For to distinguish *things* scientifically (that is, carefully and accurately) is simpler than to distinguish *ideas*. And in Natural History the learner is gradually led from the observation of things, up to the study of ideas, or the relations of things.

"This book is intended to teach young people how to begin to read, with pleasure and advantage, one large and easy chapter in the open Book of Nature; namely, that in which the wisdom and goodness of the Creator are plainly written in the Vegetable Kingdom." — *How Plants Grow*, pp. 1, 2.

This may be truly called a wonderful book. The style is thoroughly scientific, and yet so clear and simple that even a little child can understand it, and become interested in the subject. It is not, like some popular works, written so far down to the comprehension of the young as to become a weak mixture, where science is diluted to the lowest possible standard, as if to keep the young mind for ever in swaddling-bands; but it is arranged and designed so to educate and expand the intellect as that a young person of ordinary capacity is soon able to seize upon, and comprehend, the principal features of the vegetable world.

The Second Part, comprising the Popular Flora, embodies, in a compendious form, an account of the most common plants, both indigenous and cultivated, of the Northern States. The ordinal characteristics, though described in few words, are so accurately determined, that he may run that reads; and nearly every family is illustrated by a drawing of one of its members, showing its peculiarities of structure and appearance, and typically representing the whole group. The common English names are given in every instance, and the beginner's mind need not be burdened with the Latin nomenclature generally regarded as a necessary appendage to the science.

When we consider that this quarto volume of two hundred and thirty-three pages, profusely and beautifully illustrated, is offered at the extremely low price of seventy-five cents, we do not hesitate to assert that it is the cheapest botanical work ever issued from the press of any country; and we congratulate Dr. Gray's publishers upon having added this admirable school-book to the excellent series already published by them. When a work like this, combining in so rare a manner the two sterling qualities of excellence and cheapness, adapted expressly to young persons, and arranged for the use of schools, emanates from the highest botanical authority, we trust a discriminating public will show a just appreciation of its merits, by discarding all the trashy volumes now in use, and adopting one which comprises in a small space the learning and research of a life devoted to the subject.

There has assuredly been found for the youth of this gen-

eration a royal road to learning, — a railroad, we may term it; for the facilities now given for climbing the hill of science may well be illustrated by the difference between a luxurious passenger-car of the present day, gliding smoothly up and down the grades which modern skill has prepared, and the slow, lumbering stage-coach of former times. Those who are now advancing in years tell us of the little assistance they received in Botany from the few and uninteresting books which could formerly be obtained here. The Linnæan system, with its artificial classification, which its author, the immortal father of Botany,* considered as but a stepping-stone to a more perfect arrangement, was then universally taught in this country. The natural system of De Jussieu had not found any exponent in the New World to popularize it for general use, and little was known or understood of structural or physiological botany. The student, wearied with the difficult nomenclature and dry labelling of the living glories of wood and field, without learning much of their affinities, anatomy or morphology, too often gave up the pursuit, or thought he had done enough, when he had gathered and arranged, by the Linnæan method, the common plants of his own locality. Now the different departments of Physiological, Systematic, Geographical, Fossil, Agricultural, and Medical Botany, open to the active inquirer an insight into the plan of the Creator in the vegetable kingdom. Some knowledge of these various branches is absolutely necessary for any one receiving a tolerable education; and surely it is a subject replete with interest to the cultivated mind. The part which vegetation performs in the physical economy is a great one, that of preparing the atmosphere for the use of air-breathing animals, and converting its mineral materials into organized matter for the food, clothing, light, warmth, and shelter of man.

---

* "The real merits of Linnæus as a natural systematist have never been appreciated. In the well-deserved admiration of the labors of the Jussieus, it is invariably forgotten that the effort of genius displayed by Linnæus in constructing natural genera, was as great as that of the Jussieus in classifying these into genera of a higher value, now called Natural Orders; and considering the chaotic state that both the genera and species were in upon which Linnæus worked, and the vast number of new forms he first naturally grouped into genera, the amount of labor, skill, and knowledge expended in the effort, is what can now never be fully realized." — *Hooker's Journal of Botany*, October, 1857, p. 314.

Dr. Gray's works may well be termed a grammar and dictionary to the study of Botany. Armed with these, the student, without crossing the seas, can enter a new country, for he possesses a key to the language in which the book of Nature is written; its ever-open volume is spread out before him, each page presenting some of its own features, and each chapter containing enough for the contemplation of a lifetime. There is no spot so utterly desolate that vegetation is unknown. Even amid the stone and mortar of the city, as in the prison court of Fenestrella, some *povera picciola* springs up. Mungo Park was cheered in the deserts of Africa by a little tuft of *Fissidens bryoides*, and upon the eternal snows of the polar zone, the *Protococcus nivalis* throws its roseate hue.

The fifth and enlarged edition of the Botanical Text-Book, which is now entitled "Structural and Systematic Botany and Vegetable Physiology," with its five hundred and fifty pages, and thirteen hundred fine wood-cuts, bears little resemblance to the first edition issued in 1836, which was a volume of not much more than half the size of the present, with much inferior paper and type. A comparison of the two books exhibits in a striking manner the advance in the typographic art, as applied to school and text books, during the last twenty years. Nearly the whole work has been rewritten, and carried on to the present much-advanced state of the science of Botany. The numerous illustrations of the volume are from the hand of Mr. Sprague, who has received the well-merited title of the most accurate of living botanical artists.

In proof of the consideration which the Botanical Text-Book has gained abroad, we would state that for some years it was used as the class-book in the University of Edinburgh, — a compliment seldom paid to American works, — and was superseded only when Professor Balfour of that city published his "Outlines"; a useful and elaborate treatise, but lacking the clearness and conciseness of Gray's works. Sir William Hooker, when comparing it with the "Text-Book," says: "Balfour's Outlines is far too comprehensive, and better adapted to refresh the memories of those who have mas-

tered the elements of Botany, and made some progress in its details."

The vegetable kingdom does not culminate, as the animal kingdom does, and therefore offers no foundation in nature for a lineal arrangement even of its great groups. Though botanists might arrange a connected series, beginning with the highest and descending to the lowest forms, yet this chain would not include half of the vegetable world, which may be more properly represented by a network, of which each mesh borders upon three or four others in about the same relationship. These affinities cannot be properly estimated until all the members of the group are discovered. Thus the views of botanists are liable to be modified every year, the detection of new plants, or some point of structure better understood, often changing materially the position of a group in the system. Weddell, in a recent monograph on the *Urticaceæ*, arranges that family on the faces of a three-sided pyramid, and it appears as if this plan could be adopted advantageously for a large number of orders which might thus be grouped around their representative types.

Dr. Gray's books have been so long known and so justly appreciated, both in this country and abroad, that it seems a work of supererogation to say that his Manual supplied a desideratum which had been long looked for on this side of the Atlantic, by the student and herbarist. In it are described all the known species indigenous to our Northern States, and the Artificial Key to the Natural Orders enables the student to find with ease the name and family of any plant hitherto unknown to him. The geographical limits of the present edition are much extended. The first edition, published in 1848, and hastily prepared, embraced only the Northern States, politically so called, while this includes in its area Virginia and Kentucky, stretching westward to the Mississippi River. The southern boundary of 30° 30′ was adopted, because it coincided better than any other with the natural division between the Northern and Southern Atlantic States, although a few of the characteristic Southern plants advance upon the southeastern corner of Virginia in the neighborhood of the Dismal Swamp.

The strictly Northern-temperate character of our Flora is preserved by the absence within these limits of any high mountain ranges, or considerable extent of elevated land. The White Mountains of New Hampshire, the highest elevation of which is 6,200 feet, furnish by far the greatest number of alpine species. Mount Katahdin in Maine (5,300 feet), the Green Mountains of Vermont (with a maximum elevation of 4,360 feet), the Adirondack Mountains of Northeastern New York (said to exceed 5,400 feet), and the Alleghanies (the highest points of which do not exceed 5,000 feet), are far from rich in alpine forms of vegetation, and the whole list does not equal in number that of the Southern plants which have extended into the Southeastern corner of Virginia.

Perhaps no Flora of any large region is so well known as that of the Northern United States; and although much remains to be done, it can now be profitably compared with that of Europe. We find that, of the 2,668 species Dr. Gray has here described as indigenous to the Northern States, only 676 are common to both continents. It is well known that he holds sound views in regard to the necessity of restricting the tendency which obtains among many botanists as to the multiplication of species. He considers that the authors of the principal and most esteemed European Floras would have increased the present number of our Phænogamous plants and ferns about five per cent, while another school would have added from ten to twelve per cent. His enlarged experience inclines him to take broader views of species than those which generally prevail. Our genera which have no representatives in Europe appear to be three hundred and fifty-three, or more than half of the whole number. We have twenty-six orders that are wholly unknown in Europe; and it is singular, when the lower mean temperature of our climate is considered, that these should all be of a warm-temperate or sub-tropical character, nearly all of them having their principal development in tropical regions.

These numerous orders peculiar to our country fail to overcome the European aspect of our vegetation, on account of the fewness of their species, which are the real exponents of the vegetation of any region. May not these sub-tropical

species be the vestiges of the primitive Flora, whose contemporaries and congeners are found imbedded in the coal-regions of our interior? Dr. Hooker, in his Flora of New Zealand, remarks: "Not only are those links breaking by which the botanist connects the present Flora with the past, but also those by which he binds the different members of the vegetable kingdom one to another." Daily experience teaches us that some species are more plastic than others, and adapt themselves more readily to new surroundings. Thus a few species out of these many orders may have survived immense climatic and geologic changes. When some inquiring mind discovers the clew to the geographical distribution of plants, a moot question at present among *savans*, these tropical orders of our Northern States may play a conspicuous part in the programme. We regret that Dr. Gray did not find room, in his enlarged edition of the Text-Book, for a chapter on this interesting department of botany. Although a subject so extensive could have received merely a cursory glance, yet, as it is one occupying much attention at the present day, some suggestive hints might have been thrown out.

The causes which determine the geographical distribution of plants are estimated very differently by various authors. Marine currents, heat, light, and the mechanical differences of the disintegrated rocks upon which plants flourish, have each in turn been held up as the reason why certain forms of vegetation prefer one country or spot to another. To us it appears that light, with subordinate conditions dependent on electricity and similar meteorological agencies, must exert a very important influence. The rapid growth of vegetation in high northern latitudes is now ascribed to the continued influence of light during the short summer of those regions, which by its stimulating power compresses into a few weeks the processes that occupy months in more temperate climates. All the meteorological tables of recent navigators have tended to overthrow the old notion of the intense heat of Arctic summers, and go to prove that accelerated vegetation should be attributed to the constant light to which it is exposed.

Geographic botany is attempting to solve the point so

much disputed, whether all species sprang from one common centre, and have thence been distributed over the earth; or whether there were, as some affirm, different creations on the different continents and islands to produce their diverse Floras.

> "'T is a quaint thought, and yet perchance,
> Sweet blossoms, ye have sprung
> From flowers that over Eden once
> Their pristine fragrance flung;
> That drank the dews of Paradise,
> Beneath the starlight clear,
> Or caught from Eve's dejected eyes
> The first repentant tear."

De Candolle's elaborate volumes recently published, entitled *Geographie Botanique Raisonnée*, although filled with the results of years of study devoted to the subject, appear to arrive at no decided mode of accounting for the distribution of plants. This department of botany seems still a purely speculative study. No broad principles have been laid down to serve as a common resting-place for the scattered fragments, which will doubtless one day form a glorious monument to whoever may be so successful as to find the proper corner-stone. To the traveller this study should be peculiarly recommended. An herbarium collected in an unknown land will convey to the eye of a botanist a very good idea of the climatic influences under which such vegetation flourished. Thus two plants, the *Hesperis pallasii* and the *Vesicaria arctica*, which belong to the milder regions of the Arctic zone, and had never before been detected beyond Smith's Sound, were discovered in a perfectly fruiting state on the very verge of that mysterious Polar Sea which one of Dr. Kane's party had the good fortune to behold. These plants are a collateral evidence of warmer winds or currents near the Pole, and establish the fact of some peculiar isothermal influence.

Martin's recent experiments, published in the *Comptes Rendus* of the French Academy,* prove that marine currents cannot have played so conspicuous a part in the diffusion of species as has been generally believed. He exposed for six

* August, 1857, p. 266.

weeks the seeds of ninety-eight different species of plants to the same physical conditions they would have experienced if floating on the waves of the ocean. At the end of that period forty-one were completely decayed. The remainder were sown and placed under frames, and of these only thirty-five germinated, from which number seventeen must be deducted, whose specific gravity would prevent them from floating on the surface. Martin justly considered, that six weeks was too short a time for some seeds to make a voyage from one continent to another. He therefore took duplicates of these thirty-five seeds and exposed them for three months to the action of salt-water. When planted, only seven grew; thus proving that, out of ninety-eight species left to the conjoined action of winds and waves, only one fourteenth would preserve sufficient vitality to germinate, when placed in the most favorable circumstances.

That man by his migrations effectually assists in the dispersion of species, is seen in the most troublesome weeds of our fields and pastures, which are mostly of British origin. Within a few miles' circuit of Boston may be noticed quite a number of conspicuous plants, apparently growing wild, which are well known to be only naturalized, but which, like those who brought them hither, have taken so kindly to the soil, that no one would suspect they had not held sway over it from time immemorial. Yet De Candolle expatiates upon the difficulty of naturalizing plants, and thinks that an extremely small proportion of the many thousand species which have been introduced into our gardens will eventually propagate themselves beyond those limits. Of a vast number that have been tried at the Bois de Boulogne, the *Potentilla Pennsylvanica* is the only one which is positively known to have established itself. In the neighborhood of Geneva one of M. De Candolle's friends has been in the habit, during the last eighteen years, of scattering annually hundreds of seeds collected in the botanic gardens, and hitherto without any appreciable result.

Mr. W. S. Sullivant, who elaborated the cryptogamic orders of the Musci and Hepaticæ, has in the present edition of the Manual illustrated these interesting families by eight

plates (drawn by his own hands), figuring one hundred and eighteen different genera. His well-executed drawings are a great assistance to the study of these inconspicuous but charming families. The taste for bryological research is increasing with the facilities now afforded to the student; but the necessity for the constant use of the microscope will prevent it from becoming a very popular branch of the science of botany.

By enlarging the geographical range, and embracing portions of the Southern States, Texas, and New Mexico, Mr. Sullivant has been enabled to introduce many new plants, and the nine years intervening since the last edition have been employed by bryologists in detecting species not known before to exist in this country. He has added to this edition eighteen genera of the *Acrocarpi*, and ten of the *Pleurocarpi;* but some of these are only subdivisions of long-established genera. A change has also been made in the arrangement of the genera, and that of Bruch and Schimper in the *Bryologia Europæa* has been adopted as the best authority extant. Some inconvenience might have been spared to those students who have familiarized themselves with the nomenclature of the last edition, if the old names had been inserted as synonymes; as, for instance, "Ptychomitrium incurvum; Syn. Grimmia Muhlenbergii." The specific descriptions of the *Anophytes* are in most instances too brief to enable the student who depends entirely upon this book to determine satisfactorily the name of a plant. In these obscure and microscopic orders a fuller specification of the peculiarities of each species might have been allowed, and we think every important specific character should have been mentioned. Mr. Sullivant has established the new tribe *Thelieæ*, genus *Thelia*, upon apparently good characteristic distinctions, from the section *Theliphyllum* of other authors.

In this lowest order of vegetable life, the cryptogamic plants, whose greatest height in this country does not exceed a few inches, are found the only surviving representatives of the giants of those primitive days to whom was assigned the task of rendering the earth fit for its destined guardian, man. At the dawn of terrestrial vegetation, carbonic-acid gas must have formed from three to eight per cent of the bulk of our

atmosphere, instead of less than one thousandth part, as at present. The effect of such air upon animal life is easy of demonstration. A single pound of charcoal burned converts twenty-eight cubic feet of oxygen into carbonic acid, contaminating twenty-eight hundred feet of air. Few or no terrestrial animals, except reptiles, could have existed at the epoch of which we speak. This carbonized air, with proper light and heat, was propitious to vegetation, and we therefore see the cause of its extraordinary luxuriance, and how it was made the instrument of preparing the earth for the habitation of warm-blooded animals, of which these plants were the necessary precursors.

But the greater part of the carbon thus withdrawn from the air was with far-reaching providence stored up in the bosom of the earth, in a form adapted to be of immense importance to man in after ages. In the coal-measures of the United States are found the trunks of huge tropical trees, which look like enormous bolts driven in to hold the layers of rock together. These fossil remains prove to be a very different form of vegetation from any now growing in the same region; for the insignificant Ferns and Club-Mosses which in temperate climates represent this once flourishing and magnificent family rarely exceed the thickness of a finger.

The old notion that plants give out carbonic-acid gas at night, and thus contaminate the atmosphere they purify during the day, is now exploded. Modern research has proved that the evolution of carbonic acid is not a function of vegetation, but takes place only in decaying plants. That flowers contaminate the atmosphere of a closed apartment, is an undisputed fact; but this deleterious influence is to be attributed to the poisonous and narcotic principle of the perfume acting upon the nerves. The smell of the linden-blossom often causes swooning and loss of sensation to those who chance to sleep under that tree when in flower, and the walnut and the elder are believed to produce the same effect by their shade. Linnæus records an instance in which the flowers of the Nerium proved fatal to a person sleeping in a room with them, and to most delicate nervous organizations the smell of certain flowers produces unpleasant results.

From some unexplained cause, most plants give out their odor more powerfully in darkness, and thus exert a greater effect upon the nervous system at night than during the day.

All vegetable growth is made up of minute cells, of which there may be from twenty-seven thousand to seventeen hundred and twenty-eight million in the space of a cubic inch. Centuries ago this truth, revealed only of late years, was dimly foreshadowed by the maxim, *Tota natura in minimis.* But the sages who bowed in superstitious reverence before the sacred oak, little thought the saying could be applied to the monarch of the forest, as well as to the humblest moss growing upon its weather-beaten bark. Throughout the vegetable kingdom, beginning with the simple one-celled *Oscillaria*, and going up to the modern Titan, the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, vegetation resolves itself into microscopic organic cells. The cabalistic word — the Open Sesame — destined to unlock the door of nature's laboratory, although first intimated by Grew a hundred and seventy years ago, received little attention until uttered by Robert Brown; and it was not till the microscopic researches of Mohl and Schleiden that any useful generalization was obtained. They enunciated the law that the life-story of the plant is to be studied in the cell-elements that compose it. In the words of a popular writer,

"Uttering many voices, the plants sing one grace and canticle of the same purport; the vastness and variety of the results produced by modification of the same unvarying means; the universality of cell-power, the pervading existence of cell-growth, the million developments of its resources, its shapes, its functions, its labors, and its value."

The vegetable physiologists of the present day lean decidedly toward materialism. Finding by analysis that many of the phenomena of vegetation are purely physical or chemical, they incline to account for all of them by similar agencies; forgetting that much must be referred to a higher influence, the life-giving principle of the plant, that which effects the reproduction and increase of already existing organized matter. We must confess ourselves pleased, therefore, when any *savant* brings forward this life-principle in opposition to mere physical causes. Trécul,* in recent experiments upon the

* *Comptes Rendus*, September 28, 1857.

circulation of the sap, asserts that the generally received theory of endosmose is insufficient to explain that phenomenon. The different density of the ascending and descending sap (if that explanation were the true one) would prevent the two currents from remaining distinct, but would produce instead a horizontal centrifugal current, until an equilibrium of density was established. Therefore some other cause than endosmose and exosmose must be brought forward. We are inclined to agree with Trécul, and to refer the circulation of the sap to the agency of that force known only by its effects, namely, life.

"If," says Dr. Braun, "what we call plants are nothing but complex chemical and physical *processes*, then we can no longer speak of their individuals and species in the sense the words usually bear; for the mere phenomena of the operations of the primary substance, which have no other efficient principle than the forces of this substance, cannot be regarded as self-existent beings."

To counteract this tendency of modern physiology, some German authors have attempted to believe that plants possess souls, and have absolutely asserted that "sensitive monads inhabit the secret halls of the bark palaces which we call plants." Aristotle described the internal essence of plants as a plastic soul, and when we consider their lifelike motions, as the opening and shutting of the Venus's fly-trap, the twining of vines of the same species always in one direction, the Puck-like contortions of some of the Orchis family, and their unaccountable spontaneous movements, we might readily imagine these delicate creations endowed with a sensibility akin to that of man.

Some plants, as the Horsechestnut and Magnolia, make a definite annual growth in a few days or weeks from the prepared bud of the previous year, and then form and ripen the bud for the next;—while others continue growing through the whole season; and it is on this account that the agriculturist stops their luxuriance by pinching and pruning, that they may harden the wood and provide for the following year. But the custom which so universally obtains in some cities, of cutting and lopping shade-trees, cannot be too strongly deprecated. The adventitious buds, which lie dormant, ready to fulfil the

offices of those that are injured, are thus made to grow; the beautiful symmetry of the tree — that which forms its individuality — is destroyed, and we go back to the barbarous Dutch taste without even the redeeming features of that system, which presented to the eye, if an unnatural, yet a regular form of something in heaven or earth, or the waters under the earth.

We hear the landscape gardener talk of architectural trees, as the poplar and linden, which, by their regular groupings, harmonize with the buildings near which they are planted; but our worthy friends of the Quaker City, not content with streets at right angles and houses of one pattern, would train nature into the same stiffness. With the first warm days of spring, hosts of aspirants to the topiary art peregrinate every street, and ring at every door, *demanding* leave to commence operations. For a few "levies," if the trees are young and small, or dollars, if they chance to be large and vigorous, the right to improve upon nature is bargained for, and the swelling shoots of the beautiful growth of the previous year are clipped by scissors as fatal and unsparing as those of Atropos herself. And when the luxuriant maples with which the streets are lined bear the appearance of pollarded willows, the operators and the public appear satisfied that they have performed a work worthy of all praise. The keen sarcasm of the poet Holmes is often on our tongue, as we pass these spoilers, and view with saddened eyes, lumbering the pavement, the cords of wood which were intended by a beneficent Creator to afford a grateful shadow from the noonday sun, glaring as it does with unimaginable brilliancy upon the white-marble steps and immaculate shutters of that bridal-clad city: —

> "Soon to thee
> Shall Nature yield her idle boast;
> Her vulgar fingers formed a tree,
> But thou hast trained it to a post."

The reason for the symmetrical form observed in plants of the same genus, and the great variety of shape noticed in the different families, which enables us to distinguish an oak from an elm as far as the eye can see, may be readily understood by

consulting the section in the "Lessons" devoted to Phyllotaxy, or the arrangement of the leaf on the stem. These different modes were noticed and pointed out by Bonnet as long ago as the middle of the last century, but have lately been extended and generalized by Schimper, Braun, and others.

"So the place of every leaf on every plant is fixed beforehand by unerring mathematical rule. As the stem grows on, leaf after leaf appears exactly in its predestined place, producing a perfect symmetry; — a symmetry which manifests itself, not in one single monotonous pattern for all plants, but in a definite number of forms exhibited by different species, and arithmetically expressed by the series of fractions, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{2}{5}$, $\frac{3}{8}$, $\frac{5}{13}$, $\frac{8}{21}$, &c., according as the formative energy in its spiral course up the developing stem lays down at corresponding intervals 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, or 21 ranks of alternate leaves." — *First Lessons in Botany*, p. 75.

A paper lately read before the Botanical Society of Edinburgh showed that an analogy exists between the serial arrangement of leaves and crystalline forms. A singular fact has been recently discovered by Professor Peirce of Cambridge, which goes to prove the unity of the laws that guide the whole physical universe. The mathematical rule noticed in the spiral arrangement of the leaves of plants, in which the numerator and denominator of each term equal severally the sum of the numerators and the denominators of the two terms next preceding, is identical with the law which governs the revolutions of the solar system and "holds the planets in their course." Agassiz, in his Contributions to the Natural History of the United States,* gives tables of the revolutions of the different planets, and their relative ratio, and proves that they correspond with the normal series of fractions expressing the law of phyllotaxis, as given by Dr. Gray in the paragraph above cited. So we perceive that, however humble the plant, every individual of the species has its leaves arranged around the central axis, the stem, at the same angular divergence, following a fundamental and immutable law, which is also applied to the planets of the solar system, sweeping through infinite space around their centre, the sun, —

* Page 128.

"And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees alike in stars and flowers a part
Of the selfsame universal being."

The petals are so analogous to the leaves of the branch, that in common language they are called the leaves of the flower. We may regard a flower as a transformed branch; for the arrangement of the leaves also governs the whole arrangement of the blossoms. This doctrine of vegetable metamorphosis was first suggested by Linnæus, but was so obscurely enounced that it failed to attract attention.

"This subject is to botany," says Dr. Gray, in the Preface to the first edition of his Elements, "what the theory of the atomic constitution of bodies is to chemistry; its principles, as triumphantly established by Du Petit-Thouars, Brown, and De Candolle, having given a new aspect to the science, and rendered it perhaps the most logical of all the departments of natural history."

About twenty years after this suggestion had been propounded by Linnæus,* Wolff taught the same theory; and the really scientific treatise of the poet Goethe was written twenty years later still. But none of these writings appears to have exercised any influence over the progress of the science, until it had reached a certain stage early in the present century, when De Candolle, ignorant of what others had suggested on the subject, developed from an original point of view the idea of a symmetry in the flower, which, modified by suppressions, alterations, and irregularities, gives rise to the endless variety of forms which we are never tired of observing. By this metamorphosis of plants the botanist does not intend to imply the actual change of existing leaves into flowers, but that they are all homologous parts, although developed in different shapes that they may serve diverse offices in the vegetable economy. One can easily discern that the sepals are modified leaves, and the petals only refined sepals. Stamens are often changed to petals, as in the water-lily; and there are instances of pistils taking the place of

* "Principium florum et foliorum idem est. Principium gemmarum et foliorum idem est. Gemma constat foliorum rudimentis. Perianthium sic ex connatis foliorum rudimentis," etc. — *Philosophia Botanica*, p. 301.

stamens, as noticed in the two apple-trees in Ashburnham, Massachusetts, mentioned by Dr. Gray. The gardener takes advantage of this natural tendency to produce double flowers; the stamens and pistils give place to petals, which may often be observed in the transition state, still bearing a distorted lamina on one side and a half-formed anther on the other; but the whole economy of the flower is diverted in this case from its proper purpose, the production of seed, to form the full rosette of petals which we admire in the Dahlias, Camellias, and Anemones of the garden.

The theory of development, which made so much noise after the publication of "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" by a learned physicist of Oxford, now finds little favor, as it was ably controverted at the time by scientific men, and much ridicule was thrown upon the idea that the Infusoria could ever become quadrupeds, or aspiring oysters, men. Yet we occasionally meet supporters of the doctrine, who, driven from their strong-hold in the animal kingdom by the revelations of the microscope, still fancy some proof of the theory to linger in the vegetable world; as if the law once issued from heaven, "Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself," could be revoked and annulled.

"The difference between the views of those who advocate the theory of the creation of species by development or transmutation," says Sir William Hooker, "and those who believe in a special creation, is very wide indeed. That species do run into varieties, and that some of them may have originated in an altered state of some pre-existing forms, is perfectly intelligible, and admitted by all botanists, as well as by the Progressionists; but for any such species so to change as to assume all the characters of another, within the limits of our experience, is for Nature to break one of her immutable laws. *Natura nihil facit per saltus.*"

The Progressionists hold up the well-known fact that a growth of pine succeeds hard wood, not perceiving that this is nature's order of the rotation of crops; and that after the elements of the soil which enter into the composition of deciduous trees are exhausted, and they are cut down or burned,

there still remain in the arid earth the materials upon which the Coniferæ will flourish, whose seeds, long buried in the soil, are quickened by the sun's rays, spring up, and grow, smothering the half-starved oaks which may chance to germinate.

Mr. Vaupell, a Danish gentleman who has recently been examining the fossil forests of Denmark, does not believe in the natural succession of races, although he is forced to acknowledge that this change occurs. The remains of wood found in the turf-bogs of Denmark consist of the pine, birch, and oak; whereas the present forests of that country are almost entirely composed of beech. This tree, he thinks, has usurped the place of other species, because the soil has become drier, and therefore better fitted for its growth; and when once it obtains foothold, its heavy foliage effectually keeps down other families.

It is doubtless true, as Mr. Vaupell asserts, that wood allowed to fall and decay restores to the earth all the nutriment it has withdrawn from it, and the ground is therefore able to nourish the same species again. We can notice this fact in our own forests, where the mouldering and moss-grown trunks of fallen trees are overshadowed by their green and vigorous descendants. But this is not the case when wood is cut down. The nourishment is withdrawn from the soil, and we observe a change in the race of trees adapted to the change in the chemical properties of the ground in which they flourish.

Seeds protected from those agents which facilitate vegetation may be preserved for a great length of time; although we are not inclined to credit the stories of wheat raised from the grain with which Joseph filled the storehouses of Egypt. Yet there are well-attested instances in which the vitality of seeds has been preserved for several hundred years. A raspberry-seed, which must have ripened in the time of the Emperor Hadrian, was taken from the stomach of a skeleton, found thirty feet below the surface of the earth, in one of the Roman barrows of England; it grew and produced fruit. Peas from Tournefort's herbarium germinated after having lain there a hundred years. A bag of Mimosa-seed, gathered

seventy years ago, still supplies the Jardin des Plantes with sensitive plants, and species for many years lost to florists occasionally spring up on the site of old botanic gardens. In view of these well-attested facts, the researches of learned men and the discoveries of modern science afford no foothold for the idea of the change of species, and we may re-echo in a scientific form the ethical question of our Saviour, still sure of a negative answer, — "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"

That botany is a useful study, no one will now venture to deny. A writer in a recent number of a medical review,* while urging upon medical schools greater attention to this hitherto much neglected science, has the following judicious remarks: —

"With a wide and almost unknown territory full of vegetation springing up around us, and unknown and unexamined herbs amid our forests, and with the ancient remedies of our forefathers lost or of no avail, it is our duty to examine, and to go on examining, experimenting, heaping up facts, with faith, patience, and perseverance, until we have gained a knowledge of all. We have heard of a theory that no disease exists in a country without an antidote springing up from the soil, and Scotch boys tell us 'no stinging nettle grows without a dockin leaf close by,' and we believe there is much truth in the statement."

The American Medical Association strongly recommends that a more extended knowledge of botany be furthered among its members; and we trust the time is not far distant when every school and college in our country will perceive the necessity of a thorough education in this important branch of knowledge. It is to the rising generation, the children who will be taught from the excellent elementary books here recommended, that we are to look for the future advancement of the science.

In his capacity of teacher of college classes, Professor Gray finds but a small number out of the many young men who come under his instruction who evince any decided taste for botanical pursuits. This defect must be attributed to the fault of early education. We doubt not that all children, if

* The North American Medico-chirurgical Review, for January, 1858.

properly taught, would possess a certain appreciation of the wonders, and an interest in the beauties, of the vegetable world. The love of flowers seems inherent in childhood; their bright colors and beautiful variety attract the eye at a tender age, and if, in exercising the memory and training the intellect, Botany can gain a stand-point upon the platform now universally conceded to the Latin Grammar and Mathematics, much will be accomplished. Not that we would depreciate the advantages arising from the study of the dead languages, particularly the Latin, which is so necessary in the science under consideration; but how many there are who have a decided dislike for those studies, and whose leisure hours are a waste and a weariness to themselves and their friends, yet who might have become proficients in botany had their attention been early attracted, and their minds trained, by the study of this most charming and instructive of the natural sciences! A taste would thus be formed which can never fail. Other earthly pleasures may pall, but the true botanist is everywhere at home and among familiar friends. The lone mountain and the dark forest are, to his instructed vision, peopled with living forms, among which he can never feel desolate. He can call them all by name. He knows their family relations, and little anecdotes of their history. He can tell in what distant parts of the earth their cousins dwell, and what remote branches of their households have become extinct, and are for ever embalmed in the coal-beds of the world, — a more magnificent and secure mausoleum than those in which the glory of the Pharaohs was enshrined. Perchance the names of the plants flourishing around him recall the image of some cherished friend or master in the science, who though dead still speaks from an ever-blooming and self-repairing monument, which the showers of every May deck anew to his memory, while the shrill autumnal winds scatter only for a season the imperishable memorial of his life and labors.

ART. III.— *History of the Protestant Church in Hungary, from the Beginning of the Reformation to* 1850. *With Special Reference to Transylvania.* Translated by Rev. J. CRAIG, D. D., Hamburg. With an Introduction by J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, D. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1854. 12mo. pp. 559.

IT seems impossible at any one epoch to believe that the history of the past can be repeated. Each people seems to itself an exception. Every revolution to the actors is an entirely new event, separate from the current of the world's progress. Present causes working in the history of nations or religions never appear like past causes. An American can seldom see in the influence of slavery on agriculture or morals in this country anything analogous to the influence of slavery in Italy eighteen centuries ago. The oppressors of the Scotch Dissenters under Claverhouse never thought that they were enacting the same tragedy which had been played under Alva in Holland. The burners of Servetus in Geneva would have been the last to suppose that they were scattering with the ashes of the heretic the same seeds of indifference, scepticism, and spiritual pride in their own Church, which the inquisitors of Charles V. were then so freely planting in Italy and Spain through the Roman Church. The student of history, however, sees these things differently. He finds man the same in every age. With varying costume and changing scenery, he beholds the same grand principles working for good or for evil in each period of the world. The popular vices of the day are not with him merely temporary frailties; they carry with them the stern retribution of a coming time. The oppressions, the wrongs, of the present, are not spectacles or pathetic scenes passing before him for artistic contemplation; they are solemn glimpses granted him of the great plan of Providence, prophetic of fearful penalty and suffering for the future.

It is with such emotions that every right-minded and reflecting man must regard the silent drama of religious oppression now so fearfully progressing in Hungary.

The indifference or ignorance of our people to these momentous events, we can explain only from the general want of knowledge in regard to the Protestant Church of Hungary, and the little trustworthy information which reaches our press with reference to that much suffering nation. We propose, so far as it can be done within the brief limits of this article, to exhibit the proceedings of the Roman Catholic Church in that country, — proceedings fraught with manifold and far-reaching dangers to the cause of liberty and spiritual religion in Eastern Europe.

The Protestant Church of Hungary has had the true discipline for a Church; it has been nurtured in persecutions; its privileges have grown out of its struggles; its history has been that of difficulty, toil, contest, and bloodshed. It professed faith in a pure, self-governing Christianity, when such confession brought with it disgrace in public life, loss and imprisonment in private, and even execution on the scaffold or labor in the galleys.

Many of the principles of the Reformation were diffused in Hungary a hundred years before the time of Luther, by the Waldenses and the followers of Huss. According to a statement made by an early Pope, the doctrines of these Pre-Reformers were somewhat as follows: —

"The Pope of Rome is nothing more than any other bishop. Not the ordination, but the holy life, makes the priest. There is no purgatory. It is a device of priestly avarice, and a useless thing, to pray for the dead. All pictures of the Divine Being and of the saints should be abolished. The consecrating of water is ridiculous. Confirmation and extreme unction are no sacraments. The confessional is mere child's play. Prayer to the saints in heaven with Christ is useless. The religion of the begging monks is an invention of Satan. Every man has a right to preach the Gospel."

Such principles, advanced a hundred years before the Reformation, furnished a basis for the reform-movement in Hungary. Other causes were added. Owing to the independent municipal constitution of the country, the Pope and his officers had never been able to carry the influence of the Roman Church so unresistingly through the provinces as in other parts of Europe. The nobles, too, were jealous

of the bishops and the higher clergy. By a singular fatality, the Hungarians were indebted for the greatest blessing of that age, toleration, as their revolutionary leaders have been for the greatest benefit in this age, to the Turks. The battle of Mohacs, which in 1524 utterly prostrated Hungary before the Ottoman power, preserved the germs of a free Christianity for the reviving influences of Luther's doctrines. Under the Turks neither Austria nor Rome could persecute the nascent Protestantism. In the year 1556 the power of the Roman Church, under the advance of free ideas, virtually ceased in the most important province of Hungary, Transylvania. Five years later, the Jesuits were first introduced; and seventeen years later, a formal separation took place on the part of the adherents of the new doctrines from the Roman Catholic Church. In 1588, the Jesuits were utterly banished. From that time the persecuting measures of the Austrian Romanist officials were pushed to the utmost extreme, and an Austrian Emperor succeeded in carrying through the Hungarian parliament a law by which any heretic might be delivered up to the old punishments provided by a cruel legislature against religious dissent.

The first effect of this legislation was to arouse such an outbreak, that a prince of Transylvania, taking advantage of it, almost succeeded in detaching a large part of Hungary from the Austrian Empire. The ministry were compelled in alarm to grant to the Protestant Church its first great guaranty, the Treaty of 1606, by which the free exercise of religion was allowed to all the middle and upper classes, and the right of petitioning was reaffirmed to the Protestants. This "Peace of Vienna" was reckoned one of the great pillars of the Protestant constitution. Other attacks, however, soon followed. Ferdinand II. ascended the throne, — a man of the nature of Philip II. of Spain, who could say that he "would rather have a kingdom ruined than heretical." Attacks and insults were heaped on the unfortunate Protestants. In 1624, it was estimated that twelve hundred useful citizens and industrious inhabitants were in exile from Hungary for their faith alone. The disturbances which resulted again called in a prince of Transylvania to the aid of the

oppressed people, and a new treaty was won from the Austrian ministry, — the Treaty of Linz, in 1645, — the second great guaranty of Protestant rights in Hungary. By this, entire liberty of conscience was secured to all classes of the people. This lasted but little time. Treaties appear in Hungarian history merely an ingenious method of the Vienna cabinet for gaining time. Within twenty years after this second treaty, we find the same sad history going on again, — preachers forced from their pulpits, churches occupied by soldiers, peasants driven to mass at the bayonet's point, and the song of faith and undying hope raised by forlorn companies of martyrs on the bleak hill-sides, in forests, and in swamps. Forty Protestant clergymen sent at this time to the Spanish galleys at Naples, to labor as slaves, aroused the pity and indignation of Europe. It was that kind of persecution which is always the worst, — the persecution of race against race, — of the supple, subservient Austrian against the frank, independent Hungarian. To the honor of the Hungarian Catholics, it should be said that they stood by their countrymen, even of another faith, in those dark times, and made many efforts for their relief.

Under Maria Theresa again, with her many obligations to the Hungarian nation, the Protestants suffered new wrongs. Even their schools were closed by law. A letter written in 1751 by the brave old champion of Protestantism, Frederick the Great, to the Bishop of Breslau, undoubtedly helped these sufferers.

"You will no doubt have heard," he says, "as we have done, what hard persecutions and troubles have for some time past fallen to the lot of the Protestants of both Confessions in Hungary; and how, contrary to treaties guaranteed by the mediation of foreign powers, one church after another has, on the most frivolous pretences, — indeed, on such pretences as ought to make every honest man ashamed, — been wrested from them."

After a strong appeal against such proceedings, he closes thus: —

"Yes; they [the Roman Catholic clergy] should be brought to feel what a terrible retribution awaits their Church, if a time should come when the Protestant clergy should by Divine permission gain the

mastery, and the term *heretic* then be applied to the Roman Catholic, — what a terrible retribution awaits them if these same principles which are now published should then be acted on."

Maria Theresa was succeeded by the Emperor Joseph, who, as a disciple of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, makes one think the better of the speculative belief, or non-belief, which could produce such noble toleration. In a letter addressed to the Prime Minister of France, in 1770, before his mounting the throne, he utters these frank words: —

"If I were once Emperor, you may reckon on my support and my approval of your plan of dissolving the order of Jesuits. You need not lay much stress on my mother; the affection for this order of monks is hereditary in the house of Hapsburg-Choiseul. I know these people well. I know their plans and exertions to spread darkness over the earth, and to rule all Europe from Cape Finisterre to the North Sea."

In another letter he says: —

"Before they [the Jesuits] were known in Germany, religion brought with it happiness to the nations; they have sunk that hallowed name to be an object of detestation, and made it only a cloak for their covetousness and ambition. . . . . It was their intolerance which brought on Germany the Thirty Years' War. . . . . If it were possible for me to hate, I must hate the men who persecuted Fénelon, and who procured the bull 'de Coenâ Domini.'"

Under such an Emperor the Protestants naturally enjoyed peace. In 1781 he promulgated a remarkable edict of toleration, which would do honor to any age.

In the acts or constitutional provisions passed in 1790–91 may be found the *third guaranty* of the rights of the Protestant clergy of Hungary. By these, much liberty was allowed to this sect. But it was only as late as 1843–44 that marriages between Catholics and Protestants could be legally celebrated by Protestant clergymen.

Finally, in the Parliament of 1847–48, preceding the revolution, it was reserved to such men as Kossuth and Batthyanyi to establish the entire equality and freedom of all sects before the law. One project, however, of the liberal party — the union of the schools and churches with the state — was entirely rejected by the Protestant Church,

even as it had rejected similar proffers from the Austrian ministry.

We have touched but little on details in this brief sketch of the history of the Hungarian Protestant Church. Every year of its annals till the present century is marked with deeds of bloody violence against its faithful members and confessors. Its rights have been sanctioned by the solemn oath of the Hapsburg kings, and have been won by centuries of toil and suffering. The results are what we should expect after such a history. A pure and operative Christianity, freed from superstition on the one side and bigotry on the other, softened by many trials, endeared by the blood of noble men and women who have died for it, had sprung up on the Hungarian plains. Not much scepticism has ever been developed there. Possibly the mind of the nation is too practical, and too little abstract in its tendencies, to favor such a growth. Possibly real trials produce real faith. At least the traveller finds among that people more persons who manifest their religion in reverent worship, and in a useful, cheerful, practical piety, without denunciation or violence against other sects, than is usual in religious communities.

The great favoring influence toward the growth of this simple, practical piety has been, as we believe, the peculiar constitution of the Church. The Hungarian, in all his political and religious institutions, maintains firmly one principle, — the right of local self-government. Under his long experience of priestly rule, moreover, he has learned another lesson, — that the laity must share with the clergy in the government of the Church. On these two principles the whole Protestant Church-constitution is founded. The exact plan is not precisely similar to any one system of church government with us. It approximates to a union of the Presbyterian and Congregational systems. Every church or parish chooses its own preacher, dismisses him when it wishes, and manages its own parochial schools. Then there are a series of Assemblies, invested with a certain control over individual churches. First is the Assembly of the Seniors, — composed of preachers from several neighboring churches and of lay delegates from the congregations. This body decides on

certain parish and school matters, and is presided over by two members, chosen from among themselves, a Senior (a clergyman) and a Curator (a layman). Above this again is the Assembly of Superintendents, or Bishops, the highest church convention, which decides upon all the most important matters appertaining to the national Church. The "Superintendent" we have called a Bishop, though he maintains very little of the episcopal dignity. He is simply the superintendent of a large district of churches, — called a Seniorate, — containing, perhaps, several hundred thousand souls. His duty is to examine the candidates for the ministry, and to keep watch over the morals of the clergy. He is allowed from two hundred to three hundred dollars per annum for travelling expenses; but must be at the head of a congregation, and perform the usual duties of a clergyman. The great Assembly — that of the Superintendents — is composed of delegates from each congregation, and is presided over by two members, one a bishop, and the other (a layman) the Curator. In every business meeting, assembly, or synod of the Hungarian Church are always two presiding officers, one a layman and the other a clergyman. To the laymen are generally left the monetary affairs. The constitution varies somewhat under the different organizations of the Lutheran and the "Reformed." The choice of the preacher is in some of these determined almost entirely by the approval of the assembly; the assemblies themselves, too, have a greater or smaller proportion of lay members; but in the main the principles are the same throughout Hungary.

Such is the liberal, rational constitution of the Hungarian Church. It is such a church system as has everywhere nourished independent thought and earnest piety. In similar democratic and representative church bodies have Scottish freedom and energy developed themselves. Under like auspices Puritanism grew. The Pilgrim immigration, the New England colonies, American self-government, churches, colleges, and schools without number, are among the fair fruits of this polity.

Austrian despotism and Jesuitism have wisely aimed their blow at this system. Such an assault is consistent with the

spirit of Jesuitism. It is in perfect harmony with the course of the Roman Church towards the Lutheran and Reformed Churches, through the whole history of Austria.

Here we must say, while exposing this atrocious violation of treaties, and this insidious death-stroke to Protestant liberties in Hungary, that for our own part we join in no flippant and vulgar abuse of the Roman Catholic Church. The long line of noble martyrs in the early days of her history; the heroic self-denial, the courage, the faith, the patience, the love, which in danger, in shipwreck, in pestilence, on the sea and on the land, among Christians and among Heathen, her confessors have shown; the millions of human hearts which even now associate with her teachings all that is most tender and sacred in this life, and most cheering for the life to come, — allow towards her no haughty and contemptuous words of common reviling. The church which has sheltered under its time-worn arches Columbus and Xavier, Pascal and Fénelon, Madame Guyon and Cheverus, even in its dishonored ruin, should be approached with reverence. No church represents its Master. We do not love Protestantism for its name. We do not believe that it contains all of human worth and piety. Nor do we believe that it presents the ideal of a pure, practical Christianity. But, just as we accept sects, — each representing a portion of Christ's body, each an individual and temporary embodiment of the universal Christianity, — for the sake of the fulness of life and belief into which at last through such helps we are to come, — so we accept Protestantism. It is not Christianity to us; it is not religion. The day will arrive when the good which mingles with the evil in Romanism, and the good which mingles with the evil in Protestantism, shall unite in the universal and Christian good. But till then, with all charity, we believe that what there is best in the world of free thought, of independence, of intelligence, of devotion to liberal principles, of that spirituality which looks away from the technical and ceremonial, and binds itself to the love of the Infinite God as manifested in Jesus Christ, is to be found most abundantly within the boundaries of the Protestant Church.

The fatal blow to Protestantism in Eastern Europe has been struck within the last three years. So quietly has the thrust been dealt, that only a few, comparatively, in this country, are aware that the deed is done. And yet to a reflective mind such acts of legislation are far more terrible than sudden and isolated acts of cruelty.

The travellers in Hungary within the last ten years relate mournful stories of her condition. They describe their journey as saddened by the ruins of blackened homesteads and wasted towns; they visit families, where father and brother have been cut off by the hand of the executioner; they talk in the prisons with the clergymen, patriots, and statesmen, whose only crime is that they loved their country too well; they hear everywhere the sigh for deliverance, or the hopeless groan of a conquered people. But even these sad scenes and discoursings make less impression on us than the accounts of this last effort at oppression by Austrian Jesuitism.

The act to which we refer is the Concordat, the new union of the Pope and the Austrian Emperor, formed on the 5th of November, 1855. To this *Concordat* there were certain introductory acts which should be briefly mentioned. As has already been shown, the superintendents or bishops had always, through the whole existence of the Hungarian Protestant Church, been chosen by the districts. In 1850, Haynau, a man whose name is on the pillory of the world for brutality and cruelty, himself appointed four new bishops. These tools of the ministry are still in power, paid by the government. At the same time all the General Assemblies and Synods of the Protestant Church were abolished. In 1854, District Assemblies were allowed to meet, but under a Romanist moderator, appointed by the court. Those officers found in Hungarian history so useful to the freedom of the Church — the lay moderators of the meetings — were entirely superseded. The district inspectors were suspended. The object was gradually to merge the self-government of the Church into the ecclesiastical government centring in Vienna. How well this has been accomplished the Concordat will show.

But the great step of all was to get possession of the Prot-

estant schools. Accordingly a law was passed "reorganizing" the schools and colleges of Hungary, and placing at a higher standard the salaries of the Professors. It was skilfully framed, and ostensibly prepared with the purpose of reform. The effect was, that the chairs of Divinity and Law had at once to be given up in some of the Protestant colleges, and the students of course were obliged to resort to Vienna, or to the Catholic University of Pesth.

The necessity, too, of reforming, within a given time, so many schools, and increasing so many salaries, was, as the ministry well knew, an immense burden to the Protestant congregations. They were all poor after the revolution. The Austrian currency was depreciated some thirty per cent; and it became almost impossible within many parishes to raise the requisite funds, while neither teachers nor people desired the additional expense. In consequence, many schools have fallen into the hands of the Jesuits, or were suspended as purely private schools, and the danger now is that many more will meet with a like fate. The board of instruction, too, the school inspectors, are now all Catholic. The new teachers, as far as possible, are chosen from among the Romanists. The books are selected from those that will please despotism and Jesuitry. Roman Catholic children are not allowed to enter Protestant schools, and the lectures and lessons must never be such as will plant free ideas, or illustrate Hungarian or Protestant history.

The first article in the new conspiracy against liberty between the Pope and the Austrian Emperor, dated as if in derision on the day celebrated in England as the day of deliverance from Popish plots, the 5th of November, reads thus: —

"The Holy Roman Catholic religion shall ever be maintained in the empire of Austria, and in all its dependencies, with all those rights and privileges which, by the ordinance of God and the laws of the Church, it *ought* to enjoy."

That is, not the laws of the country, but the laws of Rome, are to determine the rights of the Church. In other words, "the privilege" or "the right" of persecuting heretics, of forbidding heretical books, of chaining the press, and stopping

the free tongue, is to be allowed to the priests in Hungary, even as in Rome.

The second article asserts: —

"As the Roman Pope has, by Divine law, the primacy of honor and jurisdiction through the whole pale of the Church, so the direct communication between the bishops, the clergy, the people, and the papal chair, in all spiritual and clerical matters, is a necessity. This communication has not, therefore, in future to depend on the ruler of the country, but is to be completely free."

In other words, the Pope is to govern on the Danube as he governs on the Tiber. Even the Emperor of Austria himself is nothing where this jurisdiction comes in. Spain, even under Philip II., never succumbed to so despotic a spiritual power. No other Catholic country in Europe now, unless it be the kingdom of Naples, would submit a day to it.

The third article gives the bishops complete authority of every kind over the clergy; and the fourth puts the bishops under the Pope. The fifth article gives the bishops control of all the schools, public and private; and the sixth secures to them alone the power of appointing and removing the professors of theology. By the seventh, Catholic professors can alone be appointed for the Gymnasia, and the bishops are to decide on the religious books for those institutions. The eighth provides that the schools shall be under priestly superintendence, and even the inspector appointed by the Emperor must be from among the candidates proposed by the bishop. The ninth article runs thus: —

"Archbishops, bishops, and all ordinaries, will freely exercise the power they possess, to point out as dangerous the books which are injurious to true religion and morality, and to *avert true believers* from reading them. The government will take proper measures for preventing such books from being spread over the empire."

Thus quietly in this nineteenth century is extinguished the liberty of a religious press and a free Bible in the empire of Austria.

The tenth article establishes ecclesiastical courts for the punishment of the clergy. The sixteenth pledges the whole power of the empire to assist the bishops in the punishment

of "contempt, by word, deed, or writing, of the faith, liturgy, and institutions of the Roman Catholic Church." The closing articles (thirty-fourth and thirty-fifth) provide that "everything not settled in the treaty, pertaining to ecclesiastical matters, shall be arranged according to the doctrines and discipline of the Church"; that "all laws and ordinances hitherto in force in Austria or the provinces, contrary to this Concordat, are abrogated"; and that "this treaty shall be henceforth the law of the land."

This is the *Concordat*, the new union of Romish Jesuitism and Austrian tyranny. It seems at first sight a spurious document. We might well suppose it some musty treaty, framed in the palmy days of the Inquisition, just brought out from the dusty archives of Simancas or the library of the Vatican. Not the threats of excommunication and interdict, nor the bulls of proud pontiffs, nor the public sentiment of the world, ever degraded a European king in the Middle Age beneath the feet of the Pope, as this young Emperor now voluntarily humbles himself before the clergy of Rome. And to strike such a league and promulgate such principles *now!* — in this age, when free thought is striding unceasingly forward, when science reigns, when revolutions are thundering at every palace-gate, and when independence in religion has become a doctrine, allowed even by tyrants! By this treaty and the orders of council of 1850, the old self-governing constitution of the Hungarian Church ceases to exist; the colleges, the seminaries, the schools, of Protestant congregations become, in whole or in part, the schools of Jesuits and priests; the literature, the teachers, the ceremonials, of the country become Romanist; the Bible is put under censorship, and its circulation fettered; and, not least significant and appalling, the Catholics of Hungary, who have never been bitterly opposed to the Protestants, who have kept themselves independent of Rome, and who always preferred liberty to bigotry, are placed under the immediate and unrestrained control of the papal ordinances and ministers.

This remarkable effort of the Austrian cabinet is undoubtedly not altogether or principally dictated by religious motives. Count Thun, one of the ministry, is a bigoted Catholic. But

with the Emperor and the rest of the cabinet, the object of this extraordinary humiliation before the papal chair is political. They hope to counterbalance France in Catholic Italy, and to win the Roman Catholic world in their favor. They would strengthen themselves against revolution by appealing to superstition."

It is good that even from Roman Catholic Europe a groan of contempt has arisen at such humiliating meanness before a petty priest, and such gigantic falseness towards a conquered country. Even Austrian Lombardy rejects the Concordat with loathing; the German papers cry out against it; Belgium utters its condemnation; and from spirited little Sardinia and Piedmont we need no words, — they are showing by most significant legislation what they think of Concordats, and of dependence on either temporal or spiritual power at Rome.

It is possible that this one act of tyranny of Austria may do more to emancipate Germany, by the reaction it occasions, than all the efforts of the whole Liberal party. But it is a gigantic wrong. The books of judgment in the world's annals are black with the records of the crimes of Austria. As we recall her history, there seems to move before us, coming forth from the night of the past, a long procession of her victims, calling for vengeance upon her. The princes of Poland, with faces noble yet tearful, in inconsolable grief over liberty crushed, and an ancient kingdom destroyed; — the pale reformers and confessors of Bohemia, asking of God, as they asked on the rack and at the stake, "*How long?*" — the sad and noble men, the poets, the artists, the patriots of Italy, who bled in vain for an emancipated country; — the heroic chieftains, the unknown peasants of Hungary, mourning for a beloved people blotted out from the list of nations; — the martyrs, the sufferers for liberty and for conscience, without number and without name, from the rack, the gallows, the scaffold, the cell, from a thousand battle-fields and dungeons, — a vast cloud of witnesses, — swell the curse of mankind against the old oppressor of liberty. But more than all her crimes, the most terrible of all her accusers, will be this last deed against the Church of God in Hungary.

ART. IV. — *La Vie Publique de Montaigne. Étude Biographique.* Par ALPHONSE GRÜN. Paris: Librairie d'Amyot, Editeur. 1855.

IN the Preface to this volume the author justly remarks, "L'homme doit toujours rester distingué du fonctionnaire"; and he accordingly collates from Montaigne's Essays the views expressed on political and official life, and, interweaving them with documents illustrating his conduct as a magistrate and courtier, exhibits him as moderate, independent, and faithful. He begins by proving his noble origin; shows that he was a consistent royalist and Catholic; follows him to the courts of Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.; fixes the date of his investment with the order of Saint Michael; describes him as gentleman of the bed-chamber to the king, and secretary to Catherine de Medicis; gives an outline of his four years' mayoralty at Bordeaux; indicates the several political missions he fulfilled; comments on the fact of his military service, his correspondence with Henry IV., and his Roman citizenship. This programme of Montaigne's public life is made the subject of a treatise of four hundred octavo pages, which is the fruit of much research, some ingenuity, and an evident desire to add to the basis of Montaigne's renown. But the work is more creditable to the industry of the author, than interesting to the lover of those remarkable Essays, which have made us so well acquainted with the earliest didactic writer of France. It is as a man pre-eminently that Montaigne attracts us. Office was irksome to him, and assumed from a sense of honor and a desire of usefulness. He fulfilled its obligations with the honesty and good sense that belonged to his character; but the public sphere was not his element, and so tenacious was his conservative habit, that even this opportunity failed to bring him into sympathetic relation with the political excitements of his times, and therefore called forth the passive and normal, rather than the salient traits of his nature. These found expression in travel and authorship, in conversation and study; and, while all is respectable and worthy in the official career,

it gives comparatively little scope or inspiration to what is characteristic and peculiar. Hence a work like this is more suggestive to the historical than to the biographical reader, and confirms our respect for Montaigne's probity and aptness, but brings us no nearer to the man. The book is, however, a significant evidence of the national estimation which an old author of sterling merit enjoys in France; and adds another to the patient and erudite, if not to the sympathetic and eloquent tributes to his fame. At home, it may gratify literary curiosity and patriotic sentiment thus to extol even the most superficial and extrinsic phase of Montaigne's life; but abroad, the interest will always centre around his private history and his self-revelations; and we embrace the occasion to revive the image and analyze the influence of a French writer most venerable, and at the same time most familiar to our literary associations.

It is to what may be called the literature of personality, — the books that sincerely and directly unfold individual experience, — that we owe the best data for the philosophy of mind and of life. We quote them as men of science do their manuals; they are the armory whence our tempered weapons of argument, our authentic precedents, are drawn. What life was in Italy during the fifteenth century, is more clearly told us by Cellini, the egotistic artist, than by Machiavelli, the political annalist. How it fared with a noble youth in Piedmont, before the French Revolution, her tragic poet has revealed in his memoirs better than we can learn from the state papers of the house of Savoy. Boswell, in faithfully describing an author's struggles for bread and fame, incidentally exhibits London in the reign of the Georges. Thus, too, the mind of a Gascon gentleman is a more familiar reality to us than the wars of the Guises. That mind cannot, indeed, be ranked with the impassioned Italian or the creative Englishman; but it has somewhat of that permanent relish for all time which endears Dante and Shakespeare. Were it otherwise, the inherent obstacles to sympathy with its workings would have long ago made us oblivious of it. These obstacles are threefold; — a frequent indelicacy both in the subjects discussed and the method of discussion,

an obsolete or quaint style, and an affluence of illustrations from classical authors, which, to modern taste, savors of pedantry. But over these drawbacks the ingenuous address, the grand sincerity, and the intense rationality of Montaigne, triumph. He was to France what the British Essayists were to England, — the first to popularize knowledge and to lure even the uncultivated to observe and to think. He owed little to his age; but his age owed much to him, in the improvement of language, the inroad upon scholastic monopolies, and the development of a new source of intellectual interest, — that with which contemplation and speculation invest common experience. Ecclesiastical and military oracles abounded; those of humanity were few, and of these Montaigne's Essays were the most vital, the nearest to the brain and heart, making the humblest intelligence feel a certain self-respect, as being within the sphere of emotions, wants, and perceptions like those so freely and naïvely confessed in the vernacular, by one who, trained as a scholar and born to a goodly name and heritage, was the first writer in that age and country who used the pen chiefly to indicate that he was a man, — not a priest, noble, soldier, or statesman. The "aimless curiosity," the "versatile caprice," which guided his lucubrations, were more akin to the instincts of the unlettered than to the pedantry of students, the creed of churchmen, the etiquette of courts, or the formulas of schools. They were thoroughly natural, essentially independent, preeminently human. He even cited authorities with an air of pleasantry, and, instead of being "troubled about many things," like the controversial and ambitious, he was a sort of literary Epicurean, culling sweets in the garden of knowledge, questioning Nature, holding a colloquy with Life, and neither afraid nor ashamed to speculate about its most ignoble functions, nor awed by custom or authority from discussing its mysteries and endeavoring to analyze its vicissitudes.

Montaigne loved wisdom more than learning, — chose to "form his mind rather than furnish it." There were religious wars, popular superstitions, charlatans, bigots, dissolute nobles, brutalized peasants, royal cruelties, priestly craft,

around him; and no journalism, steam-engines, or popular education to modify and dissipate these uncivilized agencies. He did not succumb to, but detached himself from them; making a kingdom of his mind, a strong-hold of his library, a refuge of his thought, and his "better dispositions tributary to comfort." The miracle of life, as such; the resources of consciousness; how men of old thought, suffered, and died; wherein one race differs from another; what effect a certain *régime* or discipline, this passion or that calamity, has upon man; the ideas of Plato; the deeds of Plutarch's heroes; the manners of courts and the habits of individuals, — these things, their comparison and exposition, were to him a pastime. An easy temper, books, friends, private duties, — what Michel Angelo called "the harmless comedy," and what we should define the "minor philosophy" of life, — occupied and amused him, and, as it were, challenged him to the intellectual field, where he could expatiate, not profoundly, like the man of earnest convictions, not unconsciously, like the man of action, not loftily, like the man of aspirations, but rationally, genially, playfully, curiously, sincerely, like the genuine human philosopher that he was. To a poetical mind this may seem tame, and to an enthusiastic mind cold; but, historically considered, it is a refreshing contrast to the barbarous materialism, the cloistered erudition, the fanatical zeal, and the sensual abandonment which debased so much of the life of the times. Montaigne's peaceful tower is a nobler and more auspicious centre in the landscape of the past, than kingly throne, monastic cell, or military camp; for thence emanated at least honest thought and genial utterance.

Yet the actual life of this man, so strongly individualized in the retrospect, was, in view of his age and his continued fame, singularly destitute of incident and adventure. A more tranquil and unemphatic career, indeed, it is difficult to imagine during a period of memorable social and political activity, and in the case of one whose intellectual agency has survived two centuries. What an indirect yet striking testimony is this fact to the distinct human significance of his writings! The external facts are simply these. He was born in February, 1533; was carefully educated, according to

the most enlightened system of his age, learning to speak Latin as a child; in his youth, he studied law; he held parliamentary, courtly, and municipal office; married; travelled; knew, in two memorable instances, the highest charms of friendship and sympathy; observed, read, thought; was "attached by reason to his prince and his religion"; enjoyed abroad the consideration then awarded to rank and talent, and at home, rural independence and philosophic recreation, except as disturbed at one time by civic turbulence, at another by the vicinity of pestilence, or again by the ungenial duties of official life, as magistrate, gentleman of the bedchamber, or teacher to a princess, or, worst of all, by attacks of a painful and hereditary disease. Sixty years of less ambitious commerce with public events, of less intimate concern with social excitements of which his birth and culture gave him the largest command, of less active sympathy with the affairs, opinions, and passions that filled up the circle of average experience in his day and country, probably are unknown. But, on the other hand, that life, as such, then and there, was unspeakably precious to him as a phenomenon to scrutinize, an experience to chronicle, a problem to solve, his record thereof, which remains to us as one of the most authentic charts of a "brother sailing o'er life's solemn main," adequately proves. Herein lies the surviving and imperishable attractiveness of the man, that we seem to have known him well in the flesh, to have talked with him in his tower-library, or compared notes with him at some *locanda* in Italy, or street-angle of Bordeaux. It is not what he saw and did, which includes little of the marvellous, but what he thought and felt, that we know so intimately. And this knowledge is always of vital interest in regard to every human being; it is the secret charm of the drama, the novel, the poem, of the history which runs back a thousand years to unveil a hero, and of the newspaper that is eagerly grasped to-day, to read a villain's dying confession; it is what we seek in the eyes and yearn for in the speech of our fellow-creatures, and, strange as it may appear, it is the last reward of investigation, — the most rare fruit of social intercourse. Self-love, prudence, the want of an introspective habit, ina-

bility to describe life, a perverse avoidance of its latent suggestions, — these and like causes force us to grope through the labyrinth and face the mystery alone. Therefore it is that when a candid and brave voice utters the truth, whispers a confession of weakness, acknowledges perplexity, defines pleasures, pains, hopes, fears, — gives back the impressions which life makes and the thoughts which it excites, — that voice penetrates the conventional murmurs of time; it is the utterance of human consciousness as affected by vicissitude, nature, and reflection, and, as the lone voyager, after many days passed in view only of sea and sky, listens with eager heart for the salutation and the report of the passing ship, so do we hail on the ocean of life the fraternal word which tells us, without disguise, how that life seemed, and what it was to a vigilant, loving, thoughtful man centuries ago; while the diversity of the outward circumstances, and the intervention of memorable years and events, become as nothing before the mysterious and eternal, — the retrospective and prophetic identity of human instincts and intelligence drawing us irresistibly backward to those "footprints on the sands of time," and luring us onward by the mysterious perspective of a common destiny.

It is not merely that we know the opinions of Montaigne on a great variety of subjects universally interesting to those who observe and think; but he has made us as familiar with his idiosyncrasies as if we had lived for months in frank companionship with him at the Chateau. Thus how well aware are we that he preferred Rome and Paris to all other cities, white wine to red, and a few intimacies to general society; — that he was not fond of sweets, agreed with Robert Burns in his estimate of the "privilege of being independent" of business, controversy, other people's will, and pecuniary and official obligations; — that he had a bad memory, loved to travel, intensely enjoyed the society of handsome and intelligent women, but at the same time kept warily on his guard with them; — that he had pride of birth and left his arms at inns, and a silver *ex voto* at the Loretto Chapel, representing the Virgin, his wife, his child, and himself; — that he loved to journey, as to write, without a settled plan, and by other than the

direct route, — had a natural distrust of medicine, hated to bargain, was quick but not obstinate in temper, and persistent in silence when ill, from a conviction of its sanitary effects; — that he lost his relish for Ovid after childhood, and cared less for Ariosto as he neared maturity, Terence and Catullus, Boccaccio and Rabelais, Plutarch and Seneca, being lifelong favorites! Equally cognizant are we of his inclination to "disengage and disoblige himself," — to have neatness, not splendor, the condition of his surroundings, — and of his ability to contract and preserve "uncommon and exquisite friendships," as illustrated in his intercourse with Madame de Bourdie and La Boëtie, whose sonnets he so overestimated. We know his method of regulating expense, his treatment of the terrible complaint under which he suffered, and his good temper under its worst inflictions. We know his partiality for fish and for horseback exercise, his contempt for the game of chess, his fondness for hunting, his taste in love, and his habit of carrying a walking-stick. These and numerous other traits of mind and conduct enable us to conceive of Montaigne, as we do only of the most sincere and genial authors of our own day.

There is a peculiar healthfulness in Montaigne. For an introspective man he was as little morbid, as little "sicklied o'er with a pale cast of thought," as any thinker in literary history. Fond of rural life, avoiding excessive cerebral activity, free from corroding passions, cultivating self-possession, good-humor, and tranquillity, there is something wholesome in the temper of the man as exhibited in authorship. He appears to have had precisely that degree and kind of mental activity which makes the brain give tone to the body, and thus promotes longevity. He came of a long-lived race, and possessed a hale constitution. The portrait of him in the Bodleian Library exhibits a full brow, reddish moustache, peaked beard, and sparse collar. The lips are full, especially the lower, and the nose is good. It is a face of decided character, in which the expression is abstracted rather than observant. He says in his self-portraiture: —

"I am something lower than the middle stature, a defect that not only borders upon deformity, but carries withal a great deal of incon-

venience along with it; for the authority of a graceful presence and majestic mien is wanting. I am, as to the rest, strong and well-knit, my face is not puffed, but full, my complexion betwixt jovial and melancholic, moderately sanguine. My hands are so clumsy that I cannot so much as write so as to read it myself. I cannot handsomely fold a letter, nor could ever make a pen, nor carve at table, nor saddle a horse, nor hunt the dogs, nor loose a hawk. In fine, my bodily qualities are very well suited to those of my soul; there is nothing sprightly, — only a full and firm vigor. I am patient enough of labor and pain, but it is only when I go voluntarily to the work." — *Essays*, Book II. 17.

Although, as a thinker, he was comparatively detached from his age, and as a philosopher intent upon generalities, to appreciate the man and the writer we must none the less consider the state of knowledge and the current of events which signalized his times. Between his birth and death, Andrew Doria vindicated the maritime glory of the Genoese republic; Henry VIII. of England achieved his persecutions and divorces; Charles V. re-established the sway of the Medici at Florence; the Anabaptists appeared in Germany; Geneva became free; Ghent rose; Savoy fell to France; Solyman seized Hungary; Barbarossa invaded Upper Italy. Between the Pope and the Emperor, Philip of Spain and the Low Countries, Loyola and Luther, memorable contests went on. Some of the most tragic episodes of history — the assassination of Piero de' Medici, the execution of Egmont, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew — belong to this interval. Jesuitism and Protestantism respectively obtained that vantage-ground which colored, for centuries, the spiritual destiny of our race. In France the Huguenot era was rife; the Guises, the Bourbons, Montmorency, and Coligni occupied the foreground. Montaigne travelled for six months for security during the war of the League, saw Tasso in his cell at Ferrara, passed a night or two in the Bastile, was at Blois when the Duke of Guise was killed, was at Bar-le-Duc with Henry II., and at Rouen when the majority of Charles IX. was celebrated, kissed the foot of Gregory XIII., and beheld at St. Peter's the ensign recently taken from the Huguenots. During his lifetime Calvinists were burned; Bacon wrote;

the earliest of the English dramatists awoke "terror and pity" in London theatres; chivalry waned, and monastic life began to decline. His was the age of English and Spanish maritime discovery and colonization, of Italian art and Dutch freedom, when the pregnant seeds of future progress were sown in the teeming furrows of time. But it was also an age when intercourse between the different countries of Europe was slow, precarious, and difficult; when the fruits of intellectual toil were sparsely disseminated, the scholar isolated, knowledge chiefly derived from Greek and Latin authors, and these, with Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Boccaccio, Froissart, Philip de Comines, and Joinville, formed the library of the man of letters. Abelard indeed had taught, St. Bernard had lived and written. Provençal poetry was extant; and Montaigne was twelve years old when Cervantes was born. When his Essays were written, France had no literature; and if it is wonderful that he taught so justly, and expressed himself with such perspicuous emphasis, in this era of his native tongue, it is no less remarkable that the great events which dawned or were consummated in the world during his life, and the spiritual forces and civil struggles at work immediately around him, affected his mood and fused with his mental experience in so purely an objective and incidental a manner. Although the tempest of social strife broke over his tower, and the soldiers of king and duke crossed his path, an anecdote cited as illustrative of some theory, or an allusion introduced to justify his conservatism, and not the earnest protest of faith or the keen logic of conviction, certifies us that he lived in the midst of such crises. He dwells far more on the authors who fed his mind, than on the combatants who disturbed his repose, and questions of actual experience, phenomena common to men everywhere, and not peculiar to a Frenchman of that age, attract his speculation. Goethe, on æsthetic principles, held himself not more aloof from active sympathy with the practical development of humanity in the eighteenth century, than Montaigne by philosophic self-possession in the sixteenth; and if the former, as his advocates plead, thus more effectually served Art, the latter by a like reserve dealt more ingenuously with

life and man, abstracted from the immediate and the temporary. The one thus divorced from the actual won more of Beauty, and the other more of Truth.

Montaigne's country is so intimately associated in history and commerce with a special kind of valor, and a peculiar quality of wine, that the very names Gascony and Bordeaux revive their memory at once. The self-exaggeration of the former gave birth to the term *gasconnade*. This old French province is memorably located, having for boundaries the river Garonne, the sea, and the Pyrenees, so that Spanish affinities and maritime enterprise, as well as war, agriculture, and trade, combined to influence the development of the people; the higher phase of which was notably indicated during the Revolution, for thence came those chivalric desperadoes, the Gironde leaders, — Vergniaud, who, according to Lamartine, "knew no intermediate state between idleness and heroism"; the well-dressed, ironical, decisive Gansonne; Gaudet, the magnetic orator; and Ducos, who proposed, the night before his execution, to go to bed, "for," said he, "life is so trifling a thing that it is not worth the hour of sleep we lose in regretting it." The eloquent words and the courageous temper of that most noble constellation of humanity, quenched in the Reign of Terror, — the men who resisted the bloody despotism of "the Mountain," whose last night on earth is one of the most awfully pathetic in all history, — wit, grace, good-fellowship, and bravery scintillating through the impending death-shadow, and song, cheerful adieus, words of beauty and wisdom, open brows, smiles, and courtesy eclipsed only by the falling axe, — this picture, so lovely and so terrible, is framed to the eye of memory with the vintage and the quays, the old Gothic towers, the chalky highways, the chestnut groves, and the winding river, of the region of Montaigne's nativity.

Bordeaux had its own reign of terror, in which five hundred citizens were sacrificed. The names of the streets partook of yet later revolutionary transitions. What was once the Place Louis XIV. became the Place Louis Philippe, and the Cours de Douze Mars was changed to that of Trente Juillet. What Liverpool is to England, Bordeaux is to France. The curve of its buildings along the banks of the

Garonne, the three miles of quays, the crowd of shipping, the handsome bridges, the varied architecture, graceful spires, and venerable towers, form a genial, and often beautiful spectacle, when seen in an effective light. There is little, indeed, in the modern aspect of the city to remind us of Montaigne's time. A somewhat anomalous, yet singularly pleasing, union of commercial activity and elegant repose, gradually impresses the stranger, and he turns from the Italian fa ade of an aristocratic mansion, and the gay public garden, to the citadel erected by Vauban, or from the thronged street to the quiet library of the Rue St. Dominique, with that feeling of entire contrast in which lies so much of the zest of European travel. A copy of Montaigne's Essays, which he finds in the latter depository, with the author's own marginal autograph notes, takes him at a glance from the commercial French metropolis of to-day to the old city of which "the fine old Gascon gentleman" was Mayor. The Rue du Chapeau Rouge and the Rue de l'Intendance, which run east and west, separate the old and the new quarters. The narrow thoroughfares of the former, over-populous, and lined with high, overarching edifices, — so different from the open squares, broad avenues, and umbrageous decorations of the latter, — take us in fancy to France as she emerged from the Middle Age, to the ancient capital of Aquitaine, to the three hundred years when Bordeaux belonged to England. Here Edward the Black Prince was invested by his father with the government of Guienne, and hence he sallied forth on the adventurous foray that led to the battle of Poictiers. Here his son, Richard II., was born. Here was the seat of a Provincial Parliament. This was the scene of that famous siege undertaken by Mazarin, young Louis XIV., and his mother, while the city adhered to the Prince of Condé, whose brave consort sustained the contest, escaped the wily Cardinal, and won the hearts of the people.

But neither these nor other general historical reminiscences, nor the statue of the devoted old intendant, De Tournay, nor the vicinity of Montesquieu's birthplace, can long detain our thoughts. Through the decaying, high-peaked, quaintly carved, dim, labyrinthine, poverty-stricken courts and streets of the old town, we thread our curious, often repulsive way,

perhaps casting an inquiring glance at tokens of alternate English and Gascon occupancy, turning aside to avoid a beggar or a pile of garbage, or pausing to note that mediæval picturesqueness which artists so fondly discover in groups of houses of the fourteenth century; and thus, half absorbed and half observant, we reach the old Church of the Feuillans, where, on a tomb, is an effigy clad in steel, with visor raised and a pointed beard, to indicate — authentically enough, indeed, but with no propriety, as he was more of an author than a knight — the place where Montaigne is buried.

"I was born and bred up in the country," he tells us, and probably the general aspect of the rural vicinage of his abode remains essentially unchanged. Although level, it is diversified to the eye, by the whiteness of the stone dwellings, the dark-green tint of the numerous trees, and the lighter shade of the vineyards. When ripe, the grapes, especially those which produce the St. Emilion wine, chiefly growing on an elevated strip of land near the river, are of the darkest purple. A gentle ascent, beyond, leads to an extensive plain, whereon round-capped windmills loom against the horizon, and conspicuous rises the church belfry of the parish, whence the road is direct to the chateau. There is the terrace where Montaigne walked, and looked forth upon a not unpleasing, but somewhat monotonous landscape; and there are the old balustrade, the little forest, the village and chateau of Mont Peyroux, once the property of his younger brother. The remains of another similar edifice mark the local ravages of the Revolution. It is conjectured that here dwelt the lady to whom his Essay on Education is addressed. Within, we have the identical place so minutely delineated by his pen. On the rafters of the tower-study are yet discernible the maxims and quotations he inscribed. The outlook, the casements, the court-yard, the garden limits, — the very measurements agree with the written picture. The closet he refers to is still there. With no elegance or modern improvements, the prospect and the free exposure of this favorite nook to sun and air give it an agreeable aspect. We can pace the same floor, gaze upon the same view, with him, and with the slightest effort of imagination we can revive the image of the kindly phi-

losopher, consulting the books so conveniently within reach, musing, thinking, making notes of what he has seen on returning from a "Journey into Italy," or a visit to Paris. Three hundred years have elapsed since these old towers were reared by the wise and good father whose memory he so revered; more than two centuries and a half, since he died. It is seldom in the history of literature that local associations so minutely connect the writings and the life of an ancient and popular writer with the actual scene of his recorded experience. By what fortunate accident or reverent solicitude Montaigne's dwelling has been thus preserved intact, is not clearly explained; but the circumstance is so obvious to one familiar with his works, that a *cicerone* is superfluous; and thus one of the most real of men to our conception, among the illustrious names of France, is rendered more so by virtue of his unchanged abode, — a memorial so significant that the literary pilgrim instinctively desires that the vicissitudes of ownership may never modify or destroy a material token, which singularly authenticates the honest exactness of the writer, while it excites the most attractive and vivid reminiscences of the man.

One of those beautiful relations which more than any written sentiment or critical estimate vindicate the noble human sympathies of intellectual men, lends freshness and interest to Montaigne's later years. A gifted and affectionate young Parisian, by the early loss of her father, who had been high in the royal confidence, and held responsible offices, had, with her mother, found a sequestered home in the village of Gournay. Retirement and leisure, as well as an instinctive thirst for knowledge, rendered her a student; and, by means of French translations, she had acquired Latin, and even made some progress in Greek, when a more available and congenial phase of literature and philosophy opened before her, through acquaintance with the Essays of Montaigne. We can imagine with what avidity such a *melange* of facts, arguments, confessions, and speculations — unfolded with all the vivacity and ingenuousness of the best conversation, giving precisely the information, the hints, and the stimulus her mental appetite craved — would be seized upon by

the fair recluse, in an age when the Italian poets, the literature of Greece and Rome, and old Froissart were the almost exclusive pabulum of readers. It must have been like suddenly coming upon a pure spring in a wearisome desert. All Mademoiselle de Gournay's enthusiasm was awakened. Montaigne had opened a new world of intellectual delight to her youth; she was but eighteen when the book fell into her hands; and that her mind was adapted clearly to discern and truly to sympathize with his, we may infer from her subsequent reputation in Paris, where the latter part of her life was spent in the midst of the most cultivated society. The Abbé de Marolles said of her, that she had "a candid and generous soul, more beauty of mind than person, and knew many things rarely acquired by women"; a brief portrait, in which we recognize her claims to Montaigne's warm regard. The few incidents recorded of her agree with this description, and are curiously significant of her times. Thus, in youth, she expended a large amount in the ardent search for the philosopher's stone. She bequeathed a curious library. Her rents were so irregularly paid, that she was obliged to sacrifice no small portion of a valuable landed estate, and finally received a pension. Her *salon* was frequented by members of the Academy, who called her the French Siren and the Tenth Muse. She died in 1645, and was buried at St. Etienne. Although she wrote several books, her character and intelligence chiefly gave her distinction while living, and her association with Montaigne has preserved her memory. She was envied, and even ridiculed, by the pedantic, who, however, could find subjects for abuse only in her age and want of beauty; while her superior understanding and her moral consistency gained her the esteem and affection of the most gifted men of her day. Her zeal for Montaigne's fame was unabated through life. She published two editions of his Essays, the last of which, dedicated to Cardinal Richelieu, has an interesting Preface.

When Montaigne resigned the mayoralty of Bordeaux, and paid a visit to Paris, Marie de Gournay le Jars, then in the bloom of girlhood, desired his acquaintance, on the ground of her intellectual obligations to him. He responded at first with

courtesy, but soon learned that his young friend had no ordinary claim to his regard. He visited her and her mother at the Chateau de Gournay, and, upon intimacy, conceived such an interest in Marie that he adopted her as his daughter. An intercourse more elevated than that ascribed to Goethe and Bettina, more refined than Dr. Johnson's with the "little Burney," less poetic than Petrarch's love, and far more disinterested than Swift's, yet partaking both of æsthetic and philosophic affinity, followed the confidence thus established.

"I have taken a delight," he says, "in publishing in several places the hopes I have of Marie de Gournay le Jars, my adopted daughter, beloved by me with a more than paternal love, and treasured up in my solitude and retirement as one of the best parts of my own being. I have no regard for anything in this world but her. If a man may presage from her youth, her soul will one day be capable of very great things, and, amongst others, of the perfection of that sacred friendship to which we do not read that any of her sex could ever yet arrive; the sincerity and solidity of her manners are already sufficient for it; her affection towards me more than superabundant, and such as that there is nothing more to be wished, if not that the apprehension she has of my end from the five and fifty years I had reached when she knew me, might not so much afflict her." — *Essays*, Book II. 117.

It is a pathetic illustration of this foreshadowed grief, to remember her lonely pilgrimage through vindictive camps, and in the midst of rude and vagabond soldiers, to weep and pray over the body of her idolized friend; and if this sweet episode in the life of the essayist cannot be enrolled in the Loves of the Poets, it should certainly take the lead in the Loves of the Philosophers.

What he thought of friendship between man and man, he has told us in one of his Essays, and illustrated in the graceful amity which subsisted between Stephen de la Boëtie and himself. They were drawn together by the mutual attraction of each other's reported characters and published ideas; and when they met at a municipal banquet, the sympathy thus only self-acknowledged was confirmed by personal intercourse. A kindred intrepidity of mind and candor of heart united them at once. Boëtie bequeathed his library to Montaigne, and was portrayed, lamented,

and remembered by him, with a discriminating affection which proved the bond to have been one of genuine affinity. The noblest sentiments thus cheered the life and animated the pen of the brave old essayist, — filial love and tested friendship.

As if to make the transmission of Montaigne's individuality complete, and to give us an unconscious self-revelation more authentic than even his voluntary confessions, one hundred and eight years after his death the notes of his "Journey into Italy" were discovered. They had never been revised, were incomplete as to dates, were written alternately in Italian and in French, and by his attendant and himself, in a chirography and a mode of spelling which made them puzzling to decipher. And yet the manuscript was a precious document, not only as bringing one already familiar and endeared still nearer to us, but as affording the most authentic information in regard to the economy of life, social condition, and civic aspect of Germany and Italy, nearly three centuries ago. Never was the importance of facts over fancies in a traveller's record more notably illustrated, than in this rough diary of the observant old Gascon gentleman. He tells us exactly what we desire to know, in order to compare our observations as travellers and readers of the nineteenth, with the state of manners and resources in Europe in the sixteenth century. If a novelist or a philosophic historian of our day wishes to find the details wherewith to give reality to his picture of Continental life then and there, Montaigne's note-book will prove his best and most suggestive authority. Fruitful as the last fifty years have been in the literature of travel, and raised to a standard value by arti tic grace or original insight as its higher specimens are, those cognizant, through personal observation, of the regions visited by Montaigne, will discover in his range of careful scrutiny the most entertaining grounds of contrast between the past and the present, and will often meet an experience which makes history seem real. The crude state in which the journal was left, and the prominence of details respecting his malady, and the experiments to alleviate it, might repulse the fastidious reader, were not this *spécialité* of the traveller, and these data of the

valetudinarian, intermingled with so many incidents of significance and curious facts of nature and society. Accepting, therefore, as an inevitable episode, the description of the medicinal effects of various mineral springs and baths, and of the frequent attacks of an incurable disease, we cannot but honor the courage and patience with which Montaigne endures his long ordeal of pain, and appreciate the motives which led him narrowly to watch the influence of remedies, with a view to arrive at truth on a subject which involved so much of human anguish, and conditions so perplexing in the view of medical science.

"It would be weak and cowardly in me," he writes, towards the end of his journey, "to the last degree, if, living in the constant danger of dying from this cause, and death, besides, approaching me, in the due course of nature, nearer and nearer every moment, I were not to brace myself up and unceasingly prepare myself to meet the common fate when it befalls me."

His invalid condition, however, did not interfere with the keenest enjoyment and the greatest mental activity during intervals of comparative health. Indeed, he proved himself of that rare species, a really good traveller. Susceptible enough to receive the most decided impressions, hardy enough to endure inconvenience and privation, emancipated sufficiently from prejudice to look with a kindly eye on customs and forms of character diverse from those with which he was familiar, with that sharp appetite for knowledge and that vagrant mood which delight in casual interests, urbane, adventurous, yet rational and patient, Montaigne was one of the few Frenchmen who have been able heartily to recognize and fondly to study other cities, and justly to estimate a different style of civilization from that which distinguishes the peerless capital on the Seine. Like other travellers, he soon found the inconvenience of companions less happily constituted for seeing the world, and regretted a want of preparation, by reading, for the less frequented portions of his pilgrimage. His journey was made on horseback, with sumpter mules and servants, and two gentlemen of position and education were his companions. His route was, in no small degree, governed by caprice or accident; and although its

goal was Rome, he continually diverged or lingered, as health or local and social attractions prompted.

"The pleasure he felt in wandering over countries that were new to him," writes his confidential scribe and personal attendant, — "a pleasure which made him forget his age and his maladies, — he could not infuse into any others of the party, who were all anxious to go straight on, so that they might the sooner return home. The journey was to him a source of entire delight. When, after having passed a restless night, he in the morning called to mind that he was going to visit a town or place he had never seen before, he would leap out of bed as gay as a lark, and as light, and meet his friends in the highest spirits."

It is this zest which makes good observers and *raconteurs;* and, accordingly, unfinished as is the record of Montaigne's travels, a certain animation and freshness give vitality and point to the whole.

What an impression of the conservative spirit of the Old World do we denizens of the New derive, in coming upon so many features of daily life, in this primitive book of travels, identical with our own observation! We, too, have admired the care bestowed on Tuscan roads, wondered at the paucity of beautiful women, quarrelled with our *vetturino*, been annoyed by the censorship and the passport system, chilled in the bedrooms, learned to identify the wine of districts, delighted in the gardens, been shocked with priestly irreverence, and amused by the countless inscriptions encountered in our Italian tour, precisely as was the writer of this quaint journal, two hundred and seventy-seven years ago. Then, also, it appears, mattresses in Germany were stuffed with maize-leaves, mustard was used in a liquid form, feather-beds answered the purpose of blankets, stoves of fireplaces; and the stupidity of the common people was no less provoking than now. Now and then, however, an incident or name reminds us that what is to us history was to our ancient *cicerone* experience; and we are startled by the proximity of the familiar and the distant. When Montaigne was at Verona, the Amphitheatre was but partially excavated; he found the Cardinal d'Este ill of the gout at Padua, had a pleasant interview with Duke Alfonso at Ferrara, saw his nation's standards won by Marshal Strozzi displayed in the church of St. Lorenzo at

Florence, and dined at the ducal palace there with Cosmo II. and his wife, the famous Bianca Capello. Passing through Sarzana, he heard the salvoes of artillery that welcomed Giovanni de' Medici; the news which one morning greeted his breakfast at Pisa was that a dozen shepherds in the vicinity had been carried off by pirates; and at Ancona the warning coast-gun that proclaimed the vicinity of a Turkish corsair smote his ear. Such incidental allusions transport us to the historical epoch when this journey was made; and these associations curiously blend with numerous personal details; for we know, at the same time, what the author ate, how he slept, the condition of his abdominal viscera, and his precise locality, whether the Eagle at Constance, the Linden-Tree at Augsburg, the Rose at Innspruck, or the Crown at Sienna.

Some of Montaigne's experiences on the Continent remind us of those which mark the travels of our favorite English authors. Thus he associated with scholars, like Milton and Berkeley; examined classic sites with the erudite sympathy of Addison, and, like him, received abroad intelligence of his appointment to office at home; with an urbanity kindred to Goldsmith's, he gave the peasants of one town where he lingered a dance, "not to appear airish."

If there is one faculty more than another to which travel in Italy ministers, it is the sense of beauty; but this instinct in Montaigne was limited in comparison with his love of knowledge and his aptitude for the study of human nature. His sympathetic temperament rendered him, indeed, keenly alive to female charms; but his interest in art was that of a scholar, rather than of a man of æsthetic culture; and manners, customs, novel physical facts, and historical precedents chiefly attracted him. For natural history, except in its relation to hygiene, he had but slight affinity. Character, on the other hand, was his favorite subject of regard. He carefully observed and scrupulously noted the products, diet, furniture, cookery, public works, ancient monuments, state of religion and morals, social habits, and physical geography of a new region. He compared the culinary methods, the expenses, the scenery, population, size of towns, and numerous other

particulars, with the like in France. He visited churches, gardens, and ruins with antiquarian and horticultural relish. At Florence we find him poring over Boccaccio's will, and at Padua charmed with a bust of Cardinal Bembo. He gives minute facts about fish, wine, and the kind of ware and stuffs in use, the arrangement of households, and ceremonials. He is one day engaged at a circumcision, and the next at a Lent sermon; here at a monastery, and there in a synagogue; now dining with a prince, and now chatting with a peasant. He enjoys exceptions accorded to him as a stranger of rank by municipal authorities, presents of game and wine, having his coat of arms painted or carved to serve as a memorial where he lodged, and especially the title, obtained with some difficulty, of a Roman citizen. He remarks in one place the size and color of the oxen, in another mentions two ostriches on their way to some ducal menagerie; here the white hare, and there the crawfish, as a local dish. He found the barbers of Italy inferior to those of France. Rome he more thoroughly enjoyed than any other place. The Latin was almost his mother tongue, and his familiarity with the history and the authors of the Eternal City made its exploration a labor of love. Disappointed though he was in the fragmentary architectural remains, they yet served him as memorials; and probably no Frenchman of his day ever verified the boundaries and celebrated sites of Rome with more intelligent zeal. His style and emphasis rise as he writes of his impressions there. It is evident, however, that abroad, as at home, his favorite resource was conversation. He sought out assiduously men of learning, or those who could inform him, in each place where he tarried. At one time we find him in colloquy with a Jesuit padre, and at another with a Huguenot minister; to-day talking over "the affairs of Switzerland" with a soldier, and to-morrow discussing church affairs with the abbess of a wayside convent. A schoolmaster, a Rabbi, a famous Pisan doctor, a patriarch of Antioch, a gardener, and a mathematical-instrument maker, all prove satisfactory companions; because from each he elicits valuable information or speculative hints. We know Montaigne better on his travels than we did at home. He unconsciously

betrays his religious affinities and his national vanity, his *bonhommie*, his honest, manly, and courteous instincts, his practical observation, his independence, and the peculiar power of adaptation which proves him a genuine cosmopolitan. His interest in whatever reveals social philosophy or economical facts, his liberal curiosity and urbane spirit, all come out incidentally; an execution, a fencing-match, a machine, rulers, *savans*, and women alternately occupy him. Before, we may have pictured Montaigne correctly as a thinker and a man of whims and sentiments; but now he rises to our fancy, as a pleasant, wise, and inquiring companion; we grieve for his ailments, honor his cheerfulness, and enjoy his observant humor.

Upon reflection, the most obvious and acknowledged defects of Montaigne increase his claims to admiration. Thus his citations from Greek and Roman authors, so irksome to the modern reader, were, in his day, novelties to the uneducated, and served to foster an interest in the original sources of mental discipline. Moreover, they furnished the chief and the legitimate precedents then available as illustrations. The license, so offensive to our notions of propriety, did not arise from any low taste or prurient imagination, but was the natural result of a manly, unscrupulous spirit of inquiry and discussion. It is, therefore, far more excusable than that of Swift and Sterne. In Montaigne's age there was no more conscious invasion of decency in his than in Shakespeare's verbal freedoms. And so in regard to his style; what is quaint and half obsolete to us — accustomed as we are to the glib, colloquial perspicuity of an advanced stage of the language — according to the testimony of those best capable of judging, was the origin of all that is vigorous and clear. La Harpe says that Montaigne first impressed its characteristic energy on the French tongue. Indeed, the decadence of the vocabulary and forms of expression which philologists notice in the history of the French language, is ascribed to the loss of the Latin idiom; and the superiority of Montaigne's style has been justly referred to "l'idiome vigoureux de Tacite et de Seneque qu'il suça en même temps que le lait de sa nourrice."

"In the chronicles of the fourteenth century," says Vericour, "the expressions are picturesque; in Comines they are more subdued, but rarely so brilliant as in the pages of Villehardouin, Joinville, and Froissart. But with Montaigne the French language takes a new construction, turning again to Greek and Latin sources, and withal so skilfully and happily modified, as, despite its classical coloring, to remain intrinsically Gallic."

Le Clerc exclaims, in his admiration of those excellences, "Quelle vivacité, quelle energie, quelle souplesse!" On the other hand, De Balzac insists that, Montaigne having been a Gascon by nativity, and having resided in Valois, it is an impossibility that his language can be good. He complains of his grammatical errors, and calls him a "wandering guide." It is, however, with reference to his time, and the literary development of his nation, and not by an abstract standard of correct elegance, that the style of so primitive an author should be estimated; and thus viewed, even foreigners can appreciate the claims of Montaigne, historically considered.

There is scarcely a theme which the vicissitudes and economy, the mysteries and the philosophy, of life suggest, which Montaigne has not more or less discussed. Love and Friendship, Anger and Sorrow, Conversation and Travel, Age and Illness, Sleep and Physiognomy, Prayer and Repentance, Experience, the Parental Relation, Drunkenness, Liars, Education, Books, and Women, are texts upon which he reasons, narrates, speculates, and gives the results of personal observation. Now we have a criticism, and now a fable; here an anecdote, and there an argument; on this page a discourse on Marriage, and on that illustrations of Cannibalism. All his inferences are not sound, — all his views are not original. There may be touches of dogmatism, and shades of prejudice, and a lack of earnestness, and complacent episodes. Yet we may, on the whole, readily admit the first assertion of his Preface, "This, reader, is a book without guile"; and no candid mind will fail to keep in view the date thereof, — "Montaigne, 12th of June, 1580," — remembering what was then the state of polite letters and the average scope of ideas. The entertainment to be derived from these cogitations is undeniable; but a certain dignity of sentiment and reflective impressive-

ness have not been so generally recognized. These qualities, allied to sincerity, justify his claim to the name of philosopher, notwithstanding the absence of a complete system, and the frequent inconsistencies revealed by comparison. Here, for instance, is a declaration of candor amply vindicated by the autobiographic spirit of his writings: "For my part, I shall take care, if I can, that my death shall discover nothing which my life has not first declared, and that openly. To death do I refer the proof of all my studies. We shall then see if my discourse came only from my mouth, or from my heart." Here is an allusion to one of the most remarkable facts of consciousness: "We are never present with, but always beyond ourselves." Here again is an expressed faith in intuitions: "Every one finds in himself some image of such agitations, of a prompt, vehement, and fortuitous opinion." How much of the principle of true criticism is involved in the simple remark: "In reading history, I used to consider what kind of men were the authors!" What a sense of the value of introspection is hinted in the statement, that "study and contemplation do, in some measure, withdraw from us and deprive us of our soul, and separate it so purely from the body, which is a kind of discipline and resemblance of death!" He gives the best reason for his method as a writer by declaring, "I accommodated my subjects to my force." His conservative temper is betrayed by the avowed opinion, that "men of sense should conform to the fashion of their times as to externals"; and his eclecticism, by the confession, "I am not guilty of the common error of judging another by myself." His literary creed is naïvely admitted: "I, for my part, care for no other books but either such as are pleasant and easy, to tickle my fancy, or those that comfort and instruct me how to regulate my life and death." That he knew the reserve which best evinces genuine sentiment, we may infer from the remark, "I honor most those to whom I show the least honor." His self-respect appears in the conviction that "the worst condition of a man is when he loses the knowledge and government of himself." He advocates an habitual sense of the precarious condition of humanity; for, says he, "it accommodates human life with a kind of soft and easy

tranquillity, and gives a pure and pleasant taste of living. I am in my own nature not melancholy, but thoughtful, and there is nothing I have more continually entertained myself withal than the imagination of death." Marriage, he thinks, "should be a kind of discreet and conscientious pleasure." "The virtue of the soul," he tells us, "does not consist in flying high, but in walking orderly"; and "those are the bravest souls that have in them the most variety, and that are the most flexible and pliant." Elsewhere he says: "The principal use of reading in me is, that, by various objects, it *rouses my reason;* it employs my judgment more than my memory." "I studied when young for ostentation; since, to make myself wise; and now, for my diversion; never for gain."

These and many similar expressions attest Montaigne to be "a soul that entertains philosophy"; and it is his good sense, reflective habit, and serious views of life, which account for the peculiar hold his Essays have upon the English mind. It may be doubted if any French didactic work ever came so near the sympathies of British readers. He enjoys an ancient and a prolonged affinity with the Anglo-Saxon literature. Shakespeare read Montaigne.* Halifax wrote to Cotton, in acknowledgment of his dedication of the second English translation: "He let his mind have its full flight, and showed by *a generous negligence* that he did not write for praise, but to give the world a true picture of himself and mankind." Gibbon declares that he and Henry IV. were the only genuine men of their times. Dugald Stewart, the metaphysician, gives him the precedence among the earliest French writers who drew attention to mental philosophy. Hazlitt calls him the pioneer of moral historians in Europe. Bacon, Butler, Pope, Swift, and Sterne were familiar with

* Shakespeare read Montaigne in a translation; and relished him so much, that he transferred whole passages to his plays. In the British Museum is a translation of Montaigne's Essays, with notes in Shakespeare's chirography and with his signature, bearing date 1603. This is also the date of the first English translation, by John Florio, Italian and French teacher to Prince Henry, son of James. It has a quaint engraved title-page, and was reprinted twice in the space of thirty years. Charles Cotton's translation was published in 1680, and reappeared, amended from the elegant French edition of Peter Coste. Hazlitt prepared an improved edition of Cotton, which is the one now chiefly in use here and in England.

his lucubrations; and Hallam gives him the credit of having made the first appeal "from the porch of the Academy to the haunts of busy and of idle men." With Byron,* his writings were a book of reference. Among the favorite books of Alexander Hamilton, when a young captain of artillery, was Montaigne's Essays. Honesty and good sense are cardinal merits with the English, and in these respects Montaigne is unsurpassed by any and all of his literary fellow-countrymen. Those who are repelled by the sentimental unreserve of Rousseau, the scoffing incredulity of Voltaire, and the obscene jokes of Rabelais, turn with keen relish to the practical wisdom of the frank Gascon, and pardon his egotism in view of the information, vivacity, and thoughtful sincerity that give life to his pages. If he has not the profound comprehensiveness of Bacon, the natural piety of Sir Thomas Browne, the benign ingenuity of Berkeley, the logical hardihood of Johnson, or the unexceptionable grace of Addison, he has a solid phase, a rational scope, and a human interest, rare in the Gallic, and singularly congenial to the Saxon intellect. The form of his writings has also endeared him to the English reader, to whose mind the Essay is so intimately associated with intellectual recreation and literary fame. Archbishop Whately, in the Preface to his edition of Bacon's Essays, thus describes this species of writing as initiated by Montaigne: "By an Essay was originally meant — according to the obvious and natural sense of the word — a slight sketch, to be filled up by the reader; brief hints, designed to be followed out; loose thoughts on some subjects, thrown out without much regularity, but sufficient to suggest further inquiries and reflections."

The prose most familiar to European readers two centuries ago was that of Montaigne. He originated the pleasant and colloquial in literature, and his writings were among the very few, in those days of rare scholarship, which it was taken for

* "He also made it a constant rule to peruse every day one or more of the Essays of Montaigne. This practice, he said, he had pursued for a long time; adding his decided conviction, that more useful general knowledge and varied information were to be derived by an intimate acquaintance with that diverting author, than by a long and continuous course of study." — *Voyage from Leghorn to Cephalonia with Lord Byron, in* 1823. By James Hamilton Brown. Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. xxxv. p. 58.

granted the higher classes were acquainted with. How much influence upon subsequent modes of thought and expression he thus exerted, it is impossible to estimate; but we may trace his manner or spirit through a wide range of literature, extending to our own day. His confidential tone and amiable vanity belong to the whole series of French memoirs, and are quite as characteristic of Chateaubriand the enthusiast and Lamartine the poet, as of Montaigne the inquirer. His cogitative seriousness and his affluence of classical quotations reappear in Burton, his desultory style in Sterne, his bookish reserve in Southey, his desire to simplify the laws in Bentham, and to humanize them in Romilly, his metaphysical tendency in Sir Thomas Browne, his study of human nature through peasants in Goldsmith, his practical sagacity in Franklin, his "imperfect sympathies" in Lamb, his power of conversational adaptation in Burke, his educational theories in Locke, his individuality of literary taste in Hazlitt; and there is scarcely a popular didactic writer who, by a certain affinity, does not illustrate the genuine human consistency of Montaigne. Bright, quick, self-possessed, sometimes quaint, but never affected, with the *bonhommie* of his nation, the *amour propre* of his class, and the broad sympathies of a cosmopolite, he touches the circle of native or acquired tastes of a greater number of readers than any of the earlier writers in any language.

But if the disciple of Progress must acknowledge rare obligations to Montaigne, as one of the first writers who induced the people to think and to observe, the Reformer looks impatiently on so unmoved and unaspiring a spectator of life, its fiery struggles and momentous issues. The want of earnestness repels many thoughtful and ardent minds from intimate communion with the genial and speculative Gascon. They glance from Cranmer burning at the stake, or Melancthon with his venerable zeal, — from William fighting in Holland, Calvin arguing in Geneva, Cortez marauding in Peru, — to the pleasant, comfortable French gentleman "making notes" in his cheerful study, and the contrast is more provoking than agreeable. Yet do we not owe some consideration to the individual nature and to the special mission of

a fellow-creature? Has not Montaigne given us a phase of his times otherwise unrecorded? Had he not as true a moral right to his *poco-curante* philosophy as the most self-devoted Huguenot to his creed, or the most valiant follower of Guise to his knightly ambition? Montaigne had a physical susceptibility which made him inapt as a champion, a balance of character which defined his natural position as at no extreme, a meditative propensity, and an observant rather than an enterprising mind, which foreordained him to be a looker-on and a reporter, a seeker for and not a martyr to truth. Most of the disputes of his day appeared to him merely verbal. "I cannot," he says, "engage myself so deep and so entire, that when my will gives me to party, it is with so violent an obligation that my judgment is infected by it." His mind was, indeed, judicial rather than aggressive. It was said of him that he "neither hoped nor promised."

There were peculiar circumstances in the life of Montaigne, however, which modify the otherwise anomalous position he occupied as a Frenchman, and explain somewhat a certain anticipation of the results of time manifest in his culture and opinions. Parental foresight secured for him a more rational education than blessed his contemporaries. His father took counsel with the most intelligent men of his day, with a view to improve upon the prevalent method, in his training, and thus adopted some of those natural principles long after so eloquently advocated by the author of Emile, and commended by the author of the Treatise on the Human Understanding. Study thus became to him an instinctive rather than a conventional process, and his native tendencies of intellect had a spontaneous development. This brought him in freedom of thought and facility of expression singularly near our own times. In early manhood, — being first a parliamentary representative and then an official at court, attached to the person of Henry II. and special secretary to Catherine de Medicis, the intervals between these employments being devoted to books, journeys, rural occupations, and conversation, — he enjoyed remarkable opportunities for observing human nature, in all its degrees and varieties; — one obvious effect of which was to inspire him with a phi-

losophical instead of a sectarian method of judging. Few men of his day better understood the advantage of cultivating associations with intellectual and superior women; and it is a significant fact, that three of his most elaborate Essays were addressed to as many ladies, whose talents or position rendered the compliment appropriate. In his relation to his age and country, also, there are considerations which exculpate him from the imputation of want of sympathy. Civil strife separated his kindred and friends, and thus created, for one of his affectionate and self-relying nature, a "divided duty." Moreover, such was the confidence of the more enlightened in his wisdom and integrity, that he was frequently consulted in regard to the very troubles which he would neither espouse nor foment, and was even solicited to become their annalist. His conscience was satisfied with th religion in which he was reared; his humanity was wounded by the bloodshed and ferocity that marked a war of opinion, while his loyalty was as far removed from feudal tenacity as his faith from bigotry. "I regard our king," he wrote, "with a merely legitimate and political affection, neither attached nor repelled by private interest; and in this I am satisfied with myself. I am but moderately and tranquilly attached to the general cause, and *am not subject to entertain opinions in a deep-felt and enthusiastic manner.*"

Accident or prejudice sometimes affects literary as well as living reputations most erroneously. An imputation never carefully refuted, an impression vaguely acquired, associates a name with a quality, a character with a defect, which, once tested by sympathetic insight, proves either false or exaggerated. Such, to a great degree, is the notion that Montaigne was eminently what is called a sceptic. "He did not believe in women nor immortality," says Bayle; and Mr. Emerson, in analyzing a series of Representative Men, adopts him as a type of "The Sceptic." He indeed uses the term according to its etymology, and means a microscopic inquirer, rather than an unbeliever; but the last is the common idea. Now it is more than probable, that, given the same communicativeness and sincerity of nature to the favorite secular didactic authors who have never been thus classed, their private doubts, ques-

tionings, and speculations would suggest the same inference. Montaigne, like all men who really think, was vividly aware of the limits of actual knowledge, and with this almost exclusively, and on principle, he dealt. Beyond it he did not venture confidently. As an honest and clear-sighted man, he recognized in the conditions of our existence a mystery inexplicable to human perception. This "gave him pause." It stayed his definite assertion, as it did the suicidal impulse of the melancholy prince. If the absence of an earnest declaration of faith, and an intense desire to know and realize all that is involved in life and death, an *inquiring* rather than a *believing* spirit, constitute a sceptic, he undoubtedly merits the title; but, in this sense, thousands may be thus designated who are not so in the popular acceptation of the term, as identical with irreligion. He was of so susceptible a temperament and so vivid an imagination, that, as he tells us, impressions, through sympathy, became conscious realities. He actually felt the pains he witnessed, and partook of the moral issues of which he was only a spectator. Accordingly, he distrusted imagination in his search for truth. He rigidly sought and compared the facts gleaned in reading, travel, and meditation. He had not the mental hardihood which asserts without knowledge. His love, we know, was in inverse ratio to his professions; and why may it not have been so with his belief? "We take other men's knowledge and opinions as truth," he says, "whereas we should make them our own." It is evident that a man of this temper could not reason of things unseen as he did of the actual and visible; but that he cherished a profound reverence for God, — that he, intellectually at least, was a single-hearted votary of Truth, — that he studied the laws of his own nature with reverence, — that the humane spirit of Christianity, which tempers passion and chastens selfishness, was coevident in him with the desire to know, — is obvious to the candid reader. In other words, there is less reason to distinguish him from the mass of speculative and desultory writers as a sceptic, than there is thus to designate many later favorites, who are scarcely alluded to in reference to this phase of their minds. John Sterling, one of the most earnest Christian men of our day, who found in Montaigne

"pompous dogmas and empty speculations," yet does him the justice to discern in his writings "an element of pure religious faith." In many of his views he was superior, on the one hand, to the zealous bigot, and on the other, to the passive recipient of the faith of his age; and in the religious wars, — a name in itself so incompatible and anomalous to a mind like his, — it has been truly said that his tolerance made him a prey to both sides.

The truth is, that the neutral position of Montaigne towards Rome and Calvin was a primary cause of his reputed scepticism; and the subsequent reproach of Pascal confirmed the sectarian verdict, while his method and motto — the one discursive and conjectural, and the other *Que sais je?* — seem to establish the reputed character. Yet be it ever remembered, that, as Villemain states, *il ne propose jamais un système;* that, from a happy balance of faculties and temper, he regarded virtue as a *qualité plaisante et gaie;* and that he found, to a rare degree, "how charming is divine philosophy," — divine in no light sense to those who clearly follow their best intuitions. He translated the theology of Raymond de Sebonde to please his father, and it became a favorite book at court; but his mind was not of an order to derive satisfactory convictions from the exposition of creeds. In the midst of the struggle between Romanism and Protestantism he seems chiefly alive to the evils of civil discord and to the "dispute about words" of the theologians; but he recorded the transitions of his thought, not the innermost and final results. According to his own delineation, he appeared proud, and doubtless felt it most accordant with self-respect to follow Pope's maxim, and to reason publicly only from what he knew. In what is called the faith of acquiescence, Montaigne is irreproachable. Coldly as he looked on the strife of Christians, reserved as he was in religious professions, he lived a strict Catholic;* and wise, patient, frank, kindly, magnanimous as he was withal, who acquainted with his ideas and character, with his age and his country, does not find a cer-

* "Thus have I, by the grace of God, preserved myself entire, without anxiety or trouble of conscience, in the ancient faith of our religion." — *Essays*, Book II. 112.

tain sweetness, dignity, and immortal hope in the final scene, when he lay speechless for three days, yet delivered gifts to dependents, summoned his family and friends, had mass performed in his chamber, and died with joined hands, surrounded by his weeping neighbors?

If there is one quality characteristic of French literature, it is a social affinity. Much of it was born in the *salon*, and nearly all, not absolutely scientific, excels in an urbane and *spirituelle* tone directly inspired by intercourse and the desire of pleasing. The latter motive, indeed, has caused a superabundance of merely agreeable writing; but in Montaigne this tendency is modified by a didactic purpose. He wrote in the robust youth of native literature, and while he assumes that "relaxation and affability become generous souls," he also declares that "the handling of fine wits is that which sets off language, by putting it to more vigorous and various services." And, although the refinements and nice points of his style can be appreciated only in his own tongue, so much do distinct ideas and facts predominate, that few minds of his country are better translated into English. His Essays are remarkable for their precision, which is as graphic in portraiture as clear in generalization. In his *Eloge de Montaigne*, Villemain describes him as "un genie qui, malgré son siècle, par la seule force de sa pensée," impressed and won. He was, continues the eulogist, "un penseur profond sous le règne du pédantisme, auteur brillant et ingenieux dans une langue informe et grossiere; la France ne sent pas ne froidir son admiration pour ces antiques et naïves beautes. Quel est ce merite qui survit aux variations du langage, aux changements des mœurs? c'est le naturel et la verité," and in his own words, "un voix de bonne foi." It is on this account that his critics have usually been so indulgent of his egotism, which is thus emphatically described in the Spectator:—

"Perhaps the most eminent egotist that ever appeared in the world was Montaigne. This lively old Gascon has woven all his bodily infirmities into his works; and, after having spoken of the faults or virtues of any other man, immediately publishes to the world how it stands with himself in that particular. Had he kept his own counsel, he might have passed for a much better man, though perhaps he would

not have been so diverting an author. The title of an Essay promises, perhaps, a discourse on Virgil or Julius Cæsar; but, when you look into it, you are sure to meet with more upon Monsieur Montaigne than of either of them. The younger Scaliger, who seems to have been no friend to this author, after having acquainted the world that his father sold herrings, adds: 'For my part,' says Montaigne, 'I am a great lover of your white wines.' — 'What the devil signifies it to the public,' says Scaliger, 'whether he is a lover of white wines or of red wines?'" — *Spectator*, No. 562.

Integrity, therefore, is the conservative element in Montaigne. It is chiefly because he had the noble simplicity and the moral courage to tell us what he thought, that the revelation is yet patent. Others have been and are equally clear and frank when treating of abstract subjects; none, when discussing personal facts. Montaigne was a gentleman in the normal sense of the term; manly at the core, gentle on the surface, — true first, kindly afterwards, — not afraid to speak out, but afraid to injure or wound or betray. He came honestly by such a nature. His father was of Anglo-Saxon blood, a soldier by profession, honored with the entire confidence of his fellow-citizens, — alert, cheerful, serious, a travelled man, who, as Bayle says, had brought from Spain and Italy *un esprit orné, mais d'ailleurs homme grand et simple*, — wonderfully adapted to fill the paternal office, which he most wisely did, thereby planting filial reverence for ever in the heart of his son, who has sketched very clearly the process of his own education. It was exempt from fear, and therein perhaps, nay certainly, was the guaranty of the truth which formed the moral basis of his subsequent peace, usefulness, and renown; appealing only to the sense of right and wrong, causing him to acquire a classic language orally, having him awakened gradually and sweetly from infantile repose by music, leading him to enjoy fresh and simple gratifications, to cultivate a love of knowledge for itself, and to go forth thus equipped for the observation of nature and man. Such was the unforced and kindly training which confirmed, if it did not make, the honest man and the philosopher.

Looking back through the long vista of time, and across the rich field of the subsequent national literature, to that antique tower, and beholding the scholar and gentleman, inoffensive

in an age of cruelty, intellectual in an age of sensualism, rational in an age of superstition, wearing his honored father's mantle with such affection that he tells us, "il semble m'envelloper de lui," — giving new vitality to his country's language, practical hints of wisdom in social economy, tranquil enjoyment, and domestic education, — entertaining and cheering, as well as illuminating, by his candid and docile pen; — thus beholding Montaigne, we do not wonder that, despite the neutral ground he occupied as an actor, and the comparative indifference he maintained as a writer, in the then convulsed spheres of religion and politics, a sentiment of blended love and admiration should invest his memory. Less dear to a party or a class, he is more so to the liberal and individual everywhere; because he was, as Bayle sums up his character, "humain par sentiment, tolerant par raison; bon et sensible; de mœurs douces et faciles, gentilhomme vain à la fois et simple, citoyen honnête." There is in the memory of Montaigne a flavor, and a use too, somewhat akin to the wine of his native district, which, compared with others, has less fire and more astringency, is not so liable to acidity, bears removal better, and, though it has not a very attractive aroma, is pronounced by hygienic connoisseurs the safest for daily use.

ART. V. — *History of Civilization in England.* By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. pp. 854. London. 1857.

HISTORY, as usually written, is a narrative of events which are supposed to have been determined, in great measure, by chance, interspersed, perhaps, with the author's reflections. By Mr. Buckle, however, it is regarded as involving something higher and better than this. The events which it relates are never a matter of chance or supernatural interference, but are determined by laws as uniform and regular as those which govern the course of nature. To investigate these laws, and show their operation in determining the succession of events, is the worthiest function of the historian.

Mr. Buckle claims the merit of having discovered the principle which has played a part in human affairs, somewhat analogous to that of gravitation in the material world, combining and guiding them in such a manner as to insure the indefinite progress of the race. This primordial principle in all civilization is knowledge, and every increase of the one has been and ever will be followed by an advance in the other. Virtue and vice are not without some effect; advantages of situation, climate, and other physical conditions, have not been entirely fruitless; but none of these things have promoted civilization, except so far as they have increased the amount of knowledge and favored intellectual achievement.

In the development of this principle, Mr. Buckle has started a multitude of collateral questions, in the discussion of which he has displayed a minuteness of research and an amount and variety of knowledge seldom equalled, while the originality and boldness of his views, expressed with remarkable clearness and fervor, secure the admiration, if not the conviction, of the reader. Many of the current opinions of the time he has successfully assailed; but, notwithstanding the abundance of his resources, he has questioned some in a manner indicative of deficient information, rather than of an honest and well-founded scepticism. Some of his speculations we are constrained to notice, because, coming as they do under such authority, and enforced by uncommon graces of style, they are calculated to mislead the unwary reader as to the true sources of individual and national greatness.

The various races of men, as distinguished by naturalists, differ from one another not more in their physical constitution than in their mental development; and, from the earliest times, the opinion has prevailed that these two things are necessarily related to each other. To the question why the European is in advance of all other people, and the Australian behind them, no answer has been more general, or more satisfactory both to the wise and the simple, than the declaration of what seems to be an ultimate fact, namely, because he is a European or an Australian. They stand at opposite ends of the scale of humanity, simply because the qualities

of the species — those traits which, whether passing under the name of physical or mental, seem to spring from the constitution of the creature — exist in them in different degrees of perfection. The differences among the lower animals in point of docility or cunning are always referred to this cause, and no one disputes the correctness of the conclusion. If the organic laws of the human species are analogous to those of the inferior animals, it would seem an irresistible inference that the constitution which man has received from Nature must determine the mental qualities and the destinies of the race. To say, as Mr. Buckle says, that the Papuan infant has the same capability of improvement as the European infant, and that, reared together, they would, one with another, reach the same degree of proficiency, is a bold assertion, at variance with all the analogies of organic life and the prevailing impression among men. True, we have no special experiments on the subject. No considerable number of savage infants have been taken from their native abodes, and, from the cradle to the grave, subjected to all the influences of civilization; nor have any considerable number of European infants been consigned, in like manner, to the care and training of Hottentots or Australians. The accidental cases of this kind prove nothing, because they are too few to warrant any general conclusion. But the indisputable fact that the greatest advances in civilization have ever been made by the superior races, while many of the inferior races have always remained, to all appearance, at the very lowest grade of the savage state, certainly furnishes a presumption against the idea that the various races of men are equal in point of natural power and capacity. There is yet to be found the first savage tribe which, unaided and alone, has made the slightest advance in the scale of humanity beyond the point at which it originally started. Even when reared for many generations amidst all the influences of the highest civilization, their mental inferiority remains as conspicuous as it was in their native abodes. In this country, for more than two centuries, the negro race has been in close contact with the Anglo-Saxon, and of late, in the Northern States, has shared equally in all the blessings of government, education, and religion; yet who will ven-

ture to say that the distinction between them has been materially lessened thereby? For the same period, the North American Indian has witnessed the repeated triumphs of the pale-faces over the forces of nature, with scarcely a wish to share in the beneficent results. In these instances, climate and soil must obviously pass for nothing; but in physical organization, and especially in the size and conformation of the brain, these races differ from us, and here alone are we to look for an agency sufficient to explain the problem in question.

In all the arrangements of the animal frame, the general rule is that size is the measure of power. Large muscles imply great strength; a large sensorial apparatus, admitting extensive nervous expansions, is indicative of the higher qualities of the sense; an ample development of the heart or lungs gives assurance of corresponding capacity in the functions which they fulfil. The brain furnishes no exception to the general rule. That it is necessary in some way or other to the mental manifestations, no one doubts. The only question is as to the nature and extent of this connection. Taking into view the various races and different individuals of the same race, we are warranted in laying down the general principle, that, the greater the quantity of brain, the greater is the amount of mental power and capability. This is the result of observation, as carefully and extensively made as any other in natural science. The apparent exceptions to this principle should be regarded as such exceptions always are in other departments of science, — as cases which need only to be thoroughly understood to be found in perfect harmony with the general arrangement.

In thus ignoring altogether what must take the precedence of all other causes of mental development, Mr. Buckle is necessarily led to attribute an undue importance to certain physical influences in favoring this result. The error is a serious one in a philosophical history of civilization, and leads us in the outset to distrust the politico-economical theories, derived from his views on this subject, which bear a prominent part in his philosophy. He must excuse us for wondering that one, generally so thorough in his investigations,

should adopt extreme opinions in regard to a matter of observation, ignorant apparently of the best works upon it, and quoting no authority save that of John Mill, who says, "Of all vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effect of moral and social influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and character to inherent natural differences." If a single authority is to reverse the almost unanimous verdict of scientific men on a question so practical as this, we should have been better satisfied with that of a Cuvier or an Agassiz.

Mr. Buckle has as little faith in the transmission by hereditary descent of moral and physical qualities, or even of diseases, as he has in the agency of race in advancing civilization, and about as little ground for his scepticism. By shutting out all such influences, he would, no doubt, afford freer play for the crowning principle of his philosophy, — that the increase and the diffusion of knowledge, favored by happy opportunities of soil and climate, are the sole agents in the great work of civilization. To admit different degrees of native capability would curtail the potency of his favorite agencies, and thus spoil the proportions of a very comely theory. In no other way can we account for the singular fact of his overlooking almost every contribution to our knowledge on the subject of hereditary transmission. The long list of works which he has consulted contains nothing of the kind; yet certainly the course of his reading must have made him acquainted with the current opinions of scientific men, and with many of the prominent facts. It is difficult to conceive how, in common intercourse with the world, one can well help observing illustrations of this physiological law, as distinctly marked as those of any other natural law. We have been in the habit of believing that the hereditary character of insanity, for instance, is as well established as any other fact in the whole range of natural science. The records of every hospital for the insane will show that, in a large proportion of cases, — from one to two thirds, — the disease, or tendency to the disease, existed in the progenitors. A similar fact has been observed in regard to gout, scrofula, and some other maladies.

Mr. Buckle thinks that the existence of the same disease in parent and child does not warrant the inference that it has been transmitted, because, if original in one, it might be in the other, with no necessary connection between them. Certainly it might, and if the case happened only occasionally, it would furnish little ground for the doctrine of hereditary transmission; but, occurring as it does in so large a proportion of instances, the inference is irresistible that there is a connection of cause and effect in the matter, — in other words, that the disease is transmitted. If it is also found that the comparatively few families in which the disease has once appeared furnish a larger number of cases than the comparatively many not thus tainted, then the question is settled. The fact that the infirmity of the parent is frequently not transmitted to all or any of his descendants, does not prove that it is never so transmitted. As well might we say that similarity of feature in parent and child is entirely accidental, indicating no hereditary quality, merely because instances are not uncommon in which the lineaments of the parent can scarcely be traced in his offspring, as well as instances where resemblance may be observed between persons not related to each other. All we can say about it — and this is the ultimate conclusion of science — is, that the law of descent is not inflexible in its operations, as if nature were not bound implicitly to repeat its defects. It is the part of true philosophy rather to recognize the law, and to admire the beneficent arrangement whereby its terrible consequences are alleviated, than to doubt its existence. This is one of those things in regard to which doubt is far from being a proof of superior sagacity.

Following the leadings of his general theory, Mr. Buckle also declares that the transmission of moral and intellectual qualities has never been proved. We have no right, he thinks, to infer that a mental peculiarity is bequeathed, merely because it exists in parent and child; for we ought to inquire, "not only how many instances there are of hereditary talents, etc., but how many instances there are of such qualities not being hereditary." Inasmuch as mental peculiarities are connected with bodily constitution, we are bound

to believe that they follow the same law of hereditary transmission. Our author's reasoning might satisfy the ignorant farmer, who, acting blindly on the principle that like produces like, nevertheless sees all his attempts to improve his stock utterly unsuccessful; but not a Bakewell, who would point to his improved stock obtained by the skilful application of the same principle. The proper mode of dealing with such a case is to receive the positive facts as presumptive proof, and the negative ones as merely indicative of some conditions unknown or not understood. Mr. Buckle's opinion is not without some color of truth. Great genius, extraordinary talent, is seldom transmitted. Virtue and vice often set at naught all the laws of hereditary descent. The saint gives birth to a sinner, and the process of genesis is ever evolving the sharpest of moral contrasts. Still, the dullest observer cannot fail to see occasionally the parent and child distinguished by the same mental peculiarity; and, where a peculiar talent is not transmitted, yet its occurrence often marks a step in the process of cerebral development, the influence of which may be clearly traced in succeeding generations. It may be thought by those whose studies lie in a very different direction, that we are dwelling on an unimportant point. But, believing as we do that one most efficient means of elevating the race is to be found in the improvement of the bodily organism, — in freeing it from taints of disease and accidental imperfection, in increasing the delicacy of its tissues, and developing its forms to the highest possible degree of strength and beauty, — we cannot help regarding Mr. Buckle's errors on this subject as deserving of explicit refutation. When we consider how much the short-comings of men proceed from constitutional defects, how many crimes and moral obliquities may be justly charged to the vitiating influences of scrofula, rickets, epilepsy, and insanity upon the qualities of the brain, how many lives full of promise have been shortened in consequence of defective stamina, how many noble undertakings have been frustrated by attacks of disease which the normal energies of the human frame would have resisted, we are constrained to place the improvement of the bodily organism among the most potent agencies for advancing the

moral and intellectual condition of the race. Were the race subjected to the application of the art of breeding which has so much improved some of the domestic animals, we should unquestionably witness similar results. Were all men properly housed, fed, and clothed, and their conduct and intercourse governed by the rules of a true hygiene, no one will deny that a great improvement would be made in the physical condition and capability of the race. All this may never be effected, but the principle is none the less true.

Having disposed of the influence of race and of hereditary transmission, Mr. Buckle is left with an open field for the play of his favorite agents of civilization, — soil, climate, and the general aspects of nature. Their *modus operandi*, unfolded with great fulness and felicity of illustration, is substantially this. A fertile soil and a warm climate induce an abundance of food, which is followed by an abundant population and cheap labor. The latter favors the accumulation of wealth, which enables the classes that possess it to devote a portion of their time to mental cultivation; and thus is accomplished the first step in the process of civilization. In proof of this theory, we are referred to Egypt and India in the Old World, and Mexico and Peru in the New. These early seats of civilization combined in the highest degree the physical incidents necessary to develop the best qualities of the race, and in Mr. Buckle's hands they furnish admirable exemplifications of the general theory. That those incidents were efficient instrumentalities in producing the results in question, we are willing to concede; but that they were the sole and exclusive agencies we cannot admit, until it is shown that every other is necessarily excluded. The influence of race, which has hitherto borne a prominent part in theories of civilization, Mr. Buckle, as we have just seen, entirely ignores, as if unworthy of notice. The very point most open to attack is precisely that which he has not even attempted to strengthen. To make his conclusions quite satisfactory, he should have adduced some instances where the same results have been accomplished by people belonging to the inferior races. In the absence of such proof, the reader must be pardoned if he infers that it could not be found, — an inference amply

supported by facts. In that immense territory which stretches from the Cape of Good Hope to the Great Desert, and is bounded on both sides by the ocean, not a single tribe has been discovered exhibiting the first advance in civilization. We are still imperfectly acquainted with the physical geography of that portion of Africa, but in many of the regions into which travellers have penetrated the soil and climate are adapted to the most abundant production. With such testimony and all the analogies of physical geography before us, we cannot believe that nearly the whole of that vast continent is entirely destitute of those physical conditions which alone can enable the race to rise from the depths of its original barbarity. In this respect, much of it, we know, would not suffer in comparison with India, where the industry and ingenuity of man have been freely tasked in order to meet those meteorological defects which oppose an abundant production. The dikes of Holland are not more necessary to its national existence, than the reservoirs of water constructed at great expense for the purpose of artificial irrigation are to the agricultural productiveness of the Carnatic. We are no better satisfied with the application of the theory to the New World. Mexico and Peru are not the only parts of it which combine the conditions most favorable to the production of food. The West India islands are unrivalled in every condition which Mr. Buckle regards as favorable to civilization, but we look in vain for any traces of this effect.

Tried by another test, the theory is no better supported by the facts of the case. We naturally turn to those nations which are supposed to have led the van of civilization, as the Phœnicians and the Greeks, who at an early age diffused their light over the South of Europe, the North of Africa, and the western parts of Asia Minor. In none of their ancient abodes do we find any extraordinary fertility of soil or superiority of climate. What we do find, however, is, that they were always restless, roving nations, moved by love of enterprise and adventure, and by the force of their indomitable nature conquering wherever they went. In the New World, too, there is much reason to believe that the civilization of

Mexico and Peru originated farther north. At any rate, it was probably not in advance of that of Central America, which in physical advantages is scarcely equal to those countries.

The New World has been the theatre of another experiment, far more to the point, which proves that human progress is determined by an influence greater than that of soil or climate. The colonization of America by the various nations of Europe shows us on a large scale the play of every possible physical influence having any tendency to advance or retard the development of the human faculties; and if Mr. Buckle's theory is correct, we see no reason why it should not have been strikingly exemplified here. If the physical peculiarities of Mexico and Peru did so much for the Toltecs, it is a fair question why they should not have done still more for the Spaniards, who were better prepared for their genial influences by a higher state of culture. They found a fertile soil and cheap labor. Riches rapidly accumulated in the hands of the few, and hardship and degradation became the lot of the many. Here were all the sources of that wealth and leisure and power, which, according to Mr. Buckle, are essential elements of human progress. Did the Spaniards advance under these favoring influences? Did the wealthy classes use their leisure in cultivating the arts and sciences, and preparing for a higher destiny? Not at all. If the Spanish American occupies a little higher point in the scale of civilization than he did three hundred years ago, he is indebted for it more to others than to himself. At a later period, some English adventurers planted themselves in another region of the New World, where Nature had diffused her bounties so sparingly, that existence could be maintained only by an incessant struggle with the elements; and yet from this struggle was evolved a national character containing the elements of progress, in a manner unrivalled in the history of the race. Here was no leisure, labor was dear, and everybody worked.

Mr. Buckle himself seems to have some misgivings respecting the soundness of his theory, when he says that advantages of soil and climate have been most efficient when com-

bined in such a manner as to require of man some excitement of his energies. This was necessary in order to explain certain phases of European civilization. What was lacking in the fertility of the soil was fully compensated, in some cases, by a climate which rendered labor comparatively easy and efficient. But even this does not furnish the *primum mobile*, the inducement to labor. In a state of barbarism, to which the theory is supposed to apply, sustenance can be obtained with little or no labor, and there can be no object beyond this. Original inequalities between man and man might possibly furnish the required starting-point; but in Mr. Buckle's philosophy such inequalities of mind are not admitted, and those of body cannot be perpetuated.

All this fanciful speculation, ably and beautifully developed, we acknowledge, is put forward to account for results which are far more satisfactorily explained by the doctrine of different races, — a doctrine which is supported by all the analogies of nature, and against which Mr. Buckle does not pretend to offer a single argument. We must, therefore, adhere to our old faith, that those nations which have been distinguished by their advances in civilization have belonged to the superior races, endowed with a finer organization and a larger cerebral development.

Another of Mr. Buckle's cardinal principles is the supremacy of the intellectual over the moral faculties in the process of civilization, and he pushes it to a startling extreme. With him the intellect does almost everything; the moral sentiments, nothing. The latter give rise to pleasing relations among individuals, but do not advance the race.

"All the great moral systems which have exercised much influence, have been fundamentally the same; all the great intellectual systems have been fundamentally different. In reference to our moral conduct, there is not a single principle now known to the most cultivated Europeans, which was not likewise known to the ancients." — p. 164.

"To do good to others; to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes; to love your neighbor as yourself; to forgive your enemies; to restrain your passions; to honor your parents; to respect those who are set over you, — these and a few others are the sole essentials of morals; but they have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and

text-books which moralists and theologians have been able to produce." — p. 163.

"The acquisitions made by the intellect are, in every civilized country, carefully preserved, registered in certain well-understood formulas, and protected by the use of technical and scientific language; they are easily handed down from one generation to another, and thus, assuming an accessible, or as it were a tangible form, they often influence the most distant posterity, they become the heirlooms of mankind, the immortal bequest of the genius to which they owe their birth. But the good deeds effected by our moral faculties are less capable of transmission; they are of a more private and retiring character; while, as the motives to which they owe their origin are generally the result of self-discipline and of self-sacrifice, they have to be worked out by every man for himself; and thus, begun by each anew, they derive but little benefit from the maxims of preceding experience, nor can they well be stored up for the use of future moralists. The consequence is, that although moral excellence is more amiable, and to most persons more attractive, than intellectual excellence, still, it must be confessed that, looking at ulterior results, it is far less active, less permanent, and, as I shall presently prove, less productive of real good. Indeed, if we examine the effects of the most active philanthropy, and of the largest and most disinterested kindness, we shall find that those effects are, comparatively speaking, short-lived; that there is only a small number of individuals they come in contact with and benefit; that they rarely survive the generation that witnessed their commencement; and that, when they take the more durable form of founding great public charities, such institutions invariably fall, first into abuse, then into decay, and after a time are either destroyed, or perverted from their original intention, mocking the effort by which it is vainly attempted to perpetuate the memory even of the purest and most energetic benevolence." — p. 165.

"The actions of bad men produce only temporary evil, the actions of good men only temporary good; and eventually, the good and the evil altogether subside, are neutralized by subsequent generations, absorbed by the incessant movement of future ages. But the discoveries of great men never leave us; they are immortal, they contain those eternal truths which survive the shock of empires, outlive the struggles of rival creeds, and witness the decay of successive religions. All these have their different measures and their different standards; one set of opinions for one age, another set for another. They pass away like a dream; they are as the fabric of a vision, which leaves not a rack behind. The discoveries of genius alone remain; it is to them we owe

all that we now have; they are for all ages and all times; never young, and never old, they bear the seeds of their own life; they flow on in a perennial and undying stream; they are essentially cumulative, and, giving birth to the additions which they subsequently receive, they thus influence the most distant posterity, and after the lapse of centuries produce more effect than they were able to do even at the moment of their promulgation." — p. 206.

Whatever may be thought of Mr. Buckle's views, all will admire the vigor and elegance with which they are expressed. But something more than rhetoric is required to sweep away the instinctive convictions of men, although, confident in the strength of his logic, and seduced, probably, by the very simplicity of his theory, he declares that it cannot be refuted. It is difficult, certainly, to refute a philosophical statement the terms of which are somewhat indefinite, and especially one like this, where any difference of opinion must refer not so much to the principle involved as to the extent of its application. The general doctrine of the supremacy of the intellect in the process of civilization may be true; but the coloring here given to it is calculated to inspire a stoical indifference to virtue and vice, and a love of intellectual distinction abstracted entirely from the moral complexion of its objects. If virtue and vice are so ephemeral, and if purely intellectual achievements alone are immortal, and capable of affecting the destinies of the race, then a powerful incentive to virtue is taken away. Honor, purity, truth, and benevolence are degraded to a secondary rank in the scale of motives for the conduct of life, and love of intellectual excellence becomes the only sentiment worth cherishing. To all this it might be enough to say, that the inestimable worth of morality in promoting, not only the good of the individual, but that of the race, is so strongly rooted in the common sense of mankind, that this fact alone furnishes strong presumptive evidence against the doctrine; but we are willing to give it the benefit of a careful examination.

Briefly, the argument, aside from the dazzling rhetoric by which it is enforced, is this. Civilization is a variable product, low at one period, high at another, and consequently must depend on causes of a variable character. Inasmuch as

moral truths have been stationary for some thousands of years, while the field of knowledge has been greatly extended, it follows that the variable effect could have been produced only by a variable cause. The fault in this logic is, that the premise involves a sophism which vitiates the conclusion. Undoubtedly, certain great truths of morality were as well recognized ages ago as they are now, and if they failed to make men good, it was not altogether from lack of knowledge or of intellectual activity. Yet right and wrong, duty, benevolence, and the like, are relative terms, and the opinions and practice of the world respecting them differ at different times. What seems to be good and right at one time, is regarded as bad and wrong at another. Why this change? Mr. Buckle attributes it chiefly to intellectual advancement, and very little, if at all, to moral truths, because they, being unchangeable, cannot account for a variable effect. A startling notion like this ought at the least to have been stated in precise and definite language; but in the passages above quoted, as well as in many others, there is a confusion of terms quite fatal to the force of the argument. A great moral truth is one thing; the influence which it is allowed to exert over the conduct of men is another. To do good to others, to love your neighbor as yourself, to forgive your enemies, — these are injunctions neither more nor less correct than they were ages ago. Indeed, their correctness has never been questioned. And yet the extent to which they have governed the actions of men has been very limited at best, and, judging merely from the conduct of individuals and of nations, it would hardly be supposed that they had even been theoretically admitted. On the whole, however, there has been some moral improvement, attributable solely to the intellectual faculties, according to our author, the moral having no self-originating power, and being entirely passive in the operation.

Thus, through all his reasoning on this subject, Mr. Buckle indulges in the curious fancy of regarding moral truths as utterly inoperative in the process of civilization, simply because for thousands of years they have remained without increase or diminution. It is the first time that we have ever seen the unquestionable truth of a great principle — its endurance

from age to age, without losing one tittle of its significance — adduced as a conclusive proof of its having exerted no influence upon the human condition. It is for the very reason that those great moral truths have remained unaffected by the changing fashions of philosophy, by the various phases of intellectual progress, or by any of the vicissitudes of the race, that they are to be regarded as no subordinate agents in the work of human advancement. Let us suppose that they had possessed a very different character; — that their correctness had been admitted in one age and doubted in another; that they had been admired and promulgated by one school of sages, and derided and trodden under foot by another; that they were as devoid of stability and sanction as the wildest speculations of philosophy; — then, certainly, it might be contended, with some show of reason, that causes so unstable and untrustworthy could have had but little to do with so mighty a result as the advancement of the race through the successive stages of civilization.

According to Mr. Buckle, individuals, whether good or bad, have no appreciable effect upon the progress of civilization, upon which they are borne passively along, like the tiny boats which children launch upon the stream. The profligacy of a Nero and the virtue of a Trajan make no permanent impression on the great tidal movement in which they are presently ingulfed. Though the one might seem likely to benefit the race, and to impart some force to the movement itself, yet it is counterbalanced by the other, and both are brought to naught. What is true of virtue and vice in particular, is also true of the mental faculties from which they spring.

"The actions of individuals are greatly affected by their moral feelings, and by their passions; but these, being antagonistic to the passions and feelings, are balanced by them; so that their effect is, in the great average of human affairs, nowhere to be seen; and the total actions of mankind, considered as a whole, are left to be regulated by the total knowledge of which mankind is possessed." — p. 208.

The familiar truism, that virtue hastens and vice retards the march of human improvement, would hardly have answered our author's purpose, and so he qualifies it by a dis-

covery of his own, that they are so nicely balanced as completely to neutralize each other's effect. By what means virtue and vice can be so accurately measured as to warrant this extraordinary conclusion, he does not inform us; indeed, he admits that the evidence on the subject remains to be collected. He thinks the fact is illustrated, however, by the statistics of crime, which show that, one year with another, the amount of crime in any community presents a remarkable uniformity. We must confess we are unable to see the connection of the two things. Uniformity of effect only proves uniformity of cause. So much crime indicates the existence of so much vice; and it might also indicate the existence of so much virtue, if virtue and vice were each the negative of the other. Such may be the case among savage tribes; but surely the amount of virtue in a civilized community is indicated by other tests than the brevity of the criminal calendar. One has but to open his eyes to see them in every direction. Side by side with the haunts of infamy and crime stand noble establishments for the relief of suffering and the elevation of men. Mingled together in the thoroughfares of life are the votary of pleasure and the philanthropist, revolving schemes of beneficence. The same squad of juvenile outcasts contains one taking the first steps in a life-long career of vice, and another denying himself and devoting his hard earnings to the support of a suffering mother or sister. Indeed, there is a touch of the ludicrous in the idea of looking into the records of our criminal courts to ascertain the amount of self-conflict, self-sacrifice, and active benevolence existing in the community; and yet this seems to be a legitimate deduction from Mr. Buckle's illustration.

There is another aspect of the statistical proof in regard to which we are left in doubt. The mutually neutralizing influence of virtue and vice is put forth as an abstract truth, illustrated by the uniform amount of crime. It follows, therefore, that the diminution of crime is impossible in the nature of things, because it would imply that, in the conflict of moral forces, virtue had got the better of vice, and consequently, that the theory in question was clearly disproved. If these inferences are correct, then the philanthropist who seeks to

remove the temptations to crime, and the legislator and jurist who are striving to improve the criminal law, have a discouraging prospect before them.

The effect of great moral truths upon human progress is to be estimated by their influence upon human conduct. The real question at issue is, not whether these truths have been enlarged and multiplied, but whether their application in the practical business of life is or is not, on the whole, extending. Obviously, the question cannot be settled by demonstrative proof; we must look for the answer chiefly in the prevailing belief, we had almost said, the instinctive convictions of mankind. Upon such authority, then, we do not hesitate to say that all truth, whether intellectual or moral, contains within itself a principle of power and perpetuity. Circumstances determine the sphere of its operation; narrow at one time, large at another; apparent to the watchful, far-reaching vision, overlooked by the dull, grovelling sense. With an affinity for all the higher qualities of the soul, it is, like them, indestructible and immortal; and when, to all appearance, laid aside and forgotten, it is only "embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life." The great moral truths mentioned by Mr. Buckle have shed their light over the pathway of the ages; and though, at times, it has been more like the cold effulgence of the moon than the quickening and invigorating rays of the sun, yet it has always enabled the soul to discern the loftier heights to which it might aspire. The good to which they have prompted, even the most insignificant particle thereof, is never lost; but whether isolated and marked, or mingled with the common mass of beneficent influences, it never ceases to produce its appropriate effects. The force of example, too, appealing to that mysterious principle of our nature called sympathy or imitation, is beyond the reach of calculation, and yet Mr. Buckle ignores it altogether. Who can estimate the amount of patriotism and heroic daring that has been inspired by the names of Marathon, Bannockburn, and Bunker Hill, — names that have done more for freedom than all the discoveries of the intellect? Who will say that some of the strongest elements of the New England character did not originate in the constancy of that pilgrim band whom the

most appalling forms of danger and suffering could not daunt? When Aristides said of a proposal to strike a blow at a formidable rival, that nothing could be more advantageous or less honorable, did the noble utterance perish with the breath that formed it, balanced and neutralized by some ignoble reply which has not come down to us? Has it not rather been treasured up like a pearl of great price, in the pages of the historian and sage, thus conveying to remotest times the lesson that national honor is a better thing than gain or glory? The character and career of Washington, — are they destined to impart no impulse to human affairs because an Arnold was guilty of treachery? On the contrary, the time will never come when they shall cease to animate the desponding patriot, wherever he may be, to rebuke the schemes of ambition, and to uphold the sinking faith of men in political honor and purity.

In proof of his theory of the supremacy of the intellectual powers in promoting civilization, Mr. Buckle adduces the fact that wars have become less frequent, and their practices less barbarous, solely, as he alleges, in consequence of the greater diffusion of knowledge; and he illustrates the position by the historical fact, that war has been often waged in order to procure or prevent certain advantages of trade. But, thanks to the prevalence of sounder views of political economy! such a *casus belli* is removed for ever. If the explanation were quite correct, which is somewhat doubtful, it would be very far from proving the general principle that all wars originate in ignorance; or, if Mr. Buckle likes it better, that the comparative infrequency of wars in modern times is one of the results of the spread of knowledge. It may not be obvious, at first sight, how this point can be made out; or, in other words, what kind of ignorance it is which is so closely connected with war. The evils of war, certainly, have been clearly discerned from the earliest times. Its waste of life and treasure, its demoralizing influence upon the belligerents, the desolation and wretchedness that follow in its track, were as obvious in the days of Alexander as in those of Bonaparte. No discovery of science, no effort of the intellect, has revealed new horrors, or deepened the impression made by old horrors. We are unable to see what special enlightenment was needed

by Louis XIV., to prevent his reign from being an unceasing outrage on the rights of his neighbors; or in what department of knowledge Frederick of Prussia was particularly deficient, while carrying his victorious arms in every direction. Mr. Buckle admits as much as this, and even states it in stronger terms, but avoids its legitimate effect by the poorest of quibbles. The kind of knowledge just referred to as having thrown no new light on the evils of war, he calls "moral knowledge," and places it, of course, in the same category with moral truths, which, being stationary, could have had no part in the production of a variable effect. The new intellectual forces to which he attributes the present infrequency of wars consist in the sounder notions respecting the balance of trade that have prevailed in modern times, in the invention of gunpowder, and in the discoveries respecting steam as a locomotive power. We would not deny that these things have helped, in some small degree, to diminish the number of wars; but they have very little to do with the really efficient cause of the evil, as obvious at this moment as it ever was. As we read the history of the race, the belligerent spirit has been cherished, not by false theories or deficient knowledge, but by the selfish sentiments, if not by the criminal passions; by the cravings of unoccupied, restless minds for excitement; by pride of opinion; by the lust of glory; by the necessity of dazzling the minds of the people and diverting them from dangerous reflections. Mr. Buckle may say, perhaps, that a more comprehensive and practical wisdom, better views of the policy of nations, more of that intellectual discernment which would have foreseen the miserable end of all such strife, — but little less miserable to the conquerors than to the conquered, — would have restrained these passions, and induced the parties concerned to keep the peace. In some degree, perhaps, this might have been the case; but so long as the passions are unchecked by the influence of those great moral truths which bear so insignificant a part in Mr. Buckle's philosophy, they will, in the long run, predominate over all considerations of prudence. The highwayman sees the gallows at the end of his career as clearly as everybody else, and it is with nations very much as it is with individuals. If wars

have been less frequent of late years, it is to be attributed chiefly to the greater activity of the higher sentiments; to a livelier sense of moral accountability among rulers and people; to the growing conviction that war is really legalized murder on the largest scale. But the time is far distant, we imagine, in spite of the increasing diffusion of knowledge, when the savage nature will entirely cease to break through all the environments of moral restraint, and slake its thirst for blood. How long is it since the legislature of a people fond of calling itself pre-eminently free and enlightened, presented the saddening spectacle of members from every party and section vying with one another in arousing the belligerent spirit, and clamoring for measures calculated to provoke a conflict, the consequences of which, in every possible form of ruin, no man can adequately estimate?

Another prodigious evil, considerably diminished during the present century, illustrates our view of the matter in a still stronger manner, and therefore deserves a moment's attention, though not alluded to by Mr. Buckle. We refer to the abolition of the slave-trade by Great Britain and America. It cannot be denied that the horrors of the traffic were as well understood in the early as in the latter part of the last century. The progress of knowledge had supplied no new facts in the mental or physical condition of the negro; no form of labor had been found more profitable in slaveholding countries than the thews and sinews of man; no flood of light had burst on the vision of Clarkson and Wilberforce, not vouchsafed to humbler eyes. But the time had come when the various humanizing and refining influences of the age had so quickened the moral sense of the community, that, in the struggle which it maintained with prescription, self-interest, and pride of opinion, it finally prevailed. The conflict, be it observed, was not between ignorance and knowledge, but between the national conscience thoroughly aroused from its torpor, and that jealousy of innovation and that regard for material interests and vested rights which have resisted reforms of every kind, in every age. Mr. Buckle would probably say that it was the progress of knowledge which produced this higher tone of moral sentiment; but the propo-

sition is one of those "glittering generalities" which fail to prove anything to the critical inquirer. If the idea conveyed by it is that discoveries in astronomy, or chemistry, or geology, in metaphysics or political economy, had anything to do with the abolition of the slave-trade, even the most indirectly, we only say it is unworthy of refutation. If, on the contrary, this increase and diffusion of knowledge are supposed to embrace a wider recognition of the rightful claims of humanity, as well as every advance in the arts and amenities of life, we certainly should not dissent from the proposition; but it looks very much like an abandonment of the theory.

A similar confusion of ideas as to the relation of cause and effect pervades much of our author's reasoning on the sources of human progress. Civilization, he says, is not a product of government; for this is only an expression of the will of the people, which is determined by their education, which is only a result of the general intellectual development. This is hardly better than the Indian cosmogony of the earth standing on an elephant, and the elephant on a tortoise. In Mr. Buckle's philosophy, this intellectual development seems to play the part of an independent entity, but its qualities are not very accurately described. It is not government, it is not religion, it is not education, it is not literature, it is not morality. These are emphatically declared to be only some of its results. Granting him his premises, conceding to him his favorite notion of an insulated starting-point, we readily admit the logical sequence of his subsequent steps. But such an initial point looks more like a poetical fancy than a well-established matter of fact. By the common sense of mankind, civilization has always been regarded as the general expression of the combined influences of government, education, religion, science, art, and whatever else tends to improve the human condition. We have no warrant for regarding any one of them as the parent and regulator of all the rest. Good education leads to good government, and good government favors the cause of education. The passions and pursuits of men mould the literature of the times, and literature, in its turn, becomes a powerful instrument in elevating or degrading the character of the age. It is impos-

sible to analyze their respective forces and to determine the exact measure of each; still less, to trace them back by a sort of lineal ascent to some primordial, self-existent force.

Printers, it is said, are bound to follow their copy, though it go out of the window. It must be under some such desperate necessity that Mr. Buckle arrives at the conclusion that moral excellence, uncontrolled by knowledge, produces more evil than good; that is, the better an ignorant man is, — the more sincere, the more active, and the more enthusiastic in his beneficence, — the worse it is for the world; and the mischief can be abated only by mixing some alloy with his motives, — by playing off his selfishness against his ignorance. That we may do our author no injustice, we will transcribe his own words.

"There is no instance on record of an ignorant man who, having good intentions, and supreme power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good. And whenever the intentions have been very eager, and the power very extensive, the evil has been enormous. But if you can diminish the sincerity of that man, if you can mix some alloy with his motives, you will likewise diminish the evil which he works. If he is selfish as well as ignorant, it will often happen that you may play off his vice against his ignorance, and by exciting his fears restrain his mischief. If, however, he has no fear, if he is entirely unselfish, if his sole object is the good of others, if he pursues that object with enthusiasm, upon a large scale, and with disinterested zeal, then it is that you have no check upon him, you have no means of preventing the calamities which, in an ignorant age, an ignorant man will be sure to inflict." — p. 166.

If Mr. Buckle were writing an essay on the evils of ignorance, this might be a pardonable flourish of rhetoric; but in a philosophical theory of civilization by a writer of unquestionable ability, it can only excite our wonder and mortification. It needed no prophet to tell us that ignorant persons, in executing their benevolent designs, often do more harm than good; but Mr. Buckle has given the principle a wider sweep by far than the facts will warrant. In proof of his position, he adduces the history of religious persecution, which has often been the work of worthy men actuated by the holiest motives, and seeking to accomplish the highest

possible good. Thus the Spanish Inquisitors were remarkable for their undeviating integrity, and their historian, a bitter enemy, does not deny the purity of their intentions. This may be true so far as it goes, but it is not a very comprehensive view of the matter. Religious persecutors may sincerely believe that, in burning a heretic, they are thereby preventing the spread of doctrines which insure the eternal damnation of all who embrace them. But such revolting conclusions as this are seldom the product of a single motive. By looking a little beneath the surface, we shall always see that a variety of motives are really in operation, — that a regard for the honor and glory of God is mingled somewhat with regard for the honor and glory of men, — that a little selfishness, in fact, is played off against the benevolence, but, unhappily, without softening the result. We challenge any one to produce a single instance of religious persecution, in which the pride of sect, the pride of power, and the pride of opinion were not more active elements than any fancied regard for the souls of men. The Spanish Inquisitors, representing in one of its highest functions the Church which for more than a thousand years had shaped the policy of the Christian world, — which, in the exercise of its iron will, had trodden on the necks of princes and wielded a power more effective than the armies of king or emperor, — which had gathered the wealth of many generations into its coffers, and sent its missionaries to the uttermost parts of the earth, — those proud officials found that there were men who despised the vanities of their ceremonial, denied their right to control the consciences of others, and were determined to go to heaven without their assistance or permission; and the fact filled them with indignation and wrath. They saw in it an insult to the majesty of the Church, and, reflectively, to themselves, worthy of the severest punishment. Had Philip II. and his spiritual advisers been assured by a revelation from on high, that Protestantism might prevail throughout his dominions without necessarily endangering the salvation of a single soul, does any one believe that the fires of persecution would have been allowed to slacken? Had the Puritans of Massachusetts been assured, on the same authority, that the Quakers and Baptists might be safely per-

mitted to worship God in their own way, and bear their testimony against the prevalent faith, does any one suppose that Quakers would not have been hanged, or whipped at the cart's tail, and that Roger Williams would not have been banished to Rhode Island? One can know but little of the springs of action, who supposes that the mass of mankind can be placed, by any practicable degree of religious excellence, beyond the reach of pride, vanity, and ambition.

Supplementary to the general course of his reasoning, our author pursues an inquiry into the influence of religion, government, and literature upon civilization, and concludes that they are rather its creatures than its creators. The people form their religion, government, and literature, and these — whatever their condition — only indicate the progress the people have made. If he had been contented with saying that a people will never possess institutions much better than themselves, simply because much difference in this respect would involve an incompatibility, he would have uttered — except so far as the remark applies to Christianity — a well-founded truth. But to contend that the institutions exert no influence, for good or for ill, on the people, is only to fly in the face of facts, and the common opinion of mankind. The best of them represent the character of the best class of minds, and, of course, their natural tendency is to elevate the character of the inferior classes. Here, too, as in every other department of nature, action and reaction are simultaneous, and yet the latter operation our author has overlooked altogether. Unquestionably, the character of a people determines the tone of its literature; but he must be a very superficial observer who does not see that literature, in its turn, exerts a powerful effect on the character of the people. In the earlier ages, when its legitimate effect was less obscured by disturbing causes, this was too apparent to be overlooked for a moment. The love of country, devotion to liberty, and admiration of heroic deeds, were embalmed in the verses of the poets; and who shall say that to the impression thus made on the national mind the world is in no wise indebted for the glorious examples of Thermopylæ and Marathon? "Give me the making of the people's songs," said a Grecian sage,

"and you may make their laws." If we do not greatly mistake Mr. Buckle's doctrine, he would have us believe that Milton and Shakespeare and Scott have contributed nothing to the advance of civilization, however much they may have helped to while away the leisure of many an idle hour. Our readers would hardly thank us for the formal refutation of such a doctrine; but it shows to what strange conclusions a man may be led who surrenders himself a willing captive to the seductions of a pet theory.

In his views of the relations of government to civilization, our author is more fortunate, and his remarks may be profitably considered in an age when government is supposed to possess some sovereign virtue over and above that which is imparted to it by the people themselves. Even the terrible experience of the last seventy or eighty years has failed to show the lamentable folly of the notion, that forms of government may be put on and put off like a garment; and that the people who, in some way or other, have obtained a good government, have fulfilled their political destiny. Ten years ago the people of France expelled a king under whose rule they had enjoyed life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, as they never had before; and the Senate of the United States, with a political sagacity worthy of the act itself, congratulated them on the auspicious change, which speedily conducted them to an iron despotism. The doctrine in question is one of those stupidities which pass current for wisdom. Worthy of only the lowest order of demagogues, it has crept into the high places of society, and formed the staple of countless books and speeches on government and legislation. The old doctrine of the divine right of kings is exchanged for another scarcely less absurd, — the divine right of certain forms of government. Misled by experiments, superficial minds attribute to the rulers and the laws what is actually owing to qualities inherent in the character of the people, and suppose that a panacea for every political, if not social evil, is found in a liberal form of government. The fact is overlooked that men, who are eminently creatures of habit, never heartily adopt modes of thinking and acting of which they have had no previous experience, and which are uncongenial to their tastes

and associations. The mass of the people care nothing for abstractions. With them the practical question is, not whether a monarchy or a republic or a despotism is the best, but which will allow, in the present instance, the fullest and safest play to all the intelligence and moral energy they possess. A form of government much in advance of the people always proves to be an evil scarcely less intolerable than one much behind them.

In regard to Christianity as an agent of civilization, Mr. Buckle says but little, and that little is conceived in the spirit of his prevailing theory. When it was first presented to men, they were too benighted to understand it; and when, in the progress of knowledge, they became capable of appreciating its sublime and admirable doctrines, they no longer needed its influence; so that, between too much ignorance at first and too much knowledge at last, it has accomplished nothing for modern civilization. This seems very much like acting the play with the part of Hamlet left out. In taking this view of the case, Mr. Buckle has injured no one but himself. His opinion is, no doubt, honestly and deliberately formed, and we shall not call him hard names because it differs from ours. Had he lived in the days of Gibbon, he would have been greeted with a shower of abusive pamphlets not calculated to recommend to him the divine injunction, "Love thine enemies." But the feeling with which we regard him is more akin to sorrow than to anger, — sorrow that a writer so admirably fitted to appreciate and develop the elevating influence of Christianity should have groped among the inferior agencies of civilization, unconscious of the marvellous power which quietly and slowly, but none the less surely, was imparting to human life a higher aim and a nobler purpose than any older philosophy could furnish.

So much for Mr. Buckle's theory of civilization; for our limits oblige us to pass by many speculations as questionable as any we have noticed. The reader may be surprised, perhaps, that some of these were thought worthy of a critical examination. But some men's errors are of more importance than other men's truths, and it is because Mr. Buckle's errors are so skilfully maintained by his vast learning and vigorous

style, and made subservient to his principal conclusions, that we have given them more attention than their intrinsic value would seem to require.

We have now the more agreeable task of presenting Mr. Buckle in the light of a great historian, tracing the onward march of civilization in England and France by those incidents and influences which strikingly mark its progress. The present being merely an introduction to a much larger work, he selects only a few of the more prominent phases of that great change which has come over those nations within the last three hundred years. Surveying the ground before him, his eye has caught its salient points, and, with a kind of talent which marks an original thinker, he has set them before us in a light that imparts to them a new and stronger significance. Facts accessible to all are made to bear with signal effect upon the question in hand, and, when not too much startled by the boldness of the conclusion, we are rather surprised that it has not occurred to us before. Even this part of his work is not entirely free from the class of notions so prevalent in the other, consisting of some well-settled general principle pushed to an unwarrantable extent, and exciting the special wonder of the reader that one generally so profound can be occasionally so puerile.

The first very decided step in the intellectual progress of England occurred towards the early part of the seventeenth century, when the anile credulity of the past gave place, in some degree, to a spirit of wholesome scepticism. This change was indicated, not only in a growing distrust of unauthenticated marvels in matters of science, but in the recognition of reason as the supreme guide and arbiter in all the disputes of men, especially in matters of religion, which then occupied the public attention far more than questions of philosophy or science. The first formidable protest against the authority of tradition was made by Hooker, who held that the intrinsic excellence of a doctrine is a better ground of belief than the authority of the Fathers. The "Ecclesiastical Polity," appealing, as it did, to the very highest instincts of men, made a profound impression on the public mind, and prepared the way for Chillingworth's bolder onslaught upon the current

principles of the times. The authority of church and of state in matters of religion he totally abjured, and set up the right of private judgment without reservation or abridgment. From the character of God and the nature of man he drew the conclusion, that we should believe only what we can understand, and that the opinions of Fathers and Councils have no force except so far as they are in accordance with reason. The glory of the last step in the inauguration of this great idea, though overlooked by Mr. Buckle, was reserved for an obscure minister while leading his humble flock in the wilds of the New World. Roger Williams not only claimed the absolute freedom of the soul, but for the first time in the history of the world made a practical application of the principle in the formation and government of an existing community. In the hands of others it was little better than a closet speculation, destined, no doubt, to influence opinion; but with him it was an active, tangible reality. Guided by the light of that time, few would have hesitated to predict that his experiment would end in a whirl of fanaticism, infidelity, and confusion. But it was fairly demonstrated that the legitimate fruits of soul-liberty, as he called it, are good order, sound morality, and true religion; and thus, too, was confirmed the suspicion which then began to be entertained, that religious persecution only increases the infidelity and fanaticism which it is designed to prevent. For more than two hundred years that community has existed, favorably comparing with its neighbors in every desirable trait; and yet, in all that time, every man has been at liberty to believe and to worship as he pleased, and all sects have been perfectly equal, in point of privilege, before the law. If doing is better than talking, if practice is better than theory, then we may be allowed to compare the merit of Roger Williams with that of scholars and philosophers whose names have become as familiar as household words.

Such doctrines as Chillingworth's found no favor, of course, with ecclesiastical functionaries, nor with any who courted their support; and the natural result of the variance came at last in the Revolution of 1688, — an event which was the means, not only of enlarging the religious freedom of the

masses, but of exciting inquiry on political subjects, and producing an extension of popular privilege. It so happened, also, that the characters of the reigning sovereigns subsequent to William and Mary considerably weakened that spirit of loyalty which, though never so strong with the English as with the French, was sufficiently so to reconcile them to an arbitrary exercise of the royal prerogative. The same progressive movement was also witnessed in the study of physical science, and in every form of inquiry where a wholesome scepticism could be profitably substituted for the credulity of the sixteenth century. Bacon pointed out the proper objects of knowledge, and gave some practical directions for pursuing them. The Royal Society was one of the first fruits of the new spirit that was abroad; and as some of the early members still lingered in the old ways, they contrasted curiously with those who had studied in a very different school. The same kind of contrast, attributable to the same cause, is exhibited in the very marked difference between the "Religio Medici" and the "Vulgar and Common Errors" of Sir Thomas Browne, which were separated by an interval of about a dozen years. In the former he echoed the exclamation of the holy father, "I believe because it is impossible," and declared there were not impossibilities enough in religion; while in the latter he assailed the popular errors of the time, however consecrated by age or authority, with a boldness which, at the former period, would have been considered marvellous.

A retrospect of intellectual progress in France reveals very similar movements during the corresponding period. In both countries matters of religious belief occupied a large share of public attention; but in the latter they were made the occasion of bigotry, intolerance, and persecution, strongly contrasted with the comparative toleration of the English. While the civil wars of the latter were chiefly political, France, during the sixteenth century, was the theatre of long and bloody conflicts, growing out of religious differences. The reason was, according to Mr. Buckle, that the Reformation, as adopted by Henry VIII., broke the power of the clergy, and with it that paramount interest in religious matters with which they had inspired the people. In France, on

the contrary, the clergy, supported by the civil power, were able to maintain their position, which, while it could not extinguish dissent, imparted to their struggles a hatred and a ferocity almost without parallel. At a later period, however, a degree of scepticism made its appearance, as witnessed in the works of Rabelais, Montaigne, and Charron, and was followed by a certain amount of toleration. Richelieu, who caught the spirit of the age, saw that the greatness of his country would not be advanced by keeping one energetic and enterprising sect in complete subjection to another, and practised a measure of toleration which would have been remarkable even at a much later period. Not only were dissenters allowed to worship God as they pleased, but they were intrusted with the command of armies and the management of negotiations. One of the curious but perfectly natural results of this policy was, that it seduced from their faith the laical Protestant leaders, and thus the control of their affairs fell into the hands of the clergy, who performed their part with a degree of bigotry, intolerance, and narrow-mindedness scarcely credible in modern times. Their synods undertook to regulate the quality and fashion of dress, the amusements, the recreations, and even the names of the people. They prohibited their ministers from studying chemistry, and forbade the publication of books without the sanction of the Church. Where they had the power, they interfered with the worship of their Catholic neighbors, and deprived them of their property. Mr. Buckle pronounces his judgment of these men with his usual boldness, but the time is yet to come, we apprehend, when it will be generally approved.

"If, at this juncture, the Protestants had carried the day, the loss to France would have been immense, perhaps irreparable. For no one who is acquainted with the temper and character of the French Calvinists can doubt, that, if they had obtained possession of the government, they would have revived those religious persecutions which, so far as their power extended, they had already attempted to enforce." — p. 120.

Fortunately or unfortunately, they did not carry the day, but the Catholics did, and in the exercise of their power they yielded to the ordinary passions of men, and obtained some

distinction in the arts of persecution. The spread of liberal views of religion had the same effect upon other branches of inquiry in France which it had in England.

"During the thirty or forty years which preceded the power of Louis XIV., there was not to be found a single Frenchman of note who did not share in the general feeling, — not one who did not attack some ancient dogma, or sap the foundation of some old opinion."

The most remarkable exemplification of the new spirit which had risen was witnessed in Descartes, whose appearance forty years before would have been a moral impossibility. The same profound and liberal views which shaped the policy of Richelieu characterized the inquiries of Descartes, and, in place of the ingenious, barren speculations of the age, substituted a profound investigation of the laws of nature and of human existence. In France, as in England, the uprising spirit of doubt and inquiry led, at the same period and for the same reason, to rebellion and war against the constituted authorities. In both, the insurgents were at first successful; but being in advance of their times, the inevitable reaction brought back the old rule and the old principles, greatly improved, no doubt, in England, by the fiery ordeal they had passed through, but in France more intolerant and oppressive than ever. Here the two countries, which thus far had "followed the same order of development in their scepticism, in their knowledge, in their literature, and in their toleration," began to diverge, and so continued for more than a century, until their separate courses "ended, in England, by the consolidation of the national prosperity; in France, by a revolution more sanguinary, more complete, and more destructive than any the world has ever seen." The main cause of the phenomenon in question is found by Mr. Buckle in a system of protection, which, in France, has been intimately connected with that love of centralization which appears in the machinery of government, in restrictions upon trade, in interference with literature in the shape of censorship or patronage, and in the regulation of a multitude of things better left to the people themselves. A large portion of the present work is devoted to an examination of the protective

system as it appeared in France and England, where, in Mr. Buckle's opinion, it has been evidently the parent of numberless social and political evils. It would be impossible, within our limits, to present even a sketch of the course of his argument, which is very satisfactorily maintained, and therefore we must be contented with barely showing the spirit in which he has executed his task.

From the fourteenth to the seventeenth century the most important guaranties of the liberties of England were the municipal privileges, the rights of the yeomanry, and the security of the copyholders.

"In France such guaranties were impossible. The real division being between those who were noble, and those who were not noble, no room was left for the establishment of the intervening classes; but all were compelled to fall into one of these two great ranks."

"The result was, that by the fourteenth century the liberties of Englishmen were secured; and since then their only concern has been to increase what they have already obtained. But in that same century, in France, the protective spirit assumed a new form; the power of the aristocracy was, in a great measure, succeeded by the power of the crown; and there began that tendency to centralization which, having been pushed, first under Louis XIV. and afterwards under Napoleon, has become the bane of the French people."

Under the steady operation of this principle, every power worth having was finally absorbed by the government. The people were supposed to be incapable of doing anything for themselves, and even in their most trivial affairs, as well as in the exercise of important privileges, the parental arm of the government was stretched out to direct and control. Lest they might make imprudent wills, the right of bequest was limited. Lest the country might suffer from vagabonds and interlopers, no one was allowed to travel without a passport. Lest they might harm one another in their amusements by indiscretion or carelessness, they were watched over like children; and in their fairs, theatres, and concerts, soldiers were always present to see that no one crowded or picked a quarrel with his neighbor. So, too, in all great public enterprises, the government did everything, the people nothing. If a road were to be made, or a canal dug, or a college or hos-

pital established, the government was appealed to for aid. The principle of competition, which accomplished so much in England, was in France completely overshadowed by the monopoly of the central power. Mr. Buckle's remarks on this state of things are full of truth and wisdom, and should be deeply pondered by all who undertake to speculate on the political future of France.

"The consequence of all this has been, that the French, though a great and splendid people, — a people full of mettle, high-spirited, abounding in knowledge, and perhaps less oppressed by superstition than any other in Europe, — have always been found unfit o exercise political power. Even when they have possessed it, they have never been able to combine permanence with liberty. One of these two elements has always been wanting. They have had free governments which have not been stable. They have had stable governments which have not been free. Owing to their fearless temper, they have rebelled, and no doubt will continue to rebel, against so evil a condition. But it does not need the tongue of a prophet to tell that, for at least some generations, all such efforts must be unsuccessful. For men can never be free unless they are educated to freedom. And this is not the education which is to be found in schools or gained from books; but it is that which consists in self-discipline, self-reliance, and in self-government. . . . . The French, always treated as children, are, in political matters, children still. And as they have handled the most weighty concerns in that gay and volatile spirit which adorns their lighter literature, it is no wonder that they have failed in matters where the first condition of success is, that men should have been long accustomed to rely upon their own energies, and that, before they try their skill in a political struggle, their resources should have been sharpened by that preliminary discipline which a contest with the difficulties of civil life can never fail to impart." — p. 575.

The privileges of the nobles, very naturally, had suffered no abatement in France, long after they had been considerably narrowed in England, where a class had been created equally remote from the nobles and the peasants. In this distinction of classes will be found, according to Mr. Buckle, the explanation of the remarkable difference in the result of the two great civil strifes which distracted the two countries in the seventeenth century. Each was a war for liberty; but the elements of the strife were very different. In England it was a

war of classes, — between the yeomanry and the traders on one side, and the nobles and clergy on the other. True, in the early stage of the contest, the former availed themselves, when they could, of the power and prestige of the latter, but the actual leaders were from what we now call the industrial classes. On the contrary, the French rebels were led and controlled by the nobles. The middle and lower classes supplied no leaders, simply because, owing to the protective policy, a bold and sturdy spirit had not been cultivated among them. There was, to be sure, "a display of unexampled splendor; a galaxy of rank, a noble assemblage of aristocratic insurgents and titled demagogues." But these men with lofty titles had no sympathy with the people whom they led, and whose aims were very different from theirs. "To talk of sympathy existing between the two classes is a manifest absurdity, and most assuredly would have been deemed an insult by those high-born men, who treated their inferiors with habitual and insolent contempt." Still, the people, even in this uprising against their oppressors, looked up to those above them, and thus confirmed the servility which gave rise to the strife. The nobles, on their part, manifested the same servility towards the throne, whose favors were more coveted than the most brilliant achievements in literature or in arms. The results of a negotiation or a campaign excited less interest among the men of this class, than paltry questions of court privilege; and their disputes as to who should have an arm-chair at court, or be kissed by the queen, or be invited to the royal festivals, or have precedence at coronations, or give the king his napkin at dinner, evinced a degree of warmth and earnestness almost inconceivable now. And thus it was that in the war of the Fronde, as in all other civil wars, there was this constant inclination on the part of the people to look up to the nobles, and on the part of the nobles to look up to the throne. In the English rebellion, on the other hand, all this was very different. The nobles, few of whom were employed at all by the popular party, and those few with a very limited confidence, had never manifested that kind of servility towards the crown, and the people were led by men who had the same great interests at heart.

"What they did was done thoroughly. They knew that they had a great work to perform; and they performed it well. They had risen in arms against a corrupt and despotic government, and they would not stay their hands until they had pulled down those who were in high places; until they had not only removed the evil, but had likewise chastised those bad men by whom the evil was committed."

Mr. Buckle continues his examination of the protective system, by showing its withering effect upon French literature; and in no other part of his work does his historical talent appear in a more favorable light. Louis XIV.'s pompous, empty patronage of men of letters; the utter dearth of discovery or eminence in any department of knowledge during the latter part of his reign, accompanied by the most singular ignorance of whatever was accomplished out of France; the rapid awakening of a healthier spirit towards the middle of the last century; the high-handed, impotent attempt of the government to repress the uprising genius of the country; the sad, strange, erratic movement of the moral and intellectual forces which culminated in the Revolution of 1789, — all are described by Mr. Buckle in a manner not more remarkable for force and fervor of expression, than for extent and minuteness of research.

We would gladly follow Mr. Buckle through his development of this subject, but our limits sternly forbid. Neither can we convey any idea of the admirable sketches, interspersed through his work, of the genius and labors of men whose names are prominent in the history of intellectual achievement. With singular tact he seizes their merits and defects, and, in estimating their influence upon the progress of knowledge, his judgments generally command our assent, except when his tendency to extravagance occasionally leads him to overstate a point. We know nothing better in this way than his notices of Descartes, Burke, Bossuet, Voltaire, and Bichat, though we must protest against the notion, advanced with characteristic recklessness, that, during the last seven or eight years of his life, Burke was unequivocally insane. He adduces no facts in addition to those already published, which, in a criminal case, would hardly convince a court or jury of our own day, even were they far more dis-

posed than they are charged with being, to yield to the plea of insanity.

In the prosecution of his task, we trust that Mr. Buckle will think more of satisfying than startling his readers, and that its general excellence will be less marred by those extravagances of opinion which are equally offensive to sound judgment and to good taste. Let nothing of this kind alloy the pleasure to be derived from a work, which, for manliness of purpose, vigor of thought, wealth of illustration, and energy and fearlessness of expression, is honorable to a generation which boasts of a Hallam and a Macaulay.

Art. VI. — 1. *Mémoires du* Comte Miot de Melito. 2 vols. Paris: Michel Levy.

2. *Histoire de la Campagne de* 1815. *Waterloo.* Par Lieut.-Colonel Charras. London.

3. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.* Par M. Guizot. Vol. I. Paris: Michel Levy.

4. *Richelieu et la Fronde.* Par Michelet. Paris.

A more interesting work than the Memoirs of Count Miot it has rarely, we think, been the fortune of the public to meet with. It is not only the register of the first Napoleon's progress towards supreme power, kept by a man who, if he was not an ultra Bonapartist, was a determined anti-Royalist, and served Bonapartism; but it shows how the Bonapartist element works out its ends, and may serve as a perfect explanation of much that is now going on in France, and of what Louis Napoleon has planned and executed since he returned to the country he now governs, after the Revolution of 1848. As far as we recollect, these *souvenirs* of Count Miot are the first genuine record given to the public of the actual conduct of Napoleon I. in the transition from the Republic to the Empire. The victor of Marengo and Lodi has hitherto been represented, even by those opposed to his ambition and to its later results, as almost forced by circumstances and by the

deplorable state of anarchy into which France had fallen, to perpetrate the *coup d'état* of 18th Brumaire, and to give security to the country by a strong government. The version given by Count Miot is a different one, and from the beginning to the end he sees in Napoleon Bonaparte a resolute, and even a short-sighted usurper. When simply general of the army of Italy, Bonaparte formed with M. Miot an acquaintance which was fated to become more intimate with each succeeding year, and to transform the author of the Memoirs before us into an active agent of the Bonapartist policy, and into one of the constant objects of the favor of the new sovereign of France. Probably few revelations tell more of the character and the projects of the man than the following passage, which we cannot refrain from giving to our readers entire. The date is the 16th of December, 1802. M. Miot had just returned from a mission, intrusted to him by the First Consul, in Corsica, in describing which, by the by, he takes occasion to state the utter indifference with which the compatriots of Bonaparte saw his elevation to the *Consulat à vie*, and remarks, that, "if the Consul had had to do with Corsicans, instead of Frenchmen, his subsequent usurpations would not have been so easy." The first thing that strikes M. Miot on his return to the country so recently shaken to the very basis of the social edifice by revolution, is the alteration in all the outward manners and customs of what he is not yet used to call a court, but which he can hardly find any other name for.

"What a change within two years! The old Royalist habits, which, before my departure from the capital, had only just begun to show timid signs of revival, were now to be observed everywhere, and as to any vestige of republican austerity, there remained no trace of anything of the kind. Brilliant liveries were to be seen in the streets, such as were the fashion in the days of Louis XV. No man now wore boots, or affected even a military garb. Silk stockings, shoes with buckles, dress swords, and hats carried under the arm, were as usual as before 1789. . . . . But the change was not only on the surface; it was still more at the bottom of political life in France. The Tuileries and St. Cloud were no longer, as I had left them, the official residences of the first magistrate of a republic; they were, to all intents and purposes,

the palaces of a monarch. Everything in and about them, the etiquette, the honors rendered to this and that person and to their wives, the existence of a household, — everything, in short, barring only the word *Consul*, was essentially monarchical, and savored of royalty alone."

M. Miot's chief friend, both at this period and later, was Joseph Bonaparte, the First Consul's brother. Barely returned from his Corsican expedition, the first thing he does is to seek out Joseph; and finding him, as he does, confiding and communicative as ever, he immediately imparts to him what his impressions are upon the striking change of affairs. He also expresses his astonishment at seeing so near a relative of the virtual chief of the state * placed in the comparatively insignificant post of a senator. But Joseph has no scruples whatever in enlightening his friend as to the "Dictator's" character and plans.

"You are utterly wrong in your estimate of what he is," says the future Emperor's brother. "You fancy that my indolence lies at the root of my obscurity; but that is an error. I am all that I can be, or that he will let me be. The idea of dividing power with any man, even in the event of his own death, is so hateful to Napoleon, that he is to the full as jealous of me as of no matter whom. Above all, he wishes the notion of his *necessity* to be so firmly adopted, that beyond him nothing shall be regarded as possible. He knows that he reigns far more by the force of that idea, than in virtue of his own capacity even, or of others' gratitude. Believe me, if to-morrow an order of things was established such as that people could look forward to his end without terror, and rely upon the social and governmental edifice he had built up, *my brother would no longer deem himself safe for a single hour*." — Vol. II. pp. 48, 49.

This is a deeper view than has ever yet been presented of what may be called the Bonapartist policy; and if it be the true view, which is not unlikely, it explains most things, not only in the career of the first Emperor, but also in that of the present one. If a family have been found so ambitious and so selfish, (and in the case of Napoleon III. we must add, so pecuniarily necessitous,) as to calculate in cold blood upon the

* The Consul Bonaparte so evidently intended to be esteemed as such, that he had already isolated himself from the other two Consuls, who were confounded with inferior functionaries, whilst he alone had a court.

permanent enslaving and degradation of their country, as the means whereby to achieve their own personal aggrandizement, then, indeed, the principle of the Bonapartist policy stands clearly evident, its first failure forty-three years ago is perfectly comprehensible, and it is no less easy to predict what the probable result of the second attempt must be. This plan of abolishing all solid and stable institutions, and of putting a man in the place of a government, will, if we suppose it to be deliberate, give the key to the entire drama. The defenders of both the first and the present Emperor invariably represent the creation of solid and really national institutions, as the one perpetual and strong desire of the ruler in both cases; and they assert that in both cases, too, the inability to establish these institutions was the bitterest disappointment possible, but that the fault lay, not with the sovereign, but with the people, whom they affirm to be "ungovernable," and only to be "kept down" by brute force. But how, if M. Miot were in the right upon this point, and if the absence of any stable institutions in France were a calculation on the part of the Bonaparte race, — the policy by aid of which they could maintain dominion over the French nation? It is certainly curious to observe what, in December, 1802, M. Miot, a Councillor of State, a Bonapartist official, thought himself authorized to answer to his friend, when the latter revealed to him what he knew of his brother's character and intentions.

"He is a wonderful being!" exclaimed Joseph; "you don't fathom him. The depth and extent of his ambition make me giddy. Be assured, he is not yet at the term of his undertakings."

"I am ready to believe it," was Miot's reply, "and I think I can see even whither he is tending; probably to the division of all Europe between himself and the Czar, to the creation of two empires, and to the ruin particularly of Austria and England. . . . . But," he then adds, "I am anxious to know whether he is fated to be a founder of a regenerated order of things, — one of those men whose name, like Cæsar's, is meant through ages to be synonymous with a particular form of power; or whether he will be simply one of those shining, useless meteors, that shoot across the sky, dazzle for an instant, and then, becoming extinct, leave the same darkness as before. In all the

great changes of rule, you must examine institutions as well as individuals. The real founders of empires and of dynasties are lawgivers; men who found not only new but durable institutions, — institutions, the spirit whereof so freely answers to the wants of the larger number, that they subsist long after their founder has disappeared. Mere usurpers, on the contrary, simply overthrow the persons whom they happen to find at the head of government, and put themselves in their stead. These rarely have successors; their rule dies with them, *and the former rulers return.*"

Count Miot goes on to show how, in the first dawn of Napoleon Bonaparte's prosperity, he clearly discerned whither his ambition was likely to lead him, and even foresaw by what disasters his glory was possibly to be purchased. M. Miot readily admitted that, by altering the institutions of France, and, above all, by giving them a more liberal and republican character, the First Consul might insure his own supremacy in the state, and transmit that remodelled form of power to his heirs; but at once and stoutly declared, that if, on the contrary, instead of changing institutions, he merely changed men, he could have no chance of anything beyond a life-long reign "at most"; and he added: "Lucky indeed if, in such conditions, Bonaparte can manage to make his authority endure as long as his life." He avoids no argument to prove to Joseph that his brother is upon a totally wrong scent.

"To conceive the notion of being king of France as were Louis XIV. and his successors, and of governing as they did, by the same arbitrary rule, surrounded by the same guards, flattered by the same courtier train, and requiring for his wife the homage reserved until now for the daughters of royal houses, — this is simply to put himself in the place of him who by hereditary right filled an hereditary throne; this is *simply to usurp.* As to leaving such a royalty as this to his descendants, it is out of the question, and it is of no use to disguise the fact. Unless with a view to a great and radical change of principles and institutions, there will be no preference for the name of Bonaparte; on the contrary, if it comes to a choice between the names merely of Bourbon and Bonaparte, the governing principles to be the same in both cases, there can be no doubt that the nation will not hesitate, and that it will take its old reigning family."

When it is remembered that M. Miot was not a Royalist,

that he had been a Conventionalist, and that he was attached to the fortunes of the First Consul by interest, this seems to us one of the most curious passages of the history of the last sixty years that we have had occasion to study.

But not only was Napoleon's usurpation of empire planned in 1802, but he had, even at that early date, and when still under the influence of his passion for Josephine, reflected upon the possible necessity of a divorce from her, with a view to an heir; and already he had thought of Russia as of the country where, for several reasons, he was most likely to find his offers of alliance well met. It was avowed in confidence to M. Miot, that, during his mission to Madrid, Lucien Bonaparte had for a moment been instructed to feel his way as to a marriage at some future period with a princess of the Bourbon race, but that this was speedily set aside, and the Russian project taken into serious consideration. Upon the observation made by his interlocutor, that "he wondered, in that case, at the honors the First Consul caused to be paid to his present wife," Joseph Bonaparte's answer was, "Why, do you not see, on the contrary, that he is accustoming people to the fact of his wife's being treated like the wife of a sovereign, so that, if the day comes when Madame Bonaparte is succeeded in her place by some royally-born princess, nothing will have to be altered, and the house he marries into will have no objection to make on the score of etiquette?"

From the portrait given of the first Napoleon by M. Miot, and which is probably all the more genuine that it is painted without any aim at artistic excellence, it would seem that never was a man more completely of his nation, more essentially and thoroughly Italian, with all the cunning, all the patience, and all the long foresight of his race. It would seem almost as though, from the moment of the eighteenth Brumaire, he had resolved to frame circumstances to his will, and not to let them influence his actions or his destiny. It is impossible, after reading M. Miot's Memoirs, to retain any of the ideas which some Bonapartist writers have attempted to establish touching the necessity that existed for Napoleon's conduct, and the law which the situation of France imposed upon him of restoring order to the country, of governing it

with "determined firmness" (the periphrasis for despotism), and of recurring to monarchical forms, as to those best adapted to the genius of the people. All this is evidently a fiction. After his return from Egypt, Bonaparte found France deeply disgusted with the would-be Republicans who were at the head of affairs, but by no means anti-Republican, by no means indifferent to freedom, and perhaps, in fact, nearer than she has ever been since to the adoption of a true constitutional and representative form of government. All these symptoms he disregarded, and conceived a deliberate plan for subjecting France to his single and undivided rule. He did not even find the execution of this plan altogether so easy as has been pretended, and an attentive perusal of the two interesting volumes before us will suffice to prove that France was never the willing accomplice of her own enslavement, which she has been so often asserted and supposed to have been. Plots of all kinds, originated by men of every different shade of opinion, were at each instant discovered, and the life of the first Emperor was nearly as often threatened by assassins as is that of his nephew. Nay, one would almost fancy that the recent Orsini tragedy had taken for its model the *attentat* of 1801, in which a Roman sculptor named Ceracchi was the chief actor, and *apropos* of which M. Miot says: "The First Consul was extremely uneasy at the notion of the public trial of these Italians, for he well knew that they would by popular opinion be transformed into heroes, and martyrs to liberty, as they were." If the date of 1858 were affixed to these words, it would be as thoroughly in keeping with the events described as that of 1801.

But perhaps the most curious of all the episodes related by Count Miot is that touching the death of the Duc d'Enghien; and here, for once, we have the real and unvarnished statement of the direct participation of Bonaparte in what it has till now been the perpetual aim of his historians to represent as a dark drama, in which he played only an involuntary part. For the first time, we see the First Consul avowing, and almost congratulating himself upon, what he has done! Count Miot has preserved to us the speech made by the terri-

ble Dictator upon the occasion of his presiding in the Council of State, shortly after the execution of the Bourbon prince. This is a document that is without price. The real reason that caused Bonaparte to make it was the general diffusion of a report that another prince of the exiled royal family was in Paris, hidden in the house of the Austrian ambassador, M. de Cobentzel. Coming suddenly one day to the *Conseil d'Etat*, he uttered to his "faithful servants" the following discourse, which M. Miot says he took good care to note down exactly on the very same day: —

"I am really at a loss to understand how, in such a city as Paris, in the capital of such a vast empire as this, such ridiculous reports can gain credence as that which has just come to my ears. How can it be credited that in this city there exists a Bourbon prince, that he is hidden in the house of the German Emperor's ambassador, and that I have not ventured to seize him yet? This is to know me but ill, — this is to have a feeble notion of the policy that guides my government. Why, if the Duc de Berri, or any Bourbon prince, were hidden at M. de Cobentzel's, not only I would have had him seized, but I would, in one and the same day, have had him shot, and M. de Cobentzel with him. More than that; if the Archduke Charles were in Paris, and had given refuge to one of the said princes, I would have done the same thing with the Archduke Charles himself. We are living in no times of 'sanctuary.' Other ideas, in our days, animate the nations and governments of Europe..... Let not France remain in error: she will have neither rest nor comfort till the last of the Bourbon race shall be exterminated. I have had one of them seized at Ettenheim; the Margrave of Baden made no objection to my laying hands upon him; and, indeed, what political rights have those who in reality only contemplate, and plot, and pay for assassination? And you come now and talk, forsooth, of 'violation of territory,' and 'sanctuary,' and what not! What strange absurdity! I repeat it, — this is not to know me. I have not water in my veins: blood flows there..... I caused the Duc d'Enghien to be promptly tried, and executed, and I should fancy other *émigrés* will scarcely be tempted now to follow in his steps. He was judged by a court-martial, as he ought to have been, for he had borne arms against France. His death may atone in some measure for the interminable wars his house has entailed upon us. As for me, I will never make peace with England till she consents to the total expulsion of every Bourbon and every *émigré*." — Vol. II. pp. 153, 154.

We think our readers will agree with us, that this is the very first time Bonaparte is brought before us as he really was, and in his true colors, *apropos* of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. The testimony of Count Miot, which is in every point an unassailable one, shows us the man and the policy as they actually were. We have before us here, *sans phrases*, the unscrupulous, hard-handed, ruthless, selfish policy of usurpation, which for some years put Bonaparte at the head of the counsels of nearly all Europe, to let him sink down at the end into far less than he was at the outset, and which, perhaps, when years are past, and the final moral of the tale is unfolded, may be found to have produced the ruin and degradation of France.

It is curious to examine how far the Napoleon of our day revives, under paler colors, the schemes and combinations of his uncle; but it is no less curious to reconstruct from two different works, whose authors could have had no possible knowledge of each other, the entirety of that uncle's character as it really was. Count Miot was a very old man when he died, not many years ago; he had lived through all the revolutions of the last half-century, and had learned impartiality from the ceaseless vicissitudes of his country. Our other author, Colonel Charras, is a young man even now, has acquired his knowledge of the men of the past from documentary, not from personal experience, and is a hot, enthusiastic republican, wedded to those forms of government that shall call into play the largest portion of the living forces of the nation. He is the very opposite in all respects of Count Miot, yet his estimate of Napoleon I. is precisely that of the former. He arrives at exactly the same conclusions as to his character, the predominant features of which he holds to be hypocrisy and *astuce*. His book is perhaps the most terrible blow that has ever been levelled at the first Emperor's reputation; for it not only attacks the sovereign and the man; it weighs and finds wanting the hero, — it reduces in an extraordinary proportion the value of the military commander.

The title of Colonel Charras's book is one that easily accounts for the dread in which it is held by the present govern-

ment of France, and for the strictness with which it has been prevented from crossing the frontiers. It is entitled, "History of the Campaign of 1815, — Waterloo"; and it does severe justice to all parties, and forces into the ears of the French nation what its own puerile vanity and the manifest interests of its chiefs and leaders, of no matter what party, had hitherto disguised and carefully concealed from its mental sight. Colonel Charras has the courage and the honesty to show that the French army was beaten, and completely beaten, at Waterloo, — that Napoleon was vanquished by the Duke of Wellington, and this without any accident, or any surprise, or any chance, but from the simple fact of the superiority of the English army and its leaders over those of the opposite side, and from the genuine and intrinsic merit of the plans and combinations by which the "Iron Duke" met the all but insane fugitive from the island of Elba. It is the first, the very first time, that the real truth has been spoken by a French tongue upon the world-famous tragedy of Waterloo, — the first time a French hand has had the courage to trace upon paper the confession of a national short-coming, the frank and sincere avowal that the success achieved on the 18th of June, 1815, was due to the general England had put at the head of her army, and that the victory won by him was as legitimate in every respect as it was unequivocal, and to be contested only by the rankest bad faith.

We need not waste many words to show our readers what was the necessary reception of this work by the reigning authorities of France. A copy of it was sent six months ago to the Tuileries, at the Emperor's express desire, and for his particular inspection. He read the two volumes, and commanded that no one single copy of the book should be allowed to pass the frontier. This order was executed with more complete success than is usual in such cases, and it is generally believed that M. Thiers is the only individual in Paris who contrived to obtain possession of the so severely prohibited work. On his first perusal of it, the eminent historian at once declared it to be a production of unparalleled importance, and confided to his intimates that it would oblige him almost entirely to write over again the chapters he had

intended to consecrate to the "Disasters of the Hundred Days." The book has not been more read since, nor less well watched; nor has it been the subject of any review articles or newspaper criticisms. Silence and darkness have surrounded it. Yet, such is the force of an *idea*, such the subtilty of its essence, that the public is as well acquainted with the scope and the details of Charras's work as though it had spelt out every word in it. What it contains has diffused itself in the atmosphere, and penetrated the public sense.

It may easily be imagined that it has not been for the pleasure of complimenting England, that such a patriot and such a republican as Charras has undertaken to set public opinion right as to the campaign which ended in the defeat at Waterloo. The justice he does to the enemies of his country is, as it were, incidental; he discovers such and such facts staring him in the face, and to do homage to truth he states them as they really are; but the chief object of the book is to prove that in the fight of Waterloo it was Liberty which gained the victory over Despotism, and that had Napoleon, instead of following out his own purely selfish aims, developed France as she was capable of being developed, and had he then called upon her to put all her really national strength, her really national "nerves and sinews" into the contest against the coalition and its armies, France would have gained the day, as would any free country the instant its freedom, its dignity, and its territory were in danger.

It is easy to see that the same individual, the selfsame despot, the identical Napoleon sketched in 1802 by Count Miot, is painted as a finished and definitive portrait by Colonel Charras, in his Campaign of 1815. As, in the civil complications of the state, Count Miot complains that, instead of "institutions," Bonaparte simply changed individuals, just so, in a military point of view, Colonel Charras accuses him of having seen only the fortunes of a man, where he ought to have seen those of a nation. "People have falsely grown to picture to themselves France, whole and entire," he says, "where in fact there was merely an army and a man; — a man whose military genius even had become exhausted by the many excesses of tyranny; an army, numer-

ically weak, deprived of its best resources by delays and inconceivable hesitations in the defensive organization, and, above all, deprived of its principal force by the hypocrisy and falseness of a policy the most odiously enervating to a country that can be imagined."

With what passed both before and after the supreme struggle of Waterloo; with the alternate rhodomontades and discouragements of the "Hundred Days"; with the base flatteries attempted upon the popular masses; with the mixture of craziness and mean spirit shown by the ex-despot after the Belgian defeat; with his pitiably diminished attitude after the so-called Political Corps of the empire had thrown him off, and angrily desired him to abdicate, — with all this, many works have, within the last ten years, made us familiar. Above all, Chateaubriand's "Mémoires d'Outre Tombe," and Villemain's matchless "Souvenirs des Cent Jours," have taught us how utterly unworthy of his early fame was Napoleon in the hour of evil fortune. But until now no one has had the courage or the desire to trace him to the very field of Waterloo itself, to that blood-drenched plain, where, by the completest *déroute* of modern ages, he paid the price of his ill-gotten, ill-kept power. Colonel Charras is the first to track him to the spot where he lost in a few short hours all the gains amassed in a life of ruthless, useless usurpation; and he passionately, resolutely, inexorably hunts him to earth, nor leaves him till the capacity of farther harm-doing has been for ever taken from him.

For military men, Colonel Charras's book is incomparable, and of absolutely inestimable value; for he has employed seven years of undeserved exile in amassing the details of whatever took place in the organization of the French troops, from the moment when Bonaparte left the island of Elba on the 20th of March, 1815. Not a man or a musket escapes him, and, from the founding of a cannon to the purchase of a horse, he will tell you, from the official document, every single incident, however apparently trifling, that took place in the ranks of the imperial army exposed at Waterloo to the shock of the allied powers. As to calling in doubt one single statement of Colonel Charras, this is at all events impos-

sible. It may be objected by some persons, that, for patriotism's sake, he should not have shown facts as they really were. This may be a ground assumed by those who admit the possibility or the expediency of disguising truth; but as to pretending that any item of his assertions is not strictly veracious, this is what it is impossible to attempt. He answers with documents in hand, and produces in his support the papers deposited in the archives of every war department in Europe, including those of Paris. Had there existed any chance of refutation, any way of cavilling at one of his statements, the hired scribes of the present Empire would have been set to work but too willingly, and have proved that Colonel Charras's book is no more to be relied upon than so many others, the statements in which are mere subjects for discussion. But this resource has not been opened to the imperialist writers of France, and of the authenticity of Charras's work no one has raised even the faintest shadow of a doubt. The book remains, as we say, the most formidable record at present extant of the selfish ambition, the culpable folly, and the at last glaring incapacity of Napoleon Bonaparte. We think there is no country upon the globe that will not read with interest the parallel drawn by Colonel Charras between the moral condition of the army under Bonaparte and of that under Wellington on the eve of Waterloo.

"It was a brave army," he says, speaking of the troops under the orders of the Emperor; "but, whatever has been said to the contrary, it was not and could not be the equal of the armies that had preceded it in the recent annals of war. The formation of its brigades, its divisions, and its *corps d'armée*, dated from only two months before. The regiments had had no time to acquire any cohesive force, or any of that *unity* which is given to troops only by community of labors, whether in peace or war. In June of the preceding year all the regiments had been reorganized; in December, a mass of men had been incorporated with them who had returned from furlough, or from the enemy's foreign prisons; in April and May, a fresh amalgamation of this same sort took place, and throughout the ranks mutation had been universally the order of the day.

"Chiefs, officers, subalterns, soldiers, had as yet had no time or opportunity of gaining anything in the shape of the so requisite knowledge of one another. This was a great cause of weakness, but it was

not the only one. Enriched and systematically corrupted by the prodigalities of the empire; enervated by luxury and by enjoyment of all kinds; worn out by twenty years of war, — many of the generals and chiefs would have far preferred the quiet occupancy of their fine hotels and *châteaux*, to the labors of forced marches and the inconveniences of the bivouac. They had tasted peace during one whole year, and they regretted its loss. Some amongst them had been rudely defeated in separate commands, and preserved the memory of their ill-luck. Others, shaken by the sad recollections of 1813 and 1814, quite despaired of the issue of the war, when they compared the masses brought to bear by the coalition, and the weakness of the defence on their own side. All had remained brave and intrepid; but all had not preserved the activity, the resolve, the foolhardy energy of early days. Many there were in whom the moral man was no longer fit to confront a disaster.

"The soldier might still be said to have unlimited confidence in Napoleon; but he was not without suspicion of his chiefs. Those very men, — he had seen them in less than a year pass with equal enthusiasm from the Emperor to the Bourbons, and from the Bourbons to the Emperor. Those courtiers of fortune, — he had heard them, in addresses, proclamations, orders of the day, without end, abuse the overthrown master, and adore the master who was for the moment victorious. It was impossible that the soldier should believe in the fidelity of these men to the imperial cause. He suspected them of plotting some monstrous treason; and these same suspicions, vague, but persevering and irritating, had penetrated as much into the higher regions of the staff as into the inferior ones and among the privates. Suspicion was everywhere, and even the officers of certain regiments were not trusted by their men."

The moral state of the troops under Napoleon's orders was, therefore, the worst that can well be imagined. Discouragement seemed the only reasonable feeling to their minds; and of anything in the shape of the enthusiasm that animated them in the first days of Bonaparte's career, there remained not a vestige. Now let it be remarked, that the peculiar sentiments by which Charras describes the men and officers of the imperial army to have been possessed, were those which every ensuing day tends the more to instil into the minds of the masses in France. Whether with generals or bishops, peers of France or senators, public functionaries or deputies to the legislative assembly of the moment, the cause of sus-

picion must be everywhere the same, and in all divisions of the upper classes the same want of principle is on every side offered to the contempt (we must use even this word, for none other is so proper) of the lower orders. This ready passing from one power to the other, — this prompt desertion of what had been slavishly obeyed, this prompt adulation of what had been shrunk from when falling, — this eagerness to barter honor for gold, or rather to attach consideration to the whereabouts of wealth, — this has, since the period to which Colonel Charras alludes, been cited by the people of France, as often as a revolution of this or that species has come, to show the readiness of the so-called "leaders of society" to serve no matter what power, so long as that power could insure to its instruments any material advantages. That this disposition to look with distrust upon the higher classes is now animating nearly the entire mass of the nation, is not to be denied; but that its deleterious influence had already been at work in the army collected on the eve of Waterloo is, we think, a fact less familiar to general readers.

Opposed to what he shows us to have been the very indifferent moral condition of Napoleon's troops in June, 1815, Colonel Charras draws a picture of the army under Wellington's orders, which is truly admirable for its impartiality.

"The allied army was by no means homogeneous. All the elements composing it had not the same value in a military point of view. Nothing is more evident. But the bad consequences of this were less than Napoleon had calculated.

"The English troops were composed of old soldiers, almost all tried by the hard campaigns of the Peninsula, and proud of having delivered Spain from a foreign yoke, and of having, after six years of constant struggle, borne the British flag from the mouth of the Tagus to the borders of the Garonne. Those said six years had begun with uncertain fortune, but had ended by a long, uninterrupted series of successes, the battle of Vittoria crowning the whole as a sort of Southern Leipsic." — Vol. I. Chap. V. p. 73.

"Full of confidence in themselves and in their commanders; convinced that their generals were superior to ours, as Wellington, they believed, was superior to Napoleon; actuated by that inflexible sense of duty, the characteristic trait of the soldiers trained in Wellington's

severe school, these troops formed a *corps d'élite* in the widest acceptation of the word."

Passing in review the contingents furnished by the various courts of Northern Europe to this army which was about to fight the battle of Europe's liberty against the direst tyrant of modern times, the writer of the work before us speaks of Prussia in the following terms: —

"The Prussian *corps d'armée* was the vigorous representation of nearly all the classes of Prussian nationality, and was animated almost to fanaticism by the love of country and of that country's independence. In every Frenchman the soldiers of Prussia saw an enemy. Fatal results of Napoleon's outrageous ambition! These were no longer the soldiers of Valmy or of Jena, cold and full of indifference for the quarrels of their king, easy to be defeated and put completely to the rout. The hatred of victorious invasion, the wounds of their country, had made heroes of these men. Beaten over and over, in action after action, on both sides of the Rhine, the Prussians had won the force to resist in their reverses. Two names and two dates were at the bottom of all their thoughts, — Leipsic and Paris.

"Their officers and their chiefs shared all their passions as well as their enthusiasm, and inspired them with unlimited trust. Napoleon was wrong when he fancied that one Frenchman was worth two Prussians."

Colonel Charras observes, that one cause for supposing that the allied forces might be vanquished by the imperial army was, that the former were under the necessity of submitting to two separate generals, whose character was as opposite as could well be conceived. He gives a slight and spirited sketch of Blücher; which done, he passes to Wellington, and we may fairly say that no one even in England has ever painted the British hero more fairly, more justly, more as he really was. It is not a matter of indifference for us, on this side of the Atlantic, that such a man as Wellington should be well understood. He is of the race we came of; the blood of his forefathers and of ours has mingled; and unless we choose to forego our pride in our origin, which lies in that glorious old "Norse boat of ten centuries since," of which Emerson speaks, we cannot but take something to ourselves of all the real greatness of the greatest Anglo-Saxon of mod-

ern ages. Charras's portrait of the "iron man" is the prose of Longfellow's "Ode" upon his death. Both conceived of him in identical form; and, unless we revert to the Latin authors, we do not know of many better pictures of an illustrious man than this: —

"Wellington had never yet been face to face with Napoleon; but he was the first — and by how far the first! — of all the chiefs ever opposed to him. Napoleon, however, was determined not to recognize in him the qualities of a commander-in-chief. By describing him in the *Moniteur* as an 'ignorant and presumptuous officer, destined to great catastrophes'; by changing his victories into defeats in the official print; by hiding from France Vittoria, the Nivelle, and other engagements disastrous for her fame, — the Emperor seemed to imagine that he had successfully lowered the English general to a second-rate rank and importance.

"That there was a difference, a wide difference even, between the English general and Napoleon, is not to be gainsaid; but it was far less wide than the latter chose to fancy, or than we have had any notion of, misled as we have been by prejudice and falsehood.

"Napoleon had the genius of war developed to the highest conceivable degree; but the insensate ambition of the monarch destroyed the judgment of the tactician, and very often physical energy and activity failed the conqueror, and left him inadequate to the requirements of his position.

"Wellington was perhaps, strictly speaking, but a general of great talent; yet this talent was so complete, and was based upon qualities of such strength and intrinsic worth, that it almost attained to genius. Gifted with the extreme of good sense; a thorough statesman; a religious observer of the laws of his country; an excellent judge of character; informed to the utmost of whatever concerns the profession of arms and war; committing faults perhaps sometimes, but never persisting in them; careful of his soldiers, sparing of their blood; harsh towards indiscipline, implacable to theft; ready to plan, and to execute readier still; prudent or rash, temporizing or sudden, as the case required; inflexible in evil fortune; hard to be elated by success; an iron soul in a body of iron, — Wellington, with a small army, had done great deeds, and this army, whole and entire, was of his own making. He had a right to remain, and he has remained, one of the first military figures of our age. Born in 1769, he had, in 1815, like Napoleon, attained his forty-sixth year."

We hope our readers will agree with us, that the man who

can write of an enemy as Colonel Charras here writes of Wellington, is worthy to be implicitly credited, whatever are the statements he makes. When we reflect upon the amount of national vanity wounded, of national prejudice inflamed, by the very name of Waterloo in France, we can scarcely find terms of eulogy sufficient to express our admiration of the uprightness, the sincerity, and the liberality manifested in Colonel Charras's book. There is no man caring to know the real truth about one or two of the greatest events of our half-century, who ought not to find a pretext for attentively studying this extraordinary work. It is as full of information for Englishmen as for Frenchmen, and may most justly be denominated, in the favorite French phrase, *un événement.*

M. Guizot's Memoirs, in some respects, form the sequel to the two works we have just noticed; for they treat of France as she was on the morrow after Waterloo. As yet, the first volume only has appeared of these *Souvenirs*, which are, as a whole, to consist of five or six volumes. The space of time under consideration is between 1815 and 1830; a period during which M. Guizot prepared himself for public life, and might, had the moral part of his composition been equal to the merely intellectual part, have laid the foundation of a career infinitely more useful than his has been. He is one of the first writers who has described the condition of France during the struggle at Waterloo, and immediately after it.

"There was no enthusiasm whatever for the Emperor," says M. Guizot, "and there was small confidence in his success; but no one attempted anything against him. Napoleon acted in full and entire liberty, and with all the force which he could command in his situation; and considering the isolation in which he was placed, and the material and moral exhaustion of the country, France had become a whole nation of spectators, of tired and worn-out spectators, who had lost altogether the habit of interfering in their own affairs, and who really scarcely knew what issue they desired to the terrible drama of which they themselves were the stake. As to me, I was tired of remaining inactive, and of merely looking on; and foreseeing neither how nor when the performance would end, I resolved in the very middle of March to start for Nimes, where my mother resided. I can see in my mind's eye even now the aspect of Paris, — above all, of the Rue de Rivoli, which was just then half built. It comes back to me as I saw

it on the morning of my departure. No workmen; no movement; materials heaped up apparently without any object; unpeopled scaffoldings; half-raised edifices left unfinished; the want of money, of workmen, and of confidence visible everywhere; and, on all hands, the ruins of yesterday, — *des ruines neuves.* Throughout the ranks of the population was an air of uneasiness and anxious idleness, the air of those who are in want at once of both labor and repose. During my journey I everywhere saw the same thing, along the roads, in the villages, and in the towns; everywhere were the same agitation and the same inactivity to be remarked, and the same impoverishment of the whole land stared one in the face. More women and children, on all sides, than men. Here and there troops of young conscripts, with sad faces, marching to join their regiments; wounded and sick men pouring back largely towards their homes, — *a nation mutilated and at its last gasp.*"

It is impossible to read M. Guizot's first volume of Memoirs without feeling that it bears most emphatic witness to the almost fathomless amount of mischief done to France by that modern Attila, Napoleon Bonaparte. If M. Guizot were alone in the putting forth of this opinion, one might feel that it required further confirmation, — a scrupulous respect for truth forming by no means one of the distinctive points of the ex-minister's character; but coming as it does in corroboration of what every impartial historian for the last ten years has affirmed, it deserves to be accepted as one testimony the more. "That man whose glory entailed upon us so much shame," says Chateaubriand, when speaking of the first Emperor; and this coincides perfectly with the view taken of Bonaparte by M. Guizot. At the end of the chapter from which we have just quoted, the sometime leader of the *Doctrinaires* announces that he had hardly reached Nimes before a letter from M. Royer-Collard brought him back to the capital, where he was quickly named Secretary-General to the Abbé de Montesquiou, whom Louis XVIII. had raised to the dignity of Minister of the Interior. The following extract is well worth reading: —

"I did not hesitate under such conditions to take office. No prior engagement, nor any of my antecedents, bound me at all to the Restoration. I belong to those who were carried upwards by the impetus of 1789, and who will not relinquish that position. But,

though not holding to the *ancien régime* by any interest, I never felt any bitterness against the France of other days. Born a Protestant and a *Bourgeois*, I am devoted to the principles of the liberty of conscience, of equality before the law, and of all the really great conquests of our social organization. But my confidence in these conquests is also very considerable, and I feel at my ease about them, nor believe that, in order to support them, I am at all obliged to regard the house of Bourbon, the nobility of France, and the Catholic clergy as dangerous enemies."

This passage is a really important one; for it touches upon one of the principal causes of disunion throughout French society, which is no other than the uneasiness of possession felt by certain classes with regard to the social conquests of 1789. If, once for all, Frenchmen would feel that there are some gains which cannot be snatched from them, that there are retrograde steps which no government and no body of men in their senses would dream of taking, — if all Frenchmen aspiring to the name of politicians would, once for all, look upon this as a settled fact, and chase from their minds the insane alarm at incessant encroachment on the part of their adversaries, — more would be done toward a good understanding between all classes than has been done since the days of the first revolution. Here, in reality, lies the secret of the mischief, which begins in evil feeling and ends in *émeute*. Each party is, and has been all along, afraid of the intentions of its opponents, and, above all, the so-called liberals are haunted by the fear that the party of the *ancien régime* will seek to recapture some of its old privileges and worn-out abuses. There is no denying that a few individuals of the last-mentioned party do exist, whose absurdities are such, and whose political incapacity is so glaring, that they would probably return to the monstrous immunities and oppressions of Feudalism, just as the ultra-Jesuit party in the Church would favor a revival of such practices as disgraced the government of certain Spanish kings; but these — although there is no denying that they do exist — these are merely individuals, and, as we have said, a very few individuals, not to be counted, and, above all, not to be dreaded. Ridicule is the best arm against them, and to ridicule they ought

to be abandoned. But in France everything is a pretext for fear, and, politically speaking, a country more given over to terror does not exist. To act courageously, to make the stand a citizen ought to make when his rights are assailed, — of this hardly one Frenchman within the last fifty years has proved himself capable; but to tremble lest some one should do him some fantastic wrong, and to resist the best measures of the governing force because he so trembles, — this is a game in which every individual man in France is a proficient.

At the present moment France is severely suffering for this identical "uneasiness," at which M. Guizot hints in the passage we have above quoted. Had not men of the shallow policy and irritability of fibre of Messrs. Thiers, de Rémusat, and some others, descried dangers of which there was not a shadow in the only national combinations for the future of France that have been proposed within the last few years, France would not be in her present enslaved and comparatively degraded condition. M. Guizot alludes to what is taking place now, as to what took place in 1815. We will continue our quotation, as it is one of the best passages we know of in recently written history, so far as the Restoration is concerned: —

"Because full now of fresh elements, the social edifice of France is not fresh built of yesterday. France can no more renounce her past, than she can her present. She would most effectually establish in her own internal self the seeds of mischief, and indeed of eventual ruin, if she showed herself hostile to her own history. Her history is the nation itself; it is the native country dear to every one, seen through the modifications of ages. As for me, I have always borne to names and facts that have held a great place in our national destinies a most respectful love. When Louis XVIII. returned, the Charter in his hand, I will avow I felt neither irritated nor humiliated at having to enjoy our liberties, or, if necessary, to defend them, under the royalty of the ancient race of France's kings, and in common with my countrymen of all classes, nobles or *Bourgeois*, even though their old rivalries were for some short time still a cause of agitation and distrust.

"Foreigners! *les étrangers!* the remembrance of them was the sore of the Restoration, and the nightmare which beset France while it lasted. The feeling itself was, doubtless, a legitimate one enough. The jealous love of their native soil, and of its independence, doubles the strength of

a people in prosperity, and saves their honor and dignity under adverse fortune. Had I been placed in Napoleon's army as a soldier, I should probably have been insensible to everything, save to this one only point. Placed, as I was, in civil life, other ideas, other instincts, have led me to seek the greatness of my country elsewhere than in her predominance by war. I loved, and I still love and esteem before no matter what else, a just and upright policy,* and liberty under the safeguard of law. *Of this I should totally despair under imperialism;* I hoped for both under the Restoration.

"The most absurd of all unjust appreciations is that which would aim at making the Restoration accountable for the presence in France of those foreign armies which only the mad ambition of Napoleon had attracted into France, and from which the Bourbons could deliver us only by a prompt and certain peace. The enemies of the Restoration indulged upon this subject in contradictions the most absurd and strange. First, they said that the Restoration was imposed upon France by foreign bayonets; next, that in 1814 *nobody* wished for it, foreigners no more than natives, exterior Europe no more than France herself. This party affirmed the Restoration to have been brought about by the smallest possible causes, and to have had no adherents save some few individuals of old and almost worn-out fidelity, or some sudden renegades from the adverse camp; they said that selfish intrigues and petty manœuvres alone caused the restoration of the Bourbons in France. Singular blindness of party spirit! the more this or that party proves that no one particular current or force established this *régime* in France, the more the intrinsic, and as it were intimate, principle of vitality of the Restoration becomes evident, and the more it is clear that the Restoration was in virtue of a great and dominant necessity. I cannot understand how really clever and superior minds can allow themselves to be so led astray by petty passions as not to be able to see things as they really are. In the crisis of 1814, the recall of the house of Bourbon to the throne was the only imaginable, the only serious solution of the difficulties of the position, — the only one which rested upon principles, and made the future government independent of the sudden changes brought about by human caprice and the caprices of fortune as manifested in the various chances of war."

M. Guizot says with truth, that the two benefits for which

---

* That the man who so ruined and lost France, in 1848, by precisely the reverse of anything like justice or uprightness in his policy, should venture upon this declaration, is assuredly somewhat strange. But M. Guizot has never thought it needful to adapt his actions to what he sets forth as his principles.

France longed the most, and which had the most signally failed her during twenty-five years, were liberty and peace. He is undeniably right when he says that these two advantages were amply secured to France by the government that succeeded the downfall of the empire at Waterloo.

There is a remark made by M. Guizot which is as true as it is worthy of notice, and which records a fact that may have escaped many students; namely, that with the fall of the traditional monarchy in France began the era of falsehood universal. The Convention and the Republic screamed out at the top of all their voices that France was free, and never at any period was she more enslaved; for men answered then with their heads for displeasing the mighty mob. During the empire nothing was talked of save peace, and France was bled within an inch of death by war.

"The Emperor Napoleon," says M. Guizot, "concluded, in fifteen years, more treaties of peace than any sovereign had ever before concluded. Yet never did war so often break out and begin anew; and never was peace so completely a lie, or a lie of such short duration. All the treaties were merely truces, during which fresh combats were preparing. And this also was the story of freedom. Promised in the outset, and celebrated with enthusiasm, Liberty first fled before civil strife, but not without her praises being chanted all the same, and her existence being sworn to. One fine day, however, civil strife was said to be terminated, but liberty was found to be terminated at the same time. The word *liberty* had, at one moment, been sufficient to inebriate the nation, who took no trouble to verify the existence of the thing; and at another moment, to shake off the fumes and expiate, as it were, the crime of intoxication, both the name and the thing were equally proscribed and sunk in oblivion."

Here, again, Louis Philippe's ex-minister touches upon a point which is essential, and which the student of French history should examine, — the facility that exists for the entire nation's being governed in the name of a lie! We do not believe that an example of this sort has ever been afforded by any country except France, or that any save a French government has ever tried the experiment of telling a whole nation the precise reverse of what in fact exists, and of expecting that nation to take the official word for what the

evidence of the nation's own senses flatly disproves. Yet this was the system of the first Emperor, from Wagram to Waterloo. He had no belief in, nor respect for truth. He possessed in his own hands the communicating medium between the government and the public mind, and he fancied it depended upon him to force public opinion to see things in this or that light. When fortune played him false, he either concealed the fact, or transformed it, or represented it in a shape exactly contrary to what had been its genuine one; and taking the public apathy for acquiescence, he seriously believed he had fashioned the public understanding to his hand. He forbade any spontaneous word or movement on the part of the people, and then, when his fantastic announcements were received in silence, he thought that silence betokened approval, as though they who thus held their tongues had been free to dissent and criticise. Napoleon I. lived ostrich-like as to what regarded public opinion; but he was one of the first who deliberately undertook to pervert the sense of truth in the mass of the French nation. Since then it has lost its respect for its rulers in its complete scepticism upon the subject of their veracity, and those who resort to falsehood do not see that the end they contemplate by their misstatements is never attained, and that the one only thing achieved is the degradation of the governing authority by the separation from it in the people's minds of any idea of credibility or honesty. An untruth is a dishonesty, and the government convicted of lying may be deservedly suspected of any amount of improbity. Emerson says justly, "The English value themselves on their truth, as distinguishing them from the French"; and in another passage he observes that the "English are veracious" as from some "superiority in organization" and "as if they could afford it." Now, it is exactly this strength produced by constitutional veracity that has been sapped in the French race by the mendacious policy of the Bonapartes, and it is one of the chief injuries their advent to power has caused to society in France. This is preeminently a tradition persevered in by the present Emperor; and absolute falsehood, the systematic perversion of truth, may be looked upon now as a governing medium employed

by Louis Napoleon. The consequence is, that the idea of truth is nearly destroyed in the national mind, and through the neglect of what is true the disdain of what is honest has crept gradually in; and what is termed in English "want of principle," has grown to be the one leading characteristic of Frenchmen, whether morally, socially, or politically speaking.

Perhaps the quality most to be noted in this first volume of M. Guizot's Memoirs is the perfect impartiality of his tone towards the men whose names fall under his pen, or whose acts he has to appreciate. Louis Philippe's minister evidently has a leaning towards the Restoration, (which, since what has passed in France during the last twenty-eight years, is conceivable enough,) and he takes good care at once to establish the fact, — so distasteful to the Napoleon family, — that the government of a Bonaparte is not, and can never be, anything save a phase of the Revolution.

A very different work from either of those we have mentioned, and different as are all its author's creations from those of any other man, is the "Richelieu" of Michelet. Rapid, original, glowing in color, there are in it the qualities of poet, painter, and musician, more than of a prose-writer or an historian. As we have remarked before, Michelet resembles Victor Hugo far more than any writer of his own immediate kind, and while reading his brilliant pages one longs for the harmony of rhyme, and feels that something is wanting to the completeness of the work. As yet, his volume upon Henri IV. remains the best of his historical series, and we do not anticipate that this new work upon the famous Cardinal will eclipse the admirable *fantasia* dedicated to the lover of *la belle Gabrielle*, which even Michelet's enemies were obliged to admire, and to admit as a *chef d'œuvre* of a portrait.

The one chief obstacle to Michelet's success as an historian is his bitter, deadly, irrational hatred of whatever belonged to the pre-Revolutionary history of France. He can see no grandeur, no beauty, in anything that precedes 1789, and the consequence is, that, unless in particular cases, (as with Henri IV. for instance, where opposite causes combine to serve his enmities towards royalty and religion,) Michelet can never present the reader with a trustworthy picture of what the

acts, and, above all, the motives, of this or that king or statesman may have been during the centuries that elapsed before the Revolution. Set aside the erroneous appreciations resulting from this perpetual bias, and you have before you a series of chronicles almost as dramatic as the historical plays of Shakespeare, but in which History — statesman-like, matter-of-fact History — plays nearly the same part that is usually allotted to her in works of fiction. Yet it is not erudition that fails Michelet; on the contrary, he is perhaps more learned than most of his contemporaries, and in the matter of dates, for instance, has remarkable precision; but it is the faculty of clear and direct vision that he wants, — he is constrained by prejudice, and distorts facts and men to his own private purposes.

We would reproach him with having followed the vulgar notion of Cardinal Richelieu. Instead of seeing what the immensity of the work was which Richelieu had to execute, how vast his plans were, and how judicious (though he died before he could carry them out), — instead of admiring the genius that at a glance saw how the impending union of Germany under Austria by Wallenstein's agency was to be prevented, and how (by hard means, it is certain) the internal unity of France was to be secured, — Michelet has been haunted by the phantom of Hugo's tragedy of "Marion Delorme," and every time he introduces the giant form upon his stage, you feel that he is pointing at it, and exclaiming, in tones of terror and disgust, "Voilà l'homme rouge qui passe!" The picturesque element distracts Michelet, and he sacrifices everything to his mania for word-painting. He has succeeded in perfection, and there are pages of his before which one lingers in admiration, as before a Titian or a Tintoretto, the colors are so splendid, the draperies so ample, the expression and the style so masterly and grand. But this is painting only, and has nothing to do with the stern record of the facts that were. Witness his Prince de Condé. If ever a man was born a hero, Condé was that man. Glory was his element; he could not help being glorious and heroic; it came naturally to him; and the proof of its being so is, that to his qualities as a warrior he added all the other more tender graces of

character; and his deep, chivalrous, pure passion for Marthe du Vigeau proves what was Condé's heart. Of this man, because he was a Bourbon and a prince, Michelet has been unable to prevent himself from making a type of arrogance, vanity, avarice, and littleness of all kinds. A more untrue picture than that drawn of Condé in this new work of Michelet's has seldom been given to the public. "Richelieu et la Fronde" is an unsafe book to put into the hands of any save those whose historical opinions are already fixed; but to those we cannot avoid recommending it, as one of the most magnificently-colored historical romances it has ever been our fortune to peruse.

ART. VII. — 1. *Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society.* Volume IV. of the Fourth Series. Boston: Published for the Society, by Little, Brown, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 514.

2. *The American Revolution.* By GEORGE BANCROFT. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 435.

THE subject-matter of both these volumes, taking into view the great theme to which the whole of one of them and by far the larger part of the other are devoted, makes it convenient to treat of them together. They are both filled, substantially, with a varied rehearsal of the incidents and measures which transpired in the councils of patriotism and of despotism during the year preceding the opening of the great American war of independence. They are, therefore, contributions to that steadily increasing library of American history, on which, as a foundation, the training of our future statesmen and the culture of our general scholars are to be based. We welcome every addition to our shelves which comes in the form of a faithful biography of one of our patriots, or of a more accurate rehearsal of the events of the times already receding into a dim distance. Few persons are aware how voluminous that department in our libraries is. We doubt, indeed, whether all the works which belong to it are actually

to be found even in any two or three of the largest libraries in our country.

It will be observed that one of the volumes whose title we have copied is issued under the auspices of the Massachusetts Historical Society. This Society, which has now nearly reached the seventieth year of its existence, was the pioneer of all the similar institutions formed in this country, quite numerously in recent years, for the collection, preservation, and publication of materials for the illustration of our local and general annals. Dr. Belknap, the prime mover in this grateful cause, would rejoice greatly if he could return to see with what zeal, and by how many efficient laborers, it is now pursued. The Massachusetts Society has steadily followed up the work to which its honored founder devoted it. If it has not issued as many volumes as outside observers might have expected from the number of its years, it has as faithfully, and, perhaps in the ultimate issue it will appear, more effectively, served its design in gathering materials, rescuing valuable records from decay, consolidating its means, and training a select body of men for zeal, accuracy, and painstaking fidelity in the tasks of annotation and illustration. Its late President, Hon. James Savage, still giving the ripeness and vigor of what in his case we can hardly call old age to a work which he must have begun in his cradle, is preparing to leave behind him a monument of his marvellous industry and research in the Genealogy of the First Settlers of New England. His recollection of facts and dates, of incidents and details illustrative of times and characters, furnishes an almost unprecedented instance of the capacity of memory in receiving, keeping, and yielding up on demand, whatever is committed to it. His brain seems to be as faithful in the custody of things antiquated and obsolete, in all their minute relations, as is the antediluvian rock in preserving the most delicate tracery of the fern-leaf. The term of Mr. Savage's presidency covered those years of the Society in which it had parted with the fresh zeal of its first impulse, and had not as yet partaken of the fostering generosity which it has recently begun to enjoy. To him belongs the great credit of a quiet and patient constancy,

private and official, in administering the interests of the Society while it was assimilating the food for its maturity. Hon. Josiah Quincy, the senior member of the Society, and the associate of its founders, has just given to it the ownership, and to the community the perusal, of his "Memoir of John Quincy Adams." Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who now presides over the Society, brings to it, together with the treasured respect for a venerated and beloved ancestral name, tastes, acquirements, aptitudes, and personal gifts eminently befitting his office. His own peculiar claims and interests in connection with the Society have in part created and in part called out a new and lively zeal for its objects, manifested by the generous bequests of the Appleton Fund for publication, and of the splendid library of Thomas Dowse, Esq., by the bestowal of many lesser but still valuable gifts, and by the increased interest in its business and social meetings.

The thirty-four volumes of the Society's publications are, of course, occupied for the most part with matters relating to Massachusetts or New England history and biography; though the exceptions are numerous and important, in documents of great value interesting to the whole country, and even to the world. The editing of many of the papers contained in them has been a service requiring much dry labor, as, without accuracy, such documents are almost worthless. The task of editorial supervision for each volume is intrusted to a committee of four, of which, as is usual in such cases, the exacting toil is that of the chairman. The volume before us is, after this fashion, to be credited to the zeal and pains of Hon. Richard Frothingham. Of the call for labor, of the fidelity with which it was given by him, and of its good fruits, our readers will be able to judge when we speak more particularly of its contents. We may barely mention such of these contents as do not relate to the theme with which we must soon engage ourselves. They are, a reprint of Scottow's Narrative (1694) of the Planting of the Massachusetts Colony; a paper on the Extinction of Slavery in Massachusetts; a Notice of the Sieur d'Aulnay, of Acadie; the Petition of Roger Williams to the General Court of Massachusetts;

the Declaration, Petition, and Relation of Phinehas Pratt (1668, curious documents); and brief Memoirs of Nathaniel Morton Davis, Abbott Lawrence, and William Parsons Lunt. More than half of the volume exhibits in print for the first time the Correspondence in 1774 and 1775 between a Committee of the Town of Boston and Contributors of Donations for the Relief of Sufferers by the Boston Port Bill. With a more or less direct bearing upon matters incidentally connected with the same paramount theme, there are Letters of Thomas Cushing, Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts; Queries of George Chalmers, the historian, and Answers of General Gage, in relation to Braddock's Expedition, the Stamp Act, and Gage's Administration of Massachusetts; Letters of Samuel Adams; a remarkable Letter from Joseph Hawley; and Letters, containing a variety of interesting particulars, from Rev. Dr. Andrew Eliot of Boston to Thomas Hollis, Esq. of England. It will be seen, therefore, that the especial theme of this new volume of Collections is the engagement of the sympathies of the whole continent, first in relieving the sufferings, and then in sharing the rebellious spirit, of the inhabitants of the town of Boston, under the oppressive action of the Port Bill. As the matter of the volume becomes at this point identical with one of the central themes expanded with ability and genius by Mr. Bancroft in the other volume whose title we have given, we must now turn to his work, and devote to it a few brief and general remarks, before uniting the two threads of the great narrative before us.

In the sixth volume of his continuous History of the United States, Mr. Bancroft finished his exposition of the causes which conduced towards the American Revolution. He now undertakes, in what may be regarded as a separate work, to make that crisis in our annals the subject of his most mature and his crowning labors. He designates two epochs in the subject; the first extending from the enforcement of the Port Bill to the Declaration of Independence; the second proceeding on to the acknowledgment of that act by Great Britain. The volume before us is occupied with the former epoch. We must pay to the volume as a whole the tribute of unstinted

and exalted praise. Gratitude requires this; for labor of the most exacting kind, research conducted with exemplary keenness and patience, and a noble ardor, awakened alike by the historian's zeal and the patriot's pride, have left their unmistakable stamp upon every page. Mr. Bancroft has enjoyed rare opportunities in the use of original documents from every quarter, ministerial and diplomatic, official and private. That some little fancies, theories, and partialities of his own should betray themselves in his relative estimate of the value of one or another class of his materials, and in his mode of using them, is not strange. In this he is human, — human, too, after his own individuality. The elaboration of some of his periods is occasionally too intense and artificial. In a few instances it would seem as if the inspiration of the thought with which he started had been reduced into mere ingenuity while he was seeking the most striking way of expressing it. He tessellates his narrative, in lines, half-lines, sentences, phrases, and words, with quotations from the copious and multiform papers which he has digested. His pages are thus a mosaic of his authorities. Of course his narrative wins in this way vivacity, a sparkling radiance, and a seeming attestation of its authenticity. But this mode of composing history is also apt to run into a bizarre style, to become unnatural, stilted, and exaggerated, and likewise to impair the perfect truthfulness of the narrative as a rehearsal of what once was fact. A writer may be tempted to seize upon the unqualified, the emphatic, or the passionate and unrestrained expression, sentence, or phrase in a speech or letter, and to work it into his own sober narrative, when perhaps the original speaker or writer may afterwards spend a whole paragraph in qualifying his recent excess in utterance. As to this feature of style, we have a grave objection to urge against some portions of this volume, especially its more characteristic and patriotic narrations of the debates and battles of the opening storm.

It pleases our English critics to charge upon American writers in the mass — particularly upon our historians, orators, essayists and lecturers, and the after-dinner speakers at our frequent celebrations and commemorations — what has come

to be designated as "the spread-eagle style," — a compound of exaggeration, effrontery, bombast, and extravagance, mixed metaphors, platitudes, defiant threats thrown at the world, and irreverent appeals flung at the Supreme Being. Now it is a simple slander upon us to generalize this charge, and to visit it upon American writers and speakers as such. There has been, as we all know, too much of this inflated and braggadocio utterance among us. The earliest appearance of the mannerism and the license which have developed — we might better say, degenerated into — this bombast, as we shall have occasion to note by and by, is to be traced to the ardent expressions of a young patriotism. "The 'Ercles vein" broke out first in some of our town-meetings, early caucuses, commemorations of the *Boston Massacre*, and on other similar occasions. It has run to riot in Fourth of July orations, stump speeches, and a few Congressional harangues of the "manifest destiny" pitch. Yet in these modern excesses and affronts to good taste and decency, it is not always easy to say when the speaker yields himself to this strain in sheer ignorance, or when with a covert and ridiculous sense of his own skill in thus pandering to the folly of others. This habit of speaking, however, is now visiting the force of its own ridicule upon itself, and that will banish it sooner than will any protest of those aggrieved by it on either side of the water. But we must withstand the reproach of English critics, that the style of which we speak is not only American, but also characteristic of American writers. In general, our writers, especially such of them as may be taken as representatives of the literary class, now use as classical a style, and one every whit as closely conformed to the standard of a pure taste, as do our contemporaries beyond the sea. "The spread-eagle style" is chargeable only upon a certain class of writers, on a certain class of occasions, treating a certain class of subjects. Unhappily, the class in each of these categories is too large; but it is not large enough to fix a national characteristic in this respect. We would by no means imply that a gentleman of the splendid scholarly culture of Mr. Bancroft should be ranked among the prime offenders in this matter. But there are sentences and para-

graphs in his volume, in which he has evidently caught from some of his old documentary authorities the spirit of exaggeration, occasionally turgid and sometimes almost ludicrously intense in its expression. We regret this the more, because his work will be justly regarded in England as a national work, the exponent of the American mind and genius in the rehearsal of American history. We know that some of his readers abroad, and those not the most phlegmatic or contemptuous, will smile at some of his rhapsodies and intensities in describing the councils of our patriots and the battles of our yeomen. His calmer and more prosaic relations, and his summaries, are, in our view, faultless, while his scenic descriptions and his pictures from the wild woods and wilder water-courses sparkle with the glory and grace of nature.

Mr. Bancroft has chosen in this volume to exclude all notes and all references to his authorities. He assigns as his ground for this omission, "the variety and multitude of the papers which have been used, and which could not be intelligibly cited without burdening the pages with a disproportionate commentary." His readers will recognize the force of this plea when they note, as we have already observed, that his pages are so largely interspersed with excerpts from original documents. Of course his context will, to a great extent, indicate his authorities, but it will not always satisfy his readers as to the pertinency of the citations, or the judgments or inferences drawn from them. On many points of comparatively trivial importance, Mr. Bancroft rectifies errors in several of our popular compends, and he differs in statement from the generally accepted opinions concerning matters of more or less interest. We are willing in such cases to yield entire confidence to the fairness of his conclusions drawn from the best authorities well used. But there are a few points of paramount importance, either from their intrinsic moment, or from the interest which feeling of a domestic, party, or sectional nature has thrown into them, on which he pronounces a judicial decision in reversal of generally established judgments. He must expect to be challenged on this score, and he would have facilitated the treatment of such issues as may arise between him and others, if he had given

with precision and fulness the grounds on which his verdicts are based. Perhaps he would in some cases have averted controversy, and have shown to his questioners sufficient guaranties for his judgments when in opposition to theirs. But having concluded to omit all references and authentications, he follows his own rule in the most serious as in the most trifling matters. His decisions are pronounced most oracularly and most positively where they are most divergent from settled opinions. True, he excites our curiosity, and wins the suspense of our minds, by promising at no distant day to cull out from his rich heaps of manuscripts such original letters as, besides possessing an intrinsic and general interest, will confirm his narrative. This is all that we can ask of him; and we can but strengthen the expression of our hope that he may very soon redeem his promise, by hinting to him that he is now virtually in debt to his readers in a way which demands quick payment. He will be especially held to substantiate the judgment which lifts Samuel Adams to such a conspicuous pre-eminence among his compatriots. Nor will it be enough to adduce the fact that there are so many papers in his handwriting. The preparation of one class of patriotic papers was assigned to John Adams. These were of an exact, legal, advisory, argumentative, and positive character, and were the product of his own mind. The preparation of another class of papers was assigned to Samuel Adams. These were of the exciting, demonstrative, ardent, and objurgatory sort, and in the construction of them he was the compiler, and, so to speak, the editorial secretary, of the utterances and opinions of many various minds. Two judgments, quite opposite in substance and tenor, may be found expressed in the writings of John Adams about the genius, influence, and wisdom of his kinsman. One who undertakes to adjudicate here will have a delicate matter for his treatment. But in the mean while Mr. Bancroft must open his stores. Whether his English readers will admit that he has rigidly adhered to his own resolve so to write as not "to revive national animosities," is not yet decided to our knowledge. The only sharp response that has reached us is in protest against his sharp judgment of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

The plan by which Mr. Bancroft has arranged and divided his narrative in this volume is admirably adapted to the interest and instruction of his readers. He preserves faithfully the proportions of his theme. Of tediousness he is incapable. His glance is wide and free over all the elements which enter into the substance and tenor of his story. His chapters are brief, and are only discursive enough to comprehend the details which bear directly upon the division of his subject on which they are respectively occupied. He has made a calendar of the period from May, 1774, to June 17, 1775, which is covered by his narrative; and by that calendar he presents to us almost the daily transactions and combinations of events, and the appearances, opinions, and deeds, in either hemisphere, which are wrought into the work of the loom that elaborated the finished pattern he is studying. He has to perform the office confidently hoped for from the oceanic telegraph-cable, of conveying daily bulletins from continent to continent, transmitting the pulsations and throbbings of a raging fever from member to member of the body politic.

The English journals are tantalizing us with the warning that the British side of the story of our Revolution cannot yet be written, because there are masses of state papers, official documents, and private letters, whose secrets, still jealously guarded, have in their keeping a great many surprises, with facts of a marvellous and wholly unimagined character, which will completely reverse in some cases, and rectify in others, the accepted statements in our histories. We are free to say that we are quite sceptical as to the existence of the means of such startling revelations. The only point of any emphatic consequence on which the disclosures from archives or private cabinets have changed the judgment or the narrative of our sober annalists, beginning as far back as the very first year of the strife, is in reference to the personal views and agency of Lord North. It suited the exigencies of our patriot declaimers — nor, making liberal allowance for rhetoric, did they much affront the literal truth in so doing — to represent the tyrannical course pursued towards us as dictated by the ministry, in distinction from the

agency of Parliament and the personality of the monarch. So Lord North bore the brunt of the angry declamation as the supposed leader and the prime mover in all the tyranny of Great Britain. The letters of the king to his prime minister came into the hands of Sir James Mackintosh, who transcribed the matter of chief importance in them into a volume which afterwards was in possession of Lady Charlotte Lindsay, that minister's surviving daughter. Lord Brougham received them some twenty-five years ago from her, and, having availed himself of them in his Historical Sketches of Statesmen, was the first to make public the fact that Lord North was not utterly unflinching, obstinate, and persistent in recommending oppressive measures, nor in any sense the instigator of his sovereign in that course. But, after all, the disclosure is by no means so important, nor does it really soften and abate an established judgment of that minister to so great an extent, as is commonly supposed. We cannot find that Lord North relented, till he had done mischief which he could not repair; or that he sought by resignation to relieve himself of the responsibility of advising, or rather of co-operating with, the king, until the quarrel had reached such a stage that it was impossible to arrest it, or to change its issue. He was bound in honor not to desert the king, and his distrust of the wisdom of their measures was but a late repentance, not available for amendment. Lord Brougham himself gives Lord North the full benefit of all the new disclosures in the case, but is inclined to judge him as severely, for yielding to the wishes of his sovereign in retaining his place and pursuing a course which he did not approve, as the Boston patriots judged him when they regarded him as the prime offender. Lord Mahon, who after Lord Brougham seems next to have been favored with the use of these letters, is somewhat milder in his general view of Lord North's course. Mr. Bancroft has enjoyed the same privilege, and we must regard his verdict as on the whole the most just.

Indeed, Professor Smyth of Cambridge, who in his Lectures, published in 1811, that is, before the disclosures concerning Lord North had come to light, while pronouncing upon him with unqualified severity, anticipated the plea that has since

been advanced for him, yet wrote: "For Lord North there can be no excuse. He must have been guilty of acquiescing in measures, the general folly of which he must have resolved to shut out from his view." *

When Lord Brougham wrote his "Sketches," and some others of his numerous published pieces, he had access in his various official capacities to repositories which are now guarded with considerable jealousy. He had personal assurance from a high quarter, when asking certain privileges of research in England, that some disagreeable disclosures made by him in print had led the guardians of a class of interesting papers to a very rigid prohibition of the transcription, and, in some cases, of the consultation of them. Doubtless there are such papers, great numbers of them too, which would yield much curious and important matter. It may be that some of them relate to the zeal which England then indulged in favor of the slave-trade, or to her efforts to engage the slaves and the Indians on her side against us. It may be that they contain humiliating or damaging information about ministerial intrigues, or about the governors and military officers sent here, most of whom showed such a manifest incompetency for their trust, and some of whom were one another's impugners and accusers. It may be that the careful use of such papers would very much enlighten us on some points not now clear or intelligible. But that they will introduce any new element into, or essentially modify, the relation of the history of the American Revolution, or reverse a single judgment now valid as regards men or measures, is a vain fancy. Mr. Bancroft has certainly had as much material as any writer could use to advantage. He does not need in any case to have recourse to his imagination, or to rely upon mere probabilities for any of his statements, where he meets a hiatus in some authority, or a discrepancy between partisans. He has his own biases, no doubt. The large vein of his idiosyncrasy runs through his whole series of historical volumes, and there is a special manifestation of it under a specific form in the various themes which he has treated,

* Lectures on the American War.

now in a philosophical disquisition, now in a beautiful piece of word-painting, and now in a brilliant episode partaking both of rhapsody and of learning. If he had had anything more to digest, we fear that the process of assimilation would have been less perfectly performed.

Some persons, however, are impatient of that painstaking zeal, scrutiny, and exhaustiveness of research, which are now considered so desirable in the method of the historian and in the composition of his work. They ask, What is the use of rewriting over and over again the same old story? Has it not been already told with sufficient fulness and accuracy? Why this everlasting ransacking of public and private repositories, — this high value set upon each successive pile of papers that comes to light, — this haste to make a new history for the sake of bringing in one new agent, or one new version of an event, which will at best be like the designation of some single ripple on a flowing tide? We do not sympathize with this impatience, which often expresses itself as disgust. Even if the rewriting of any interesting series of events as history, were nothing more in its intent and effect than is thus described, it would be a remunerative labor, and would deserve gratitude. But the aim of the historian is higher, and, if he is qualified for his work, all new materials will help to enrich and to authenticate his narrative. Especially in the treatment of that great theme with which we are dealing, the American Revolution, we value the introduction from time to time into its narratives of all the side-lights gathered from the diaries, letters, and memoirs of prominent persons, from the municipal registers and the legislative journals which are now happily treated with such respectful regard, and from the traditions which have been for the most part confined to a narrow circle. More and more, as years pass on, does the American Revolution present itself to its students as a theme unsurpassed in interest, whether of a solemn or of a merely curious character, by any other event that has transpired in the secular concerns of this earth. We are learning to see in it, as many of its noblest and many of its most simple-minded agents and observers saw in it at the time, an august disclosure of a newly-revealed stage in the great methods of

Providence. The work was mightier than the men that performed it. A microscopic study of it, as of the objects of natural science, gives us a grander conception of the whole in a finer apprehension of its parts. And there is one circumstance to be taken into the account, which, we believe, will warrant some very important inferences. There is a propitious time, an interval peculiarly favorable, for the composition of a satisfactory and trustworthy history of any great event in the world's annals; and we should date that time at about from eighty to a hundred years after the event transpired. We have not space here to give our reasons for accepting this theory, nor to draw our inferences from it. If our position be true, both the grounds of it and the inferences from it will be obvious to any one who thinks about it. In that period of time passions have cooled, rivalries have been in the main disposed of, materials for composing a history are abundant, many of the incidental circumstances necessary for its illustration are still in remembrance, traditions can be tested, and private and public documents may be used to the best advantage for explaining and supplementing one another. It is to be added, too, that the interest of a large class of readers is most intensely engaged upon great subjects which loom in the retrospect of nearly a century. The measurement of time is as important to a fair and engaging historical study, as the adjustment of the length of the telescopic tubes is to a favorable focus for observing distant objects.

In view of all our present accurate knowledge of the method and the immediate consequences of our Revolutionary war, — especially of the processes needful for engaging the thirteen Colonies as in a common cause, and the perilous forebodings of dissension attendant upon the subsequent formation of a confederate government, — a fair and inviting subject of speculation presses itself upon the notice of our philosophical historians. It offers itself in this question: What would have been the fortunes of the Colonies, if, on the instant of the opening of strife between them and the mother country, England, with a wise forecast of what the issue of the strife must necessarily be, had at once abandoned the

Colonies and bid them take care of themselves? Suppose that, when tidings of the indignation with which the Stamp Act, and the claim to the right of imposing internal taxes upon which that act was based, had been received in the Colonies, were carried back to England, a shrewd adviser of the sovereign had proposed to "leave off contention before it be meddled with," and after instituting measures to secure all proprietary rights, and the adjustment of the outstanding obligations of prerogative and contract, Great Britain had withdrawn all royal, ministerial, and parliamentary oversight, protection, and interference, and left the Colonies and Provinces to their own headiness or wisdom in the trial of self-government. This would have been but the adoption of what was more than intimated even in the House of Commons by some members of the opposition, as being theoretically the wise policy of England, and in conformity to the law of reason and the constitution of things. More than one advocate for a mild and forbearing course with the Colonies indulged himself in the alluring rhetoric of comparing the Colonies in their relation to the mother country to a sinewy and somewhat self-willed youth, who had grown to man's estate, who was fretting under parental restraint, and who had a legal claim to a discharge from pupilage and subjection. A question about property, as between parent and child, did indeed obtrude itself into the debate. But it was not exactly as if the restive youth demanded a partition of the parental estate. He claimed to be already in possession of all that he wished to have secured to him; and, what is more, he claimed to have earned it all without any help during his minority, or any borrowed capital at the outset. So the rhetoric of the argument was rich, and the argument itself was a strong one. The Colonists, self-exiled, had turned a wilderness into a fair heritage for hard labor, which was still the condition of all thrift in the enjoyment of it. Even when under age, and really weak in their isolation and immaturity, they had felt the sense of virtual independence, and only by the spur of that proud consciousness would they have been sustained under the severe exactions and hardships of their dreary enterprise. They had never held their claim on English protection

or patronage as of any real worth to them, beyond the simple assurance that their rights as patentees were identified with the rights of England to dominion here, as founded on discovery and occupation. As against Papal, Spanish, French, or Dutch pretensions, they were willing to refer back to the crown of England as their guaranty in the possession of the soil and in their rights of trade. But they had settled the matter of local ownership, of land tenure and dominion, with the Indians and among themselves. Here they had grown strong, bold, and rich. They had invented town-meetings, — a device which, when first brought to the knowledge of Englishmen, caused more of gaping amazement than has been excited among the gazers at the Museum upon the winged bull of Nineveh. They had planted the foundations of an empire in regions of such colossal magnitude, that it was even absurd to think that they could much longer be content to look across the ocean for the headship of their sovereignty. They were surveying lakes of fresh water fringing their domain, into which all Great Britain might be plunged and still appear as an island. They had, in fact, proved their power of self-government, and were in the virtual exercise of it; and their first acrimonious bickerings with England were carried on fully as much in the language and after the method of embittered diplomatic correspondence, as in the spirit of remonstrance or supplication. When we say, however, that the Colonists had proved their skill in self-government, we of course limit the assertion within the bounds of their separate jurisdictions, to the exclusion of all reference to a confederation among themselves. Probably there were no communities on the earth so well administered as were most of the Colonies in America at the era of the Revolution; and those functions and details of government in which the mass of the people had the most direct agency, were managed the most efficiently and faithfully. England, too, might have considered that even her visionary pretensions about an oversight and fostering guardianship exercised towards us in our pupilage were in the way of being amply satisfied, if, as the elder Pitt affirmed in Parliament, the profits of our trade were worth to her two millions sterling annually.

These representations, substantially, were made to men in power, and to the people of England, in season to have allowed the mother country, before any embittering feuds had gone too far for reconciliation, to adopt towards us the policy that has been suggested, namely, to cut us loose from all dependence and allegiance, and to compel us to shift for ourselves. Some of the wisest of her statesmen, as well as some of her more florid rhetoricians, recommended the measure. The charge of administering the Colonies was an unnecessary burden to England, attended with great delays and inconveniences, perplexing her counsels at home, and subjecting her to complicated rivalries and embarrassments in disposing matters of trade and commerce with other powers. All these perplexities would increase with the progressive development of the Colonies. The time must come when the child would outgrow the parent, in strength and riches at least, if not in wisdom. The relation between the Colonies and England was unnatural, and the only way in which it could be made natural would be, to set them adrift with a parting blessing, and the warning counsel, expressed in plain terms: "Now take care of yourselves. Keep out of mischief. Don't disgrace your parentage, and stand ready to fight for us when we have to fight for ourselves."

Suppose it had been so. Suppose that the vexation felt at home by the ill-reception of the Stamp Act here had thrown a spice of temper, and perhaps a hint of our ingratitude, into a formal state paper, announcing that England had done with us. What would have been the consequences to us? Deplorable and disastrous, beyond all description, we might almost say, beyond all imagination. Without drawing to any great extent upon our fancy, using only the sober facts which lie revealed and now well understood upon our records, we would undertake to show, that the abandonment of the Colonies by Great Britain before they were ripe for union in a confederation among themselves, would have involved a train of evils, more grievous in character, more complicated, extensive, and enduring, than those which attended upon the War of Independence. One has but to read with care the anxious story of the process by which the Colonies came out of the

strife in a condition which disposed and enabled them to enter into a union, to be satisfied that this process could not have been anticipated or effected by any other instrumentality than that through which it triumphed.

Two very distinct and independent conditions were needed to insure safety in the dissolution of our old ties, and success in our efforts to form new ones.

First, it was requisite that England should pursue such a course towards the Colonies as would be sure wholly to alienate their affections from her. This could be brought about only by a protracted series of irritating measures. There was a slight feeling of pride attending the thought that the Colonies were connected with the only free and the most advanced empire in the world. England was still called *home* by many whose descent removed them five generations from the original exiles. This pride would have been touched, and perhaps have changed itself into a sort of wounded affection, which proverbially clings with regret to an alienated object, if England, prematurely and without any actual wrong, had cast off her hold upon us. It was for her to pursue a course, beginning perhaps in a pardonable mistake, but leading on through obstinacy and arrogance to actual tyranny, persisted in after it was known and felt to be iniquitous, and defiantly vindicated at last as vengeance, when all show of right had disappeared. Only in this way, and exactly in this way, would the Colonies be made to know how annoying and oppressive the continuance of English rule over them must necessarily be. That such a course on her part, while alienating our affection from her, would also win for us sympathy from other nations, was a direct consequence from the natural working of things. A less direct consequence to be looked for as incidental to such a course would be, that some old rival of England as a nation would be prompt to seek, or easy to be won into, an alliance with us. We have hinted at an alternative between seeking and accepting an alliance, because we regard it as one of the still unveiled secrets of the era before us, whether France or the American Congress was really the prime mover in the league of amity and co-operation between them. But this was an essential element of the

condition which we are defining, that, contemporaneously with the rupture of our old allegiance, there should be an embryo development of the tendrils which were to bind us to new affinities for a national training. The ten years which witnessed the working out of all the elements of this condition in the series of aggravating measures adopted by the English ministry, were just about a sufficient space of time to allow their most effective working towards the great result.

The other condition needed to avert the dreadful risks attendant upon a rupture with the old government, and to assure the almost chimerical project of a stable union among the Colonies in the perils of resistance and in the establishment of a confederation, was, that time and occasion should be granted to us for overcoming all the obstacles, and for availing ourselves of all the facilities, in the way of the desired end. Our union was the birth of time and occasion measured out and furnished by England. It could have sprung from no other combination of circumstances than that in which it originated. It was necessary that the Colonies should be brought into an acquaintance with one another in a way which would knit them in strong sympathy and love, before it would be safe for them to defy a common foe. There is not a single feature in the whole history of our Revolutionary war which has for us such a subduing influence of an almost melting tenderness, and which so reveals the Providence that guided it, as the fact, that holy charity was the prompter to the long train of agencies which wrought out our union. The correspondence opened in Boston with the whole continent, and the gifts which were sent hither to relieve the poor in their distress from the Port Bill, were the real initiatory means of our confederation. The dove of a fraternal pity which bore over the continent in its laden beak the staff of bread for the famishing, dropped everywhere from beneath her wings epistles which summoned both givers and receivers to become known to one another first as brethren, that they might next become joint sovereigns of a glorious domain.

The method of policy pursued by Great Britain suggested to the Colonies the policy for them to pursue, and, more than all, helped them to carry it out in every respect, slowly, wisely,

deliberately, and in triumph. Thus the two conditions which we have defined as essential were brought together; and the two books now before us, each in its own way, but both of them in a most delightful and impressive way, tell us how those conditions worked. The English policy opened and shaped itself very gradually, step by step, giving us the lead just fast enough to be available to us. That policy was so besotted and moon-struck as to help our local agitators to nationalize their cause. The mixing of the tea in the waters of the Atlantic Ocean was a symbolic act, and affected the character of the water in every bay and river on the sea-coast of our continent. That English policy wrought out our union. It protracted a necessary delay till we could feel or grope our course on to a safe issue. It added just enough of fuel to the flame to keep it steadily burning. It was continually devising some additional grievance, or threatening some act of vengeance, which extended the fear of possible tyranny far beyond its original compass, and so brought in one after another of the Colonies, less as actual parties in the first quarrel, than as spectators whose blood rose so as to tempt them to enter the ring. England worked so slowly, feebly, and hesitatingly in her first measures of intimidation, as to take from the more resolute measures which came later all the wholesome character of dread, and to tempt the Colonies to withstand the latter simply because they had withstood the former. The little homœopathic dose of the military first sent to Boston was barely sufficient to cause a nausea. The sight of that ineffective force facilitated the necessary process of change, from speaking with dignified consideration of "his Majesty's troops," to the more daring familiarity of "red-coats," which, when it run down among the boys, cast itself into the appellative of "lobsters." England worked after this fashion in alienating her Colonies, and in making it safe for them to be alienated. The process was a most wonderful one. The Colonies had previous alienations among themselves; they had jarring interests; there was very little sympathy between them about anything, and England created for them their first sympathy out of an antipathy. Some of the Colonies had no real grievance. No one of the measures

adopted by England previously to our Declaration of Independence would have been really oppressive to the majority of them. The tea tax, which England insisted upon retaining for the sake of adhering to a principle, would not have cost any one among the Americans, in his lifetime, so much as some of them contributed for the relief of the suffering and the unemployed in Boston alone. Many of the Colonies, instead of inheriting, as did Massachusetts, a traditional fretfulness towards England, the result of old provocations, were warmly loyal to the realm, and were actually interested for the time being in retaining their allegiance to it. In one point of view there is something ludicrous in the scenes described with such a graphic power by Mr. Bancroft, in which wild backwoodsmen in their hunting-shirts, sleeping under a roof which spread over the convex of a hemisphere, and having the range of a continent before them, passed resolutions to secure their *liberty!* There was as little real cause for fear that they would lose it, as that they would suffer from thirst while encamping upon the bank of a Western river, or crossing a Northern lake. Certainly it would seem as if only the most felicitous management and the most adroit skill could have contrived to draw these Colonies into a league for fighting, and then into a national union. English policy wrought out that marvel. We are free to say that an intelligent apprehension of all the facts which might here be exposed, and a candid allowance for them, ought to affect the tone towards England in which our histories are written. That tone should be softened; if not justice, gratitude requires it. As a nation, we are under obligations towards Great Britain for enabling us to become a nation, and for pursuing such a course towards us as turned our alienation from her into sympathy with one another. We will further make confession. It may be that our course of study on this subject, or a biassed result from it, has affected our judgment; but we must affirm that the intensely bitter tone in which some of our modern patriots and orators still rehearse the aggravating course of Great Britain in the war, is disagreeable to us. Not only is it needlessly irritating and inflammatory, but it is virtually unjust. Even if England, like Joseph's

brethren, really intended for evil all that she did against us, — which is not true, — the thought how wonderfully God turned it all to good in our case, as in Joseph's, should chasten the passion with which the old grievance is related. Indeed, we owe to England something like a debt, and a tinge of gratitude ought to cast itself over the narrative. Fearful would have been the consequences, had England abandoned us before oppressing us, or hurried on the open fight before we had formed a rank and file, or made us loathe foreign dominion before we had learned how to rule one another and how to limit ourselves. The rhetoric sounded beautifully when England was told that we ought to be free because we were grown men; but stern facts presented an alarming commentary. It was evident that there was hostility to be engendered and fighting to be done, either with one another or with a common foe. The natural relations between a grown-up son and a parent are often not so difficult to settle as are those of brothers who are joint heirs to unequal portions of an inheritance. There is no question but that the most irritated and bitter among the English advocates of continued severity against the Colonies, up to the acknowledgment of our Independence, expected us even then to fall into open and implacable quarrels among ourselves, and to present to the world a wretched spectacle of jarring, irreconcilable fragments of a people, laden with hopeless debts, rent with jealousies, and trained in fighting only that they might devour one another. Some quite amiable Englishmen predicted these results as the punishment of our ingratitude to the dear mother country. After many dire strifes, the remnant of us would set up a king. Why, a king was even picked out for us from the royal stock of Europe. He was to come over by invitation, and set up his throne. We have done without him so far. The course which England pursued towards us was just adapted to enable us to dispense with a king, and to educate us all for sovereigns.

How England, of course with our co-operation, though subordinate, managed to bring about this grand result, is, as we have said, beautifully related in the volumes before us, and expounded with an admirable and lucid development of the

two processes, — alienation from Great Britain and cohesion among ourselves, — which made us an independent nation. We will run hastily over some of the salient points of the story, following the lead of these two most instructive reporters of it.

The Parliamentary Bill which shut up the port of Boston was a revengeful measure, designed to coerce payment for the East India Company's tea which had been thrown into the harbor. No doubt seems to have been entertained that this summary act would not only secure such payment, but would also be effectual towards the complete subjection of the refractory spirit of the citizens. Up to this point Boston had been regarded in the councils of Great Britain, and not unfairly so, as the prime offender, and as concentrating in the bosoms of a few ardent or self-seeking popular leaders all that then existed of discontent and the spirit of rebellion. The easy problem which, as Parliament supposed, was given to it to solve, was, how by one summary act to repress this spirit before it should grow more violent or extend itself. The nobler problem which Providence was to work out was, how to make a ministerial act, which, though oppressive, could hardly be called tyrannical, the means of awakening the spirit of liberty and of union among a most heterogeneous multitude of persons, in the main content to be under foreign rule, and strangers to one another. We do not hesitate to say that the act fell a little short of sheer tyranny, because it was designed to redress a deed of violence and sedition attended with a loss of private property which was under government protection. On June 1, 1774, Governor Hutchinson left the land of his birth, the church of his baptism, the college of his education, the town and country mansions furnished by the wealth he had acquired in the long course of prosperity that had enriched him and his family, and all the honors which his fellow-citizens had lavishly bestowed upon him till he began to crave those which he could enjoy only as the tool of a foreign will. At noon on the day of his departure for England, the port from which he sailed was closed. The coincidence of these events was characteristic of the whole strange method for working out a destined result. The only one of the Pro-

vincial Governors of Massachusetts who was a native of the soil was the chief agent in exciting the spirit of rebellion. It was right that he should pass out of its waters as the interdict was laid upon them. The closing of the port put an instantaneous stop to more than half of all the various occupations of its laboring and mercantile classes. All water transit for every species of property was forbidden. Nothing could be transported in boats from one wharf to another, not even food, wood, hay, sand, lime, or bricks. If vessels on the stocks were launched, they were liable to seizure. For a town standing upon the edge of the ocean, surrounded by deep water, and which, but for one narrow neck of land attaching it to the continent, would have been an island, — encircled by islands covered with flocks and crops, without a bridge in either direction, — for a town thus situated and environed, the interdict operated like the plague coming hand in hand with famine. What is regarded in all civilized communities as a most dangerous class, the dependent and the unemployed, were thus left to brood over their wrongs, to foment discords, and to be the means for rallying the sympathies of a continent. Under other circumstances, the presence of such a number of idle and angry persons, leaving their common employments and lacking bread, would have been a most alarming element of anxiety and mischief in a small but flourishing town. Benignant for us was the fostering method of Providence which turned that forlorn company into pleaders first for bread and then for something more. On the 17th of the same month, a day to which the next year was destined to affix in red a deep mark, the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on the eve of its dissolution by Governor Gage, resolved that resistance should be made to the operation of the Port Bill, and that the suffering people of Boston and Charlestown ought to be encouraged in withstanding oppression, and in holding out under their wrongs by aid from all quarters, especially from other parts of the Province. These resolutions were ratified and enforced by the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, and on the 17th of September the Continental Congress made the solicitation of contributions for Boston the ground of a public appeal. The trust of receiv-

ing and distributing such contributions was, at first, imposed upon the Overseers of the Poor, as a lawful body politic for such functions. But these gentlemen having asked relief for reasons given, a larger committee of twenty-six members was chosen, to whom soon after ten more were added, charged with the anxious and responsible trust. They were men of the highest standing, religious and patriotic, representing different interests and feelings in the community. The office was one of exacting labor, and it was exposed to much invidiousness. It had two distinct objects, — to obtain the common articles of subsistence for the necessitous, and to provide employment with pay for the idle. Only the most judicious and conscientious management would have secured such an agency against being in itself a prolific source of mischief. Samuel Adams was the chairman of the committee, and the town treasurer, David Jeffries, had charge of the funds. At a town-meeting in December a general vote of thanks for the donations was passed, besides the acknowledgment made by the committee in each particular case.

There are in the archives of the Historical Society two Letter-Books devoted to this very interesting correspondence. One of them contains copies of letters from over the whole continent accompanying the gifts transmitted, the other contains the replies of recognition and thanks from the committee. It is this correspondence, edited and illustrated by Mr. Frothingham, very pertinently and intelligently, and with great pains, which mainly occupies one of the volumes before us. The reader of it will be struck by the remarkable variety in sentiment, phrase, and turn of expression displayed on both sides of the correspondence, considering that it has but one theme. This is the more remarkable on the side of the committee in the composition of their replies. One might naturally suppose that they would have chosen a few formulas of patriotism and gratitude, and repeated them in substance in their several compositions. But no. In two or three instances they sent a copy of the same reply in two directions; but for the rest they gave themselves even to the routine-work of their task with the zeal and fervor which dictated in each case an original epistle. It is amazing how wealthy

they found or made the vocabulary of patriotism and of brotherly-kindness. Now it is in these papers that we meet with the first specimens of that spasmodic, energetic, and occasionally exaggerated style of patriotic expression, which, wofully degenerated and deprived of the heart-beating and the originality of Revolutionary eloquence, is grossly parodied by some of the muddier Fourth-of-July orators, *et id genus omne*. We can more than tolerate the originals, not only because they are originals, but because they are real, and were written by those who backed them up by deeds. Nor do they ever run into the rant, bombast, and blasphemy of some modern declamations.

Here is a good specimen, from the letter from Brooklyn, Connecticut, accompanying a gift of one hundred and twenty-five sheep: —

"We mean, in the first place, to attempt to appease the fire (raised by your committing the India Tea to the watery element as a merited oblation to Neptune) of an ambitious and vindictive minister, by the blood of rams and of lambs; if that do not answer the end, we are ready to march in the van, and to sprinkle the American altars with our hearts' blood, if occasion should be." — p. 51.

There was another mode of emphatic expression which occasionally crept into the excited remarks of some of our Revolutionary men, for which we will offer no apology. We have a specimen in an epistle of Gadsden, of South Carolina, in which he says, "Don't pay for an ounce of the damned tea." Considering what was the fate of the tea, perhaps the word may be regarded rather as judicial than profane.

It would not be easy at this day to get a perfectly exact account of all the gifts sent to Boston in these critical times, nor of their value. It is enough to know that they answered their noble purpose in both directions, as expressing the sympathy of the donors, and as securing all deserving objects from extreme destitution. Of course the shutting up of the harbor greatly added to the difficulty and the cost attending the reception of the contributions, especially as, for the most part, they were in heavy goods and articles of sustenance, such as live stock, flour, grain, and wood. The town of Marblehead generously offered the use of its wharves and warehouses

for the unlading and storing of the goods, and they were thence transported by land to Boston. Some large donations show the zeal of wealthy places, proud of their munificence in a noble cause; some small gifts from frugal settlements, into which the luxuries of life had hardly yet penetrated, are tokens nevertheless of the substantial food of our yeomen. If any one would have a marvellously touching proof and illustration of the sweet Christian assurance, that the mutual doing of deeds of kindness and mercy makes us have confidence in one another, adds to our own wisdom, sincerity, and loftiness of purpose, and strengthens us for sharp conflict and sure victory, let him read this correspondence. He will find on every page of it evidence of what we have said, — that English policy devised for us our policy, and knit the inhabitants of this continent in bands of love, while alienating them from old foreign ties.

Here is a slyly cautious paragraph from a most spicy letter, overflowing with rank rebellion, from Lebanon, Connecticut: —

"As you have printed some letters, &c., if any of this should be thought worthy of notice, (which we don't desire,) and as the issue of things is not absolutely certain, and this town the residence of the Governor, &c., please to let it stand as anonymous, and be entire, ending with 'bleed and die together.' The remainder you may do with as you please." — p. 45.

And here is some good, sensible matter from a reply by Joseph Warren to a letter from Norwich: —

"We consider a suspension of trade through the continent with Great Britain, Ireland, and the West Indies, as the grand machine that will deliver us. If this should fail, we must then have recourse to the last resort. As yet we have been preserved from action with the soldiery, and we shall endeavor to avoid it until we see that it is necessary, and a settled plan is fixed on for that purpose. The late Acts of Parliament are such gross infringements on us, that our consciences forbid us to submit to them. We think it is better to put up with some inconvenience, and pursue with patience the plan of commercial opposition, as it will be more for the honor and interest of the continent, as well as more consistent with the principles of humanity and religion.

"Mr. Gage finds himself very unequal to the task that is set him, and is at a loss for measures. He sees and is astonished at the spirit of the

people. He forbids their town-meetings, and they meet in counties. If he prevents county meetings, we must call provincial meetings, and if he forbid these, we trust that our worthy brethren on the continent, and especially of the town of Norwich, in Connecticut, will lend us their helping arms in time of danger, and will be no less conspicuous for their fortitude than they now are for their generosity." — p. 47.

In a reply to a letter from Kingston, asking about the condition of Boston, we find the following: —

"The circumstances of this Town are truly deplorable; our harbor filled with armed ships; all foreign trade suspended; a vast number of poor thrown out of employ, who swarm daily to the Committee for labor or support; our Town filled with troops; the Neck, the only avenue into the Town, fortified by cannon planted on the walls; a regiment, and two redoubts, about forty rods without the fortification; the soldiery insolent, all the cannon that is private property which they can come at seized; the cannon at the North Battery spiked up, our powder taken possession of, and every hostile appearance. What the event of these things will be, is known only to the Supreme Ruler of the universe, in whom we desire at all times to put our trust. In full confidence that our cause is just, and that we have an unalienable right to all the privileges specified in our charter, we are determined to make no concessions.

"We have just to observe that we employ our poor, in mending the streets, making bricks, spinning wool, flax, cotton, &c., &c., and are erecting looms to weave the same into baizes and shirt cloth, which we hope to sell, and so protract our stock. The Committee have an arduous task, and they can assure the public that no one person, but such as are in indigent circumstances, ever received a penny benefit from the donations; and it is requested that no ill-natured report may be credited, until facts can be ascertained.

"Please to present to our friends in Kingston, that have so liberally contributed to our relief, the most sincere and hearty thanks of this Committee, in behalf of the Town. We wish the best of Heaven's blessings may attend you, and that this kindness may be rewarded into your bosoms a thousand fold." — pp. 77, 78.

The small farming town of Littleton, Massachusetts, sent a donation of £4 3*s.* 0½*d.*, with "twenty-six and a quarter bushels of rye, one handkerchief, half-pound of pinks flowers," and the expense of carting the rye to Boston, accompanied by a letter containing the following: —

"I wish the donation had been larger; but our principal men give nothing. You have many friends in this Town, but are not able to do much for you. I would have you put in the papers, received so much from Littleton, as a few of us would be glad to support the credit of the Town." — p. 241.

The explanation of the hint dropped in these lines is that the minister, the lawyer, and some of the principal inhabitants, were Tories. The reader of the volume will not fail to note, that among the gifts which passed through the hands of the Committee were two money-drafts upon the Governor of Massachusetts, who was also the general of the forces, Thomas Gage. He seems to have paid at sight the smaller draft for £ 186, and to have at least *accepted* the other for £ 737. It may be that in these negotiations he was the purchaser of some of the surplus provisions for which he paid in that which "answereth all things." This curious fact ought to have another mentioned in connection with it, namely, that Washington, after devoutly observing in his parish church the Fast Day which Virginia had appointed on account of the enforcement of the Port Bill in Boston, headed the subscription paper for the relief of our poor by friends in his neighborhood with a gift of £ 50. The small district of Monson, evidently the residence of some rude but honest yeomen, sent a present, the nature of which is not specified, and a letter, with the following postscript: —

"We have eighty stout fellows in this district, a great part of which are not only disciplined, but excellent marksmen. I dare be bold to say that at about thirty rod distance, they would pick up tories as so many hawks would kick (pick?) frogs from a frog-pond." — p. 271.

And so the zealous work of generous sympathy was engaging the committee and their new-made friends all over the continent, till the very eve of the battle at Lexington. The planters at the South, the wild hunters then penetrating westward, the French and English in Quebec, joined with neighbor Provinces, and with towns inland beyond the mountains and spread along the coast, in the same noble cause. It is observable that some scandalous reports, impugning the disinterestedness of the Committee, and ascribing to them the meanest motives, obtained currency, and required a repeated

notice in public prints and circulars. These slanders, which were alleged to come from the malignity of the Tories, as they witnessed the spirit engaged on the side of sympathy with the Bostonians, when followed up by the Committee, took the form of two specific charges, as follows: "That each Member of the Committee is allowed six shillings, and, as some say, half a guinea, for every day's attendance; besides a commission upon all the donations received, and other emoluments for their trouble"; and "that the Committee have employed poor persons in working for themselves, and gentlemen of fortune with whom they are particularly connected in their private concerns, and paid them out of the donations received." These base insinuations, when freely circulated at a distance by enemies or pretended neutrals, would have the effect of cooling the ardor, and holding back the gifts, of many well-disposed persons. It was therefore well that the Committee took pains to meet them by a dignified but flat denial, signed by Samuel Adams, while they freely opened their books to all who would consult them to know how they administered their charities. Mr. Frothingham has taken pains to seek out from the prints notices of the meetings held over the country for the collection of these gifts, and to give us interesting notes illustrating the text. These meetings extended the circle of sympathy, and deepened and strengthened its tide. So they are to be regarded as parts of that wonderful and beautiful method of a Divine purpose working through human affections, and preparing the fragmentary materials of an empire on this continent for assimilation and coherency.

These ministrations of charity to the poor in Boston from the other towns in the Province and from the continent at large, furnish, of course, only an episode in the whole year's drama as written by Mr. Bancroft. He deals very skilfully with this one efficient agency in extending among all the nominal subjects of Great Britain here the dread of all tyranny, and the sense of a common cause uniting them first in resistance and then in harmony of purpose, and in bringing them into those intimate relations which enabled them so to overcome their antipathies that a new empire might spring

from their counsels and arms. The reader of Mr. Bancroft's volume will require no aid in tracing through every page of it the working out of those two conditions to which we have referred as necessary to suggest, and then to secure the achievement of American independence. He opens to us the vacillating, but always irritating, policy of England. He takes us into the debates of Parliament, and the secret sittings of ministers. He explains to us how it was that England delayed to strike a decisive blow until the train of circumstances had so matured our strength and ability for resistance that the *decision* passed from the side of Great Britain to our own side. The plea set up for England, that her plans and measures were devised in entire ignorance of the actual state of things in the Colonies, is shown by Mr. Bancroft to be wholly vain. Indeed, one needs but to read the speeches of Pitt, Pownal, Burke, and Barré, to understand that only a dogged obstinacy and arrogance could blind ministers to the folly of their course. Facts enough, eloquently, deliberately, and importunately uttered, were laid before the councils of the nation, to have guided them more wisely. Colonel Barré, in 1774, told the Commons, "The Americans may be flattered into anything, but are too much like yourselves to be *driven;* have some indulgence for your own likeness." Dean Tucker, that strange medley of wisdom and folly, in his Fourth Tract, recommended the recognition of our independence, and a treaty with us, ten years before we had ventured to declare ourselves free. Lord Chatham, addressing the ministers in 1775, said, "The whole of your political conduct has been one continued series of weakness, temerity, despotism, ignorance, futility, negligence, blundering, and the most notorious servility, incapacity, and corruption." If the objurgatory spirit in these charges helped, as doubtless it did, to strengthen the bad passions and the fatal errors which they rebuked, there were not wanting calmer appeals. Dr. Franklin's examination at the bar of the House of Commons, ten years before our Declaration of Independence, should have wrought a great impression through his mild wisdom. Indeed, if English statesmen had but read aright their own history of just a century previous, they would have seen that the triumph of constitu-

tional principles among them was but an earnest of the result that must take place in America. Burke reminded them of the parallel in these burning sentences: —

"In effect we suffer as much at home as abroad; for in order to prove that the Americans have no right to their liberties, we are every day endeavoring to subvert the maxims of our own. We never gain a paltry advantage over them in debate, without attacking some of those principles, or deriding some of those feelings, for which our ancestors have shed their blood."

Horace Walpole's letters through the whole period are strewn with banter and sarcasm, from which, however, it is very plain what was his serious view of the policy and conduct of the whole war on the part of Britain. Thus: —

"Mrs. Britannia orders her Senate to proclaim America a continent of cowards, and vote it should be starved unless it will drink tea with her. She sends her only army to be besieged in one of her towns, and half her fleet to besiege the *terra firma;* but orders her army to do nothing, in hopes that the American Senate at Philadelphia will be so frightened at the British army being besieged in Boston, that it will sue for peace." — (To Rev. William Mason, August 7, 1775.)

But wisdom, remonstrance, and banter were all vain. In vain did the city of London, after holding a friendly correspondence with the aggrieved Colonists, petition Parliament against its measures, and find its effort to offer a humble address to the throne repelled. In vain did officers of the British army and navy resign their commissions rather than engage against us, while even the king's brother disapproved his course; and the lack of Englishmen willing to fight in the bad cause necessitated the enlistment of Continental mercenaries. The almost annual change of ministry, between that of Pitt and that of Lord North, during the five critical years which really disposed of the issue at stake, indicates the shifting policy of the times and the men. The Olive Branch petition, sent hence to London in August, 1775, was not taken into the British ark because there was no dove to offer its beak. And now the whole burden and blame of the course pursued by England are visited upon the king, — but not rightfully so. His full share of responsibility was actually understood here at the time, and it was well known that his quality of ob-

stinacy became more intense as the Colonies thwarted his contemptuous and revengeful measures. The New England Calvinistic preachers of the time, many of whom were just then softening into Arminians, had a good illustration in him of the textual exposition, that by the Lord's hardening the heart of Pharaoh, is meant, that the Lord *allowed it to harden.* For so it was with the king. But he found advisers and backers in his measures, even many among the Colonists themselves. The only explanation we can discern for the whole train of events and its marvellous working, is that the God who allowed the king's heart to harden, and his counsellors to err, and his generals to be incompetent, and his soldiers to be conquered, had a design to accomplish which included all these contingencies as its means.

Four months after the Port Bill reached Boston, the Congress of twelve Colonies was in session at Philadelphia. Mr. Bancroft follows with consummate skill every thread which was worked in the loom that was fashioning the pattern of a new and rich design. He traces through parallel lines the oppressive and alienating measures of Great Britain, the harmonizing and co-operating measures of the Colonies. He tells us with what delicate care, and with what a cautious feeling of the way, the representatives of most unlike constituencies were brought into council together, and then balanced, qualified, and moderated one another's judgments and feelings. He takes us into town-meetings, provincial assemblies, camps in the backwoods, and secret sessions in Congress. He points out to us the temporizers and the neutrals, the honest waverers, ready to be assured into ardent champions of the right, and the truculent debaters, who would speak artfully against the proclivities of their own hearts. He gets into the secrets of the French minister, Garnier, at London, and tells us what that keen and sly observer of English policy and fatuity wrote home to Vergennes, prophetic of every measure which transpired here; and thus he finds the root of that alliance which was soon to unite us in a championship of freedom with the French Empire. But something must precede that alliance as its condition. France would make no treaty with us till we had committed ourselves to

an implacable rupture with Great Britain. That required a Declaration of Independence, and this Declaration required two Congresses to mature it. In the mean while some extreme measures, such as real battles, must come in the series of providential methods. And these, too, came. They were fought on the soil of Massachusetts. Mr. Bancroft leaves nothing to be desired as to the fulness of detail in relating them, and nothing to be objected to as regards the accuracy and impartiality of his narrative. With the rehearsal of those battle-scenes, as preparing work for an American army, and with the choice of Washington, the nation's providential man, Mr. Bancroft leaves us to wait further fruit from his labors.

ART. VIII. — 1. *Griechische Geschichte, von* ERNST CURTIUS. Erster Band, *bis zur Schlacht bei Lade.* Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 1857. 12mo. pp. 537. [Greek History, by ERNEST CURTIUS. Vol. I. To the Battle at Lade.]

2. *Die Ionier vor der ionischen Wanderung, von* ERNST CURTIUS. Berlin: Verlag von Wilhelm Hertz. 1855. 8vo. pp. vi. and 56. [The Ionians before the Ionian Migration.]

IN that little History of Greece which, far as it was from being an adequate representative of the scholarship of England at the time, yet undoubtedly embodies the general faith of our grandfathers on the subject, Goldsmith announces that he shall begin his narrative "at the period when real and authentic history commences"; and proceeds to give us, as undoubted facts, the precise date of the foundation of Argos "in the time of Abraham," and the names of its early kings, — the formation of Athens into a regular government "by Cecrops, an Egyptian," — the coming of Cadmus, and "the well-known adventures of his unhappy posterity, Laius, Jocasta, Œdipus, Eteocles, and Polynices," — and the tale of Helen and the Trojan war, with the capture of Troy "about

the time that Jephthah was judge in Israel." It was about the year 1770 that the work was published. But England did not long remain contented with this achievement of the versatile doctor. Her scholars, attracted to the subject more than those of any other European nation by their natural sympathy with the political activity of the people among whom man first conspicuously merited Aristotle's definition of him as a "political animal" (πολιτικὸν ζῷον), have given us from that day to this a splendid succession of histories of Hellas, steadily increasing in their ability, brilliancy, and comprehensiveness. This series was opened, not unworthily, by Dr. Gillies, in 1786. In his elegant work we see already the dawn of that philosophical spirit which bore its full fruits in the two following generations. "In the works of Homer and Pindar, and the writings of the Greek tragedians," he remarks, "and scarcely anywhere else, may the stories of Cadmus, Semele, Bacchus, Amphitryon, Hercules, Œdipus, etc., be read with pleasure and advantage; for, as Strabo (I. ix.) says, 'All there is monstrous and tragic land.'" Gillies accepts, however, in the main, the narratives of Cecrops, Danaus, Cadmus, and Pelops, and the story of the Trojan war, as given by the more judicious of the ancient historians. His Tory successor, Mitford,* who published his first volume in 1784, was equally conservative. Thus of Hercules he says: "Besides a large concurrence of other testimony, Homer leaves no room to doubt either that there was such a Grecian prince, or who and what he was." Thirlwall, in 1835, for the first time fairly introduced the English reader to the critical atmosphere of the last half-century. His scepticism is temperate and judicious, as becomes an Englishman; the old traditions of the early Grecian history are to him but legendary; he regards these legends, however, as containing truth more or less discoverable, and shows no inconsiderable skill in its extraction. At length, in Grote,— the very Coryphæus of the whole band,— historical scepticism mounts to its highest point for the latitude of Great Britain.

* We call Mitford Gillies's *successor*, because, although he published his first volume two years before Gillies, the bulk of his work appeared subsequently, — the last volume, indeed, not till 1818.

Greek history begins at the first Olympiad: all before is myth, — mists of fable through which the gigantic shapes that seem to loom up are themselves but phantoms, or at least so distorted and confused that it is idle to ask their real character.

To some quiet gentlemen in their studies, — men of general scholarship, and a poetical rather than a philosophical or sceptical turn of mind, — these recent assaults upon the faith of antiquity have been very disquieting. The Tory sees in this dethroning of old heroes and demigods the same spirit which would, in our own day, lay ruthless and destroying hands upon throne and altar. The Christian is too apt to identify the sound scholarship which dissipates the phantoms of early fable, with that contemptible pseudocriticism which would fain impeach the credibility of authentic historical records. No one, however, can seriously attempt the hopeless task of maintaining the old, uncritical belief in its entireness; though men have sighed, "We live in an age of disenchantments!" and complained — not without reason — that, when robbed of pleasing illusions, only vague and indefinite shadows are offered in their place.

This complaint is not without reason; yet the critical scholarship of our times can build up as well as destroy. This is its true glory. It sweeps away the clouds of fable, to disclose the solid ground of fact. Although at the waving of its wand gigantic individual forms that peered out of the fog may vanish, it is able to raise in their place an entire and distinct landscape, with its general features clearly defined, however its details may be lost in the distance. Furnished with all the wondrous and manifold science of our age, it brings to its task the eyes of Argus and the hands of Briareus. For it God has written the history of the world in his everlasting mountains and rocks, his plains and rivers, seas, coasts, and islands, climates, floras, and faunas, — in short, in the whole physiology and conformation of his globe; and man, too, in those works of his hands which have conquered time, — inscriptions by which he has perpetuated his deeds and his languages in the imperishable rock, — the fragments which survive of his walls for defence, temples for worship, dwell-

ings of the living, and tombs of the dead, — his roads, aqueducts, and bridges, — his idols, and various works of art, — utensils of war and peace, — coins, weights, and measures, — the names he has given to his places of abode, — in fine, not simply in literature, but in every sphere of his activity, — has left memorials of his history, than which the most authentic written documents are not more suggestive, trustworthy, or intelligible. Nay, on some points modern criticism is furnished with more precise information than the most distinguished of the ancient historians could possibly obtain. For this superiority it is indebted to the great progress which has been made in physical geography, in ethnography, and in the knowledge of the religions and mythologies of the ancient races, and, above all, to the creation and development of the science of Comparative Philology, — a science which has within the last twenty years poured a flood of light upon the early history of the various tribes of the Indo-European race, revealing the characteristics of their respective civilizations, and their relative antiquity.

The great work of Grote has been as successful as it is brilliant and vigorous. Popular in Germany even more than in England, reprinted and widely circulated in America, it enjoys a world-wide reputation. Yet, with all its merits, we cannot but pronounce it as failing to do justice to the resources and capabilities of modern scholarship for penetrating even into the gray dawn of Grecian history. The confusion and perplexity which meet us here it pronounces inexplicable, immitigable. To our natural demand that the learned historian should lift the curtain of fable, and disclose the true picture, it answers, in the words of Zeuxis, "The curtain *is* the picture." It has been left for the author of the works named at the head of this article to give the world for the first time the true *origines* of Hellas. The task could not have fallen to better hands. No one of the young scholars of Germany possesses in a more eminent degree than Professor Curtius the varied attainments which modern scholarship demands of her favorite sons; and in addition to those qualifications for the work which may be supposed to belong to all great scholars in common, he has others of no humble

order, peculiarly his own. Belonging as he does to a highly respectable family in the free and commercial city of Lubeck, the influences which surrounded his early years must have stimulated his observation of the social and political activity of men. As a pupil of Ottfried Müller, his youth drank at the richest and purest fountains of ancient learning and criticism, and upon his shoulders has fallen the mantle of that master whom the world pronounced fittest for the task of bringing the obscure portions of Greek history into light. As tutor of the young Prince Frederick William, the future sovereign of the greatest Protestant power of the Continent, the responsibilities of his office must have added zeal to his study of the laws which govern the growth and welfare of states. Above all, by means of a four years' residence in Greece, and of repeated journeys throughout the whole country in all directions, he has that familiarity with his ground which is valuable always for one who would reconstruct the past, and in no case more so than in that of Greece, — the land where so little of modern civilization has been superimposed, that the past is not obscured by the present, and the traveller is left alone with Nature and with History. Of some of the results of these travels, his well-known work on the Peloponnesus is a perennial monument. Successor of Boeckh as editor of the Corpus of Greek Inscriptions, and keeping his eye ever on the watch for all the discoveries of remains of ancient monuments and works of art in every kind, — to whose investigation he brings a rare æsthetic sense and exegetic skill, — he has the best access to these slight and delicate, but often deeply significant, sources of information. For his rich stores of learning, his clear, graceful, and elegant style is a fit vehicle. He understands the art of symmetrical arrangement, so sadly neglected by many of the writers of his country, and exhibits a rare union of German profoundness with French or English clearness and method. His aim, too, has been — and the same praise may be given to the other works in the excellent Weidmann series — to convey all the best results of the most erudite investigation in a manner intelligible to the general reader, and to bridge over the chasm which has un-

fortunately separated the scholastic from the popular literature of Germany.

Pursuing his investigations with an honest love of truth and no seductive passion for novelty for novelty's sake, he has yet arrived at many views entirely new and striking. But the particular service which his book has done to the learning of our time is, as we have already intimated, in giving us positive rather than merely negative results, and in pointing out with certainty and clearness the connection and course of development of the Greek people from their earliest origin. All former works find no connecting thread till after the Dorian migration. Curtius has accomplished the task by seeking in the myths — aided by the lights thrown from the various other sources of history — the historic germs they infold. Here his method is at variance with that at present prevailing. Mommsen, in his admirable Roman History, throws aside all the mythical element as mere stubble. Grote relates, to be sure, after Apollodorus, all the twelve labors of Hercules, and other like myths, but begins the *history* afterwards, as something entirely new. Our author has chosen the more difficult, but certainly the more philosophical method. For him the myth embodies, though in a poetical form, the consentaneous memory of the people, and as such it is entitled to our belief. No single man could have fabricated it. It is the child of Fact, though nurtured by the Imagination. "Mythology," as Max Müller happily phrases it, "is only a dialect, an ancient form of language"; not to be interpreted indeed with prosaic literalness, but obedient to fixed laws, and those laws in good degree ascertainable. Poor is our boasted scholarship, weak our critical discernment, if we can furnish no Œdipus to solve its enigmas. We contend that the investigators of classical antiquity are not bound to be timid. Genius in this field has the same right of bold conjecture, the same power of bold but unerring reconstruction, as in any other. Shall Cuvier build up a whole mammal from a single bone, shall Agassiz construct an extinct fish from a single scale, and shall not the classical palæontologist restore old history by the same method? We admit the greater difficulties in his case, the cool and temperate judg-

ment required to restrain the vagaries of an unsupported or too hasty imagination; nor do we demand that anything should be accepted which is not confirmed by its general satisfactoriness as an explanation of the particular period of history, and as far as possible corroborated by ancient authors, monuments, and other sources of exact information. The competent observer will be both bold and sure, — and as much the one as the other.

Farther back than even myth and tradition, comparative philology penetrates into the darkness of pre-historic time. The results of this science deserve a place in every work of ancient history, and they find their place in Curtius, but not in Grote. So important are they, that we propose to exhibit some of them even more fully than our author, availing ourselves in part of the labors of Mommsen and Max Müller. The first and most familiar discovery was that the ancestors of the Indians, Persians, Greeks, Italians, Germans, Slaves, and Kelts, — thus including our own ancestors, — were originally one people, dwelling in the uplands of Asia. First to separate themselves from this united Aryan or Indo-European family, and to push their way into Europe, were the Kelts; they were followed subsequently by the Germans, and they by the Slaves and Letts. The next great swarm that deserted the hive, leaving behind them the progenitors of the Medo-Persians and the Indians, was composed of the common ancestors of the Greeks and Romans, who, pushing westward, but still remaining in Asia, dwelt for a long time together as one people, developing those peculiarities in language, customs, and ideas which distinguish them in common from the other Indo-Europeans. In this Græco-Italic nation, as it has been called, we have the preface of the history of both the Greeks and the Romans, and the explanation of their affinity. But our information does not stop here. As words are the symbols of thoughts and things, so they give us a picture of the ideas and the activity of the people who use them. And thus of the civilization of that old united Aryan nation, whose very existence would be unknown to us were it not for the testimony of comparative philology, the same testimony gives us an image neither vague nor shadowy. They led a half-no-

madic and pastoral life, surrounded with flocks of sheep and herds of oxen, guarded from the bears and wolves by faithful watch-dogs. The noble horse had submitted to man. Houses sheltered them from the storm, and strong doors resisted assaults from without. They made use of wagons, and travelled on high-roads from town to town. The mutual relations of parent and child, brother and sister, had been acknowledged and hallowed; and each of the degrees of affinity, as of kindred, had received its recognition and its name. Above the family had already arisen the idea of the community; and the king, or lord of the people, had found his office and his title. For a long period of years Peace showered her blessings on the land, and the arts flourished under her smile. Silver, copper, and iron were mined and wrought; wool was woven and made into clothing; the lakes and rivers were navigated by boats furnished with oars and rudders; meat was cooked, and the practice of eating raw flesh held in abhorrence; cakes were probably baked of the ground seeds of wild grains; and salt was used as a condiment. Time was measured by the periods of the moon. The decimal system of numeration was in use, but perhaps not carried beyond hundreds. A Supreme Being was devoutly recognized, and Mythology had already begun to clothe many of the more striking phenomena of nature in her garments of allegory.

Such was the civilization which the Græco-Italians bore with them as their inheritance, when they left their ancestral abode. Theirs was not the blood which would allow them to fall back, or to remain stationary on the path of progress. They introduced the tillage of land, unknown to the older Aryans, and raised corn, wine, and oil. The word by which they denoted a field, had signified to their fathers only territory or plain; their term for plough had meant a rudder; that for wine, the agreeable in general, without particular reference to drink. With agricultural habits they adopted fixed abodes, and worshipped Ἑστία or Vesta as the goddess of the hearth. The boundaries of individual landed estates were accurately marked out, and superficial measures on the decimal system determined. One wife commanded the affections of her lord, and received due honor as mistress of the house; and adul-

tery was severely punished. The father wielded a patriarchal authority, which left more distinct traces in the institutions of the Romans than in those of the Greeks. In the administration of justice, provision was made for giving judgment and imposing punishment, while the principle of retaliation was admitted. The clothing of the people was similar to that of their illustrious descendants, and the lances with which they fought were the same. They marked out sacred enclosures, and believed in a shadowy existence of the dead. In navigation, however, they made no advances, but remained ignorant of sails, masts, and yards. Of their intellectual activity, their language is the noblest monument. By introducing a larger number and nicer distinctions of the vowel-sounds, they enriched their dialect and added greater precision to its grammatical forms. Their peculiar sense of order and law is exhibited in the fact that they subjected even that which is "most volatile and inconstant in speech," the place of the accent, to fixed laws, by decreeing that the principal stress of voice should never fall farther back than the antepenult; thus securing the integrity of the final syllables, so liable to be destroyed by a farther removal, and at the same time allowing sufficient liberty of marking, by changes of the accent, the distinctions of cases and genders, moods and tenses. In short, all the testimony from language concurs in attributing to the Græco-Italic people "a love of rational order founded upon the relations of an agricultural life, an aversion to everything capricious or chaotic, a manly striving to attain to clear articulation, to purposed regularity in life and thought."

The time at length came when this offshoot of the Aryan family was itself to separate into two great branches. The fathers of the Italians took up that line of migration by land which was not to end till they had pushed themselves over Alps and Apennines to the heart of the Peninsula. Of the mental characteristics of that branch which, left by itself, we may now call purely Greek, it is again in language that we find our earliest information. Professor Curtius gives us a masterly synopsis of the peculiarities which distinguish the Greek language from the Latin. We content ourselves with

quoting his concluding remarks, in which he draws from the facts stated their historical significance.

"The people which knew how to develop the common Indo-Germanic treasure of language in so peculiar a manner, called itself, from the time it felt itself as a unit, by the name of Hellenes. Its first historical act is the development of this language, and this act is an artistic one. For as a work of art must the Greek language be considered before all its sister tongues, from the feeling which reigns in it for harmony and perfection of sounds, for clearness of form, for law and organization. If we possessed nothing of the Hellenes but the grammar of their language, yet this would be sufficient evidence of the extraordinary endowments of this people, who appropriated to themselves the material of speech, penetrated all its matter with spirit, nowhere left dead masses remaining, — a people that, with their decided aversion to all that is bombastic, formal, and obscure, knew how to accomplish the greatest results with the simplest materials. The whole language is like the body of a scientifically trained wrestler, in which every muscle, every sinew, is developed to full efficiency; nowhere swellings and idle bulk, all is strength and life.

"The Greeks must have received the material of language before it had stiffened to an inflexible mass; otherwise it would have been impossible for them so clearly to express in it, as in the most plastic clay, the whole variety of their intellectual aptitudes, their artistic sense of form, as well as that acuteness of abstract thought which did not manifest itself first in the books of their philosophers, but still earlier in the grammar of the language, particularly in the building of the verb-forms, — a system of practical logic valid for all times, the understanding of which tasks to this day the full power of a practised thinker. As in the formation of the language the noble powers of the people attested themselves in the harmonious exuberance of youth, so on the other hand the perfected language, reacting on the people as a whole and on all its members, exerted the mightiest influence; for the more perfect the organism of the language, the more is he who uses it assisted, and in some measure compelled, to logical thought, to the clear working out of his conceptions. It leads the mind, as it is learned, from step to step to a development ever more and more all-sided; the incentive to master it ever more completely never decays; and while it thus trains and develops the individual to ever higher activity of mind, at the same time it holds him, without his being aware of it, in that common connection of the whole nation, of which the language is the expression. Every disturbance of this connection, every alienation, betrays itself first in the language.

"Their language, then, was from the beginning the countersign of the Hellenes. In their language they learned to feel themselves a separate community, distinguished from all the other people of the earth; it remained for all times the bond which held the widely scattered tribes together. It is *one* language in all its dialects, and so too is the people of the Hellenes one and unmixed. Where this language was spoken, whether in Asia, Europe, or Africa, there was Hellas, there were Grecian life and Grecian history. As, long before all history, it stood already in full development, so has it also long survived the narrow period of classical history, and still lives to-day in the mouth of a people who manifest through their language their connection with the Hellenes. It is then the bond which, through space and time, unites together all that belongs to the history of the Hellenic people in its widest sense." — pp. 20, 21.

The substantial identity of this language in all its dialects, proves that all the Greeks lived for centuries together as one people after their separation from the Italians. This united existence, however, lies back of direct historical memory. We know the language only as divided into dialects, which dialects necessitate the supposition of separations and distinct development; we know the people only as divided into races. The two principal forms of the language, as well as the most important divisions of race, are the Ionic and the Doric. These dialects in their own characteristics betray some of the circumstances of their origin. The rough Doric is the language of highlanders, "accustomed to do all that they do with a certain exhibition of strength, and stretch of the muscles. In its full and broad sounds we recognize breasts steeled by mountain air and mountain life; conciseness in form and expression is its character, as befits a race which in a laborious, frugal life has little wish or time to make words." The Ionic, on the contrary, belongs to coast-lands, to a more comfortable mode of life, with easier gains and a greater variety of outward influences.

"Its easier nature is exhibited in the restriction of the aspirate sounds, which are shunned, particularly in contact; *t* is attenuated into *s*, the sounds are formed less in the bottom of the mouth and the throat; men make easier work of speaking. The language is more fluid, more prolonged by vowels, which are allowed to sound side by side or flow together into diphthongs. The vowels themselves are softer, but thinner;

more *e* and *u* than *a* and *o*. The forms of the language, as of expression, incline to a certain agreeable breadth. Opposed to the narrow and sinewy Doric, which adheres more strictly to the indispensable, there is here a greater fulness, a certain superfluity of forms, in which the language delights to indulge. There is throughout more freedom allowed, more variableness and interchange of sounds prevail."

Besides the Ionic and Doric, we find other forms of the language, to which the name Æolic is applied. This is no distinct dialect, and has no fixed abode. Varying in different localities, its true characteristic is that it presents the least deviation from the oldest form of Greek, and hence stands nearest to the Græco-Italic and to the Latin. We shall see the Dorians and Ionians take their proper place in history, when we come to the ethnographical portion of Professor Curtius's work; we delay its consideration only to notice the new light which our author throws upon his subject from physical geography.

No one of her prominent historians has neglected to notice the striking general features of the geography of Greece, — the land in which more directly than anywhere else man is brought to hear at once both of those voices celebrated by Wordsworth:

> "One is of the Sea,
> One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice:
> In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
> They were thy chosen music, Liberty!"

Her scenery, varied, beautiful, and romantic, so as to call out the energies and stimulate the fancy of her people, is never so savagely grand and mysterious as to overawe and appall them. Manifoldly peninsular as the country is, and manifoldly intersected by mountain ranges, everywhere in Greece you meet with fastnesses where a thousand men could fortify themselves and hold out against any foe, and the traveller feels at once the necessity of those numerous local distinctions and divisions which so conspicuously marked her civilization and her history. But the geographical key-note of all her earlier annals Professor Curtius has been the first to strike: this is the intimate, inseparable connection between the two shores of the Ægean, between Europe and Asia south of the Euxine.

"Sea and air unite the coasts of the Archipelago in one whole; from the Hellespont to Crete the same annual winds blow, and give to the navigation similar directions, to the climate similar changes. Between Asia and Europe there is scarcely a point to be found where in clear weather a sailor feels himself alone between the sky and the water; the eye reaches from island to island, a convenient day's sail leads from inlet to inlet. Therefore in all times the same people have seated themselves on both shores, and since the days of Priam the same languages and customs have prevailed on this side and on that. The Greek islander is as much at home in Smyrna as in Nauplia; Saloniki lies in Europe, and is nevertheless a Levantine port; in spite of all changes of political relations, Byzantium to this day is regarded on both sides as the metropolis, and as a billow rolls on continuously from the strand of Ionia to Salamis, so a popular movement has never seized on one shore without transplanting itself to the other. Caprice of politics has separated the two opposite shores in ancient as in modern times, and used the broader sea-paths between the islands as boundary lines; but every separation of the kind has remained an external one, and has never availed to put asunder what nature has so evidently designed as the theatre of a common history." — pp. 3, 4.

This physical fact is as fruitful and suggestive as it is simple. We shall see its full significance in its connection with the ethnographical views of Professor Curtius.

It was in Phrygia that the ancestors of the Greek people, coming down from the mountains of Armenia, developed that language and those customs which were afterwards to characterize all its different tribes in common.

"The Phrygian language is nearly related to the Greek, more nearly perhaps than the Gothic to the Middle High-German. Phrygian religious rites, Phrygian arts, were from of old so naturalized in Hellas as is possible only with kindred races. That wide table-land, then, watered in the north by the Sangarius, in the south by the Mæander, renowned in all antiquity for its rich fields and its excellent pastures, warm enough for the culture of the vine, healthy and well adapted to the nurture of a hardy population, may be regarded as the paternal estate of the great Phrygio-Hellenic people. In these regions the most important divisions of the people appear to have taken place; here after the separation of the Italians dwelt the Hellenes, first as a branch of the Phrygian nation, but afterwards as a separate people." — pp. 29, 30.

From this original Hellas, also, overpopulation led in time

to migrations. The first, proceeding by land, took possession of the coasts of Asia Minor, the shores of the Propontis, and in Europe of the whole country from Thrace to Tænarum. The men who went out in this migration were called by the ancients Pelasgians, "as preceding the Hellenes." They form the substratum of the population of historical Greece, and the shores of Asia Minor are "the dark background of their history." In later times different tribes followed them, from the same cradle of the Greek nation, but bearing a higher civilization, and destined to awaken a higher intellectual life among the pioneers who before them had "hewn the forests, drained the marshes, and levelled the rocks." This second series of migrations pursued different paths. A part, crossing the Hellespont, passed through Thrace into the mountain-land of Northern Greece, where they settled in the mountain districts as an agricultural, hunting, and pastoral people. Among them were the ancestors of the Dorians. The others descended from the high plains of Phrygia through the fertile river-valleys to the coasts of Asia Minor. These were the ancestors of the Ionians. Here, then, we find the separation into two branches; here begins the dualism which continues throughout the whole history of Greece.

Among these Asiatic Greeks, — the Old Ionians, — Greek civilization and culture made their first advances. Not that the race struck out arts and institutions, wholly self-moved and spontaneously, on the flaming forges of their own minds. No! they, too, — peculiar and original as are the strongly marked characteristics of their development, — were the wealthy heirs of past civilizations; they, too, as they wandered on that strand, were

> "Nourishing a youth sublime
> With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of time."

They were indeed, Professor Curtius remarks, remote from the old seats of culture, India and Bactria, Egypt, Assyria, and Babylon; but on the coasts they found themselves in close connection with a people who seem to have had a peculiar mission to carry the arts from older to younger nations, — the Phœnicians. From them they learned with quick perception all the arts of the Orient. Particularly was their

knowledge of navigation perfected; they were taught to add sails and rudders to their barks, and to direct their courses by the stars. First of the Greek race to sail the sea and hold intercourse with the people of the East, their name, Iaones or Ionians, became the general appellation which Phœnicians, Hebrews, Persians, and Egyptians used to characterize the Greek population of Asia Minor, and afterwards extended westward to Greece proper, and all the Grecian tribes, as they became acquainted with them. We are not, however, to picture to ourselves an entirely uniform development and civilization in the various districts in which these Ionians established themselves. The different circumstances in which they were placed, the different associations into which they were brought with other races, could not fail to give an individual character to their several communities. Hence different local names; nor are we to wonder that the individual appellations of the subdivisions of Asia Minor have so far prevailed in the records of history, as almost to shut out the memory of that primeval Ionia.

Already had the Phœnicians opened in all directions the paths of the sea. Everywhere on their track the Ionians followed, exploring first the eastern portions of the Mediterranean, and seeking particularly such river-mouths as afforded a safe entrance and easy access to the interior of the country. Wafted by the northerly winds prevailing in the Archipelago, they entered the mouths of the Nile, where they continued and extended a lucrative traffic already established by the Phœnicians. As early as the sixteenth and fifteenth centuries before our era,* — so Curtius reads from inscriptions on Egyptian monuments of the eighteenth dynasty, and his views are sanctioned by the high authority of Lepsius, — companies of Greek merchants had settled on the banks of

* Farther investigation of Oriental monuments will doubtless give us farther information in regard to the chronology of the various movements of the early Asiatic Greeks on the south and east of the Mediterranean. Curtius remarks that at least as early as the eleventh century B. C. the Ionians were known to the Hebrews as the children of Javan; that in the tenth century they appear again on the Egyptian monuments of the twenty-second dynasty; and that in the ninth, they are alluded to by the prophet Joel as buying the children of Judah and Jerusalem from the merchants of Tyre and Sidon, and selling them among the Gentiles.

this stream, under the Egyptian sovereignty. But most important and fruitful were the results of their movements westward.

European Greece had already been discovered by the Phœnicians. The purple-fish, furnishing the dye for which Tyre was so famous, was abundant on "the coasts of the Morea, the deep bays of Laconia and Argolis, and the Bœotian shore, with the canal of Eubœa." The necessity of making immediate use of the juice taken from the shell-fish compelled the dye-hunters to land and occupy stations on the coasts. Associations of merchants established factories for the business, and the Phœnicians were thus brought into direct relations with the Pelasgian inhabitants of the country. Nor did they fail, born merchants as they were, to avail themselves of the other natural advantages which the land presented. Its large variety of trees furnished better and more abundant material for ship-building than their own coasts; the kermes oak afforded tanner's bark, and its berries a scarlet dye-stuff; mines of copper, silver, and iron were discovered and worked. The Pelasgian natives could not have remained uninfluenced; "they wondered, observed, and learned; their slumbering powers were awakened, the ban that had held men fettered in a monotonous existence was removed. Intellectual action begins, and with it the first life-breath of Grecian history." To these awakened Pelasgians come in due time their adventurous Ionian cousins, following in the track of the Phœnicians across the Ægæan. Perhaps the differences of language between the old inhabitants and these new-comers were chiefly such as might exist in the same country between the learned and far-travelled merchant and the unlettered boor. Moreover, the facility of communication must have been increased by the influence of the Phœnicians upon both parties. At any rate, the new-comers felt themselves at home; the beautiful land of Hellas, which their descendants were to make so glorious, won them to settle upon its shores; here they naturalized all the arts with which they had become acquainted, and imparted their own advanced civilization to the rude natives, who gave them kindly welcome. This theory is entirely consistent with the traditions that have

come down to us from the early days of Hellas. All the myths agree in attributing the origin of Greek civilization to agents from abroad. The Pelasgic Zeus is the only god who has not come as a stranger from beyond the sea; and the oldest altars are on the shores.

"So far, the purport of the myths is clear and plain; it is the consciousness of a culture introduced from the East, through colonization. But who these colonists were, — on this point the representation is much less clear. This is natural; for when those myths took shape in the land, the strangers had long been naturalized among them, and their origin forgotten. Besides, myth goes not back, like historical investigation, to the first foundations; it loves precisely the extraordinary, the immediate and wonderful. All of a sudden Aphrodite springs up from the foam of the sea, and with Poseidonian horses comes Pelops over the sea to the coasts." — p. 40.

But these strangers came at the same time as kinsmen. They were themselves Ionian Greeks; but their race having settled in the Phœnician colonies, in Lycia and Caria, and on the delta of the Nile, as well as in their own proper home, it is not strange that the names Phœnician and Egyptian were given them in many cases by their Western kinsmen, from the lands whence they came and whose arts they introduced. And not only were the Asiatic Greeks designated by the names of the regions from which they emigrated; they had also other general names, besides Ionians, the most widely extended being that of the Leleges, and in a still more remote and less civilized period of their emigrations they were known as Carians.

These immigrations into the European peninsula continued during a long period of time, and represented different stages of culture. As the geological history of the earth is written in the successive strata deposited on her surface, so Curtius reads the characteristics and the chronology of these movements in the succession of deities and observances in the Greek religion. The Pelasgians, like the early Persians and Germans, held fast to a pure fragment of the primeval revelation, the belief in one supreme, invisible God. Him they worshipped without image or temple; the mountain summits were his altars.

"Without a personal name, also, they prayed to the Most High; for Zeus (Deus) signifies only the heaven, the ether, the luminous abode of the Invisible; and when they would indicate a nearer relation between him and men, they named him, as the author of all that lives, Father Zeus, Dipatyros (Juppiter). This pure and sincere devotion of the 'godly' Pelasgians is not only contained in a pious tradition of antiquity; but in after times, as before, in the midst of Greece filled to overflowing with temples and images, still glowed the mountain altars of him who dwelleth not in houses made ready by the hands of men; for the original and simple always maintained itself longest and truest in the old religions. So lived the Arcadian Zeus, through all the centuries of Greek history, formless, unapproachable, above the oaken summit of Lycæus, in sacred fulness of light; the bounds of his district were recognized from the fact that within them every shadow was extinguished. For a long time the people retained the pious aversion to representing the Divine Being to the senses under definite names and characteristics. For, besides the altar of the 'Unknown,' whom Paul recognized as the living God, here and there in the cities were altars of the 'pure,' the 'great,' the 'compassionate' gods, and by far the larger part of the Greek names of their divinities are originally only attributes of the unnamed Godhead.

"This Pelasgic worship of God could not maintain itself in its purity. With the separation into races and peoples, the religious consciousness was altered; the newly won places of abode must possess visible signs and pledges of divine grace; from the different sides of the Divine Being are made new beings. So the religious consciousness was divided at the same time with the nationality, and divine worship differed in different localities; it was attached to the visible, and the path of advancing sensuous representation was entered upon. To this the contact with foreigners and their idols contributed. Men left to themselves were wanting in the power of repulsion against strangers. So, as they were drawn into association with the world, as their relations in life were multiplied, they believed that they needed new gods; for they did not trust their domestic gods beyond the circle of their former sphere of life. They could not resist the alluring charm of image-worship, and paid homage to the gods of the strangers who accomplished so great things under their protection. The idols (Xoana) came into the land from abroad, and particularly the little span-high images which were honored in coast places from the oldest times, are to be regarded as sailors' idols." — pp. 43, 44.

The first idol seen by the Pelasgians was the image of

Astarte, which the Phœnicians always carried with them on their voyages, and set up as the holy centre of all their commercial settlements. To the isthmus of Corinth the Tyrians brought their city's god, Melcar, whom the Greeks adopted as Melicertes, afterwards, however, transferring his attributes to Hercules.* The first Asiatic Greeks, following the Phœnicians, attached themselves to the same deities, although giving them a more Hellenic form. But they also brought with them the worship of other deities, which cannot be traced to Syria, but originated among themselves on the eastern shores. In the succession of rites introduced, Curtius recognizes two principal epochs, characterized severally by the names of the gods Poseidon and Apollo. Ungracious, like his own element, his service, too, disfigured by barbarous rites, Poseidon indicates an earlier and ruder civilization. His was the Cario-Lelegian period, leaving its historic memorial in names like Ægæ, Ægion, Ægina, Ægila, all coast-points, and all renowned seats of the Poseidon worship. The names Samos, Samicon, Same, Samothrace, recurring on both sides of the Ægean, also attest this period. But of all the gods that peopled Olympus, most glorious and noble is Apollo. His worship is to be considered less as a fragment of the Greek polytheism, than as in itself a religion, — a religion which contained this germ of truth, that it recognized one Supreme God, and claimed for Apollo only that he was his prophet, the mediator between him and man, — and a religion which, wherever it went, elevated the morals, refined the intellect, and called out the highest energies of the people. In fact, Apollo is the very symbol of that symmetrical, harmonious development, that noble and all-sided culture, which

* "The worship of these two deities denotes at the same time the principal epochs of Phœnician influence, which are determined by the ruling city. So long as Sidon led out the colonies, the worship of the goddess of Ascalon, Aphrodite Urania, [Astarte,] was diffused with them; to her the dove is sacred, which, flitting before the mariner, announces the neighboring coasts. Later, about 1100 B. C., begins the colonization proceeding from Tyre, which is indicated in Hercules-Melcar. But at this time, when the Tyrian power was elevating itself, the Ionian Greeks had already a maritime power of their own, and consequently in their tradition, as it lies before us in Homer, Sidon only is the centre of Phœnician naval supremacy." — p. 45.

is the immortal contribution of Hellas to the welfare of the human race. This second great epoch in the religious history of early Greece, as awakened by Eastern immigration, has itself its different stages; obscured at first by less refined manners and by assimilation to the Poseidon worship, it reaches finally its full noon of glory when the Pythian god assumes his throne in Delphi. The priests of the god in whose train so many blessings followed, and who bore even to the blood-guilty the joyful promise of pardon and reconciliation, were called Evangelidæ, the "bringers of good tidings." No vulgar fanatics or narrow-minded enthusiasts were fit to be his servants. In his religion, divination, which had been the inspection of entrails and the equally irrational observation of other natural objects, was deduced from a nobler source, — from the exaltation of the spirit through the near presence of the divinity, — from the illumination of the soul, and its elevation to the vision of a higher order of things. The restoration of harmony between the visible and invisible worlds was its object. That it might appear that the work was not of mere human wisdom, the god chose weak maidens and women for his organs;* but the sibyls were selected by the priests, and the priests interpreted their utterances, whose purport they themselves did not understand. Not only were the priests the dispensers of the oracles; they were also important agents in the diffusion of that higher culture of which their god was the symbol. As such, the people naturally regarded them with reverence, and resorted to them for counsel. Close observers of human nature, and endowed with wide knowledge of the world, they possessed that prophetic power which really belongs to knowledge, wisdom, and genius. The practice, too, of their art, and the traditions of experience transmitted by their predecessors, gave them that tact which turns everything to the best account, covers failure, and makes a merit of even accidental success. A class of men possessing such power and influence would naturally seek to cement their strength by union. Thus arose those Amphictyonies so rich in their political results, in

* This choice is at the same time one of the many indications of that high respect for woman which is among the proudest glories of the religion of Apollo.

which separate communities were united, and the feeling of a common nationality awakened by association for the celebration of common rites and festivals, and the protection of a common sanctuary and its treasury. "In this sense we can say that Apollo, as the god of the Thessalian Amphictyony, is the founder of the common nationality of the Hellenes, the beginner of Hellenic history."

In the legends of the heroes, as well as in the religious mythology of Greece, Curtius unfolds with master-hand the germs of historical truth they inwrap, and finds full confirmation of his Ionian hypothesis. But we must pass on to consider the fortunes of our Ionians as affected by that reaction from within outward, from the old population against the new-comers, which, beginning in Thessaly, or, to trace it further back, in the Alpine land of Epirus, did not cease till it had reached the southern extremity of the Morea, changed the dynasties and institutions, and in fact transformed the whole country. When these great movements began, the Ionians and the Pelasgians on the coasts had become so united as to form one apparently homogeneous people. This union was the more easy, inasmuch as the Ionians, besides being kinsmen, had come by sea, and therefore few at a time and mostly unaccompanied by women. The Æolians and their offshoot, the Achaians, were Pelasgians, who, through the influence of the Asiatic Greeks and mixture with them, had arrived at an advanced state of culture. Such were the Bœotians of Arne, an Æolian tribe, whom the Thessalian horsemen from Epirus, pouring down over the heights of Pindus, in part reduced to subjection, in part drove out on that migration which, under the guidance of their kings and priests, founded the new and historical Bœotia. Such Pelasgians, too, were the Dorians, a branch of the Perrhæbians, who in the neighborhood of the vale of Tempe had adopted the civilization of the Ionians around them, and the worship of Apollo. Driven from their plains by invading hordes from the interior, they took refuge in the mountain regions of Olympus, and here developed their striking peculiarities of social and political organization. Becoming crowded, and conscious of their strength, they finally burst their way to the south, and

settled the fruitful land between Parnassus and Œta, thenceforward called by their name. Here, and in their subsequent southern settlements, they performed their peculiar mission in spreading the Apollo worship, promoting political and religious union, diffusing fixed laws and institutions, and scattering the seeds of Hellenic culture over the land. On the details of the great Dorian migration, which appropriated to itself nearly the whole Peloponnesus, we need not dwell. The more ground the Dorians won, the more the Ionians lost. Disturbed in their settlements on the coast by the aggressive tide of northern immigration, they took refuge at last in their ships, and through the Cyclades crossed the familiar sea to find new homes in the land of their forefathers, and to make a new Ionia of the old. Coming to rule, and not to obey, demanding the best sites for their settlements, and driving the inhabitants from their old seats and habits, they were often resisted, though among a kindred people; hence the fights with the Carians and Leleges which the legends recount. But these were not conflicts with barbarians brought into contact with a new race and an entirely new civilization. In the activity of their European life, the adventurous Ionian colonists had made immense progress in civilization, it is true, and were far in advance of those they now found in the ancient home of the race; but the gods of that home were not strange to them; they attached themselves in their settlements to the ancient sanctuaries, and married the daughters of the land. When once the first shock of their aggression was over, the natives willingly submitted to the new order of things, and invaders and invaded coalesced as one people, with a readiness unintelligible except upon Curtius's theory of their identity of race. So these European emigrants came to Asia, —

"Greeks to Greeks, Ionians to their old home; but they came so transformed, so endowed with noble elements of culture, they brought with them so rich treasures of many-sided experience, that with their coming an epoch of the most fruitful excitement commenced, and from the union of the original kindred a development began in the old land of the Ionians, thoroughly national, but at the same time uncommonly advanced, rich, and in its results completely new." — p. 108.

But there was no renewal of the ancient separation of the two great races of Greece by the waters of the Ægean. Particularly in the Peloponnesus, Dorians united themselves to the movement, and colonies under their lead, continuing on the sea the same southerly direction which had characterized their migration by land, planted themselves in Cythera, in Crete, and to some extent on the southwestern shores of Asia Minor. Still earlier had the Achaians, fleeing from the south, met in Bœotia their Æolian brethren, and with them set out in the northernmost of the three great lines of migration. And now on the shores and islands of Asia Minor we find these different races settled in close proximity. So, too, on the other side of the Archipelago, ensues a like commingling. It is interesting to mark their several characteristics; —

"F cies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen, qualis decet esse sororum";—

and especially to notice how the "friction" of these noble races in their happy interaction "struck out the sparks of art and science."

Our readers will not fail to observe how widely Curtius's theory of the Ionians differs from that which has hitherto prevailed. Nor can they fail to appreciate and admire its beauty and simplicity, and the light it sheds where all before was darkness, — at least if they have such remembrances as we have from our college days, of headache and confusion worse confounded in the vain attempt to gain from the sources then accessible a clear notion of the Pelasgians, and of the early settlements and civilization of Greece in their ethnographical relations. We must regard this hypothesis as one of the happiest inspirations of genius; and, whatever exceptions may reasonably be taken to single details, we accept it in its general purport without hesitation, because it is probable and consistent with itself, — because it has the clearness and simplicity of truth, accounts satisfactorily for all the facts, and is confirmed by a thousand arguments from legends, literature, and all the various sources of history, whose force is none the less that they are often delicate and casual. It has already met with a favorable reception in the land of

scholars where it had its birth; and we believe it destined to remodel the statement of the early history of Hellas in all lands and for all time.

It would be an agreeable task to follow so clear a thinker and so fascinating a writer as Professor Curtius still further, through all the regions which his genius and learning have illuminated; but we must content ourselves with a mere allusion to a few of the original features of his work.

Of the legends of the Trojan war he gives us the first clear historical explanation, finding their only basis of fact in the Æolo-Achaian migration. The descendants of Achilles and Agamemnon, who sought new homes in the East, not content with Lesbos and a strip of coast, coveted, attacked, and gradually appropriated a large piece of the mainland. In this fillibustering enterprise, however, they met with a spirited resistance from the brave inhabitants of the Troad; not till after a long series of years and many a combat did they gain the mastery of the country, and they won its fertile fields inch by inch. To cheer and excite them in the wearisome struggle, their bards fabricated fables of the prowess of their ancestors on the same ground; here, before, had Achaian valor broken the might of Troy; here had the old heroes of their race won victories which they were themselves to emulate. That such songs should be framed is exactly in accordance, Curtius thinks, with the spirit of the people and the genius of epic ballad. The lively poetic sense of the Ionian neighbors of these adventurous Æolians was not slow to perceive the value of the rich material these ballads contained. They were passionately fond of song; they had developed their language to the highest flexibility, variety, and harmony, and could boast "the accomplishment of verse" above all other tribes. And so they took the ballads and wrought them into forms of immortal beauty. Here was it that Greece, on that Ionian strand, beheld the Iliad

> "Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea."

Here these exquisite lays were sung, as to this day the minstrels sing on the shores of the classic seas, and as we have heard the brave deeds of Bozzaris chanted in Nauplia to won-

dering and delighted crowds. Smyrna, where the most complete union of Æolians and Ionians had taken place, appears to have been a centre of this epic minstrelsy, and hence mythology gives the name of Meles, a small stream in its neighborhood, to the father of Homer.* The sympathy of these Ionians with their Trojan kinsmen, (for such Curtius is undoubtedly correct in pronouncing them,) appears in the higher civilization, the more refined and humane manners, which the poems attribute to the Trojans as contrasted with their foes.

In the history of the Peloponnesus, Curtius insists upon the importance of the præ-Dorian element, which maintained itself in the so-called Dorian state after the "return of the Heraclidæ." This is contrary to the general view made popular by Ottfried Müller, who, enamored of his Dorians, exaggerated their productiveness in matters of state and religion. The Ionian element remained influential in the revolutionized states, particularly in Sicyon, Corinth, Megara, and Argos,

* Curtius does not enter into the vexed question of the personality of Homer. His theory is not inconsistent with such personality, which is best defended on the supposition of a formative ballad period antecedent, and a poet of constructive genius afterwards arising, Shakespeare-like, to fuse the materials, and create the symmetrical, glorious whole.

To the historic character of the myth of the Trojan war, as told in the Iliad, Curtius objects, that its features in general are not individual and characteristic, but such as must repeat themselves in every similar contest; while all that is peculiar and individual points to the Æolo-Achaian colonization. Thus the departure from Aulis cannot be explained on the supposition that a prince ruling peacefully in Argos was the leader of the expedition; such a man would have assembled his fleet in the Argolic Gulf; the coast of Aulis was, however, the natural meeting-place for these emigrants from the north and south. Moreover, it must have been this same migration, and not the command of the king of a city, which united the two widely separated branches of the Achaians, the Thessalian Myrmidons and the Peloponnesians; and all that is told of the rivalry of the two leaders, and of the quarrels between Agamemnon and Achilles for booty, marks the time when the descendants of these Achaian princes met in their wanderings. We are led to the same result by the many reminiscences of other battles, interspersed throughout the Trojan traditions, but unconnected with the abduction of Helen; — the long land and sea expeditions of Achilles; the conquests of Tenedos, Lesbos, Lyrnesos, Thebæ, Pedasos; the coming, going, and returning of the besiegers; — all indications of a long-continued period of warfare, a conquest of territory extending from place to place, a forcible establishment in the country. The older lays, moreover, tell us only of fights on Trojan soil; all the tales of the return of the heroes to European Greece belong to later extensions of the tradition.

and, quickened at length by reviving commerce and the consequent reception of Asiatic influences, broke the Dorian fetters, and sprang to power in those tyrannies which form so important a feature in this part of Greek history. The reader will particularly notice the new light in which Pheidon of Argos appears.

In a chapter full of life and interest Curtius gives a glowing picture of the commercial activity and the colonizing movements of the early Greeks. He recognizes the historical significance of the myth of Æneas, and reveals the importance of the Greek settlements in Libya in their influence both on Carthage and on Egypt. It was upon the Grecian population and influence that the power of Psammetichus was founded. Wars originating in commercial rivalry have hitherto been unsuspected in the early history of Hellas; but our author shows plainly that the Lelantine war between Chalcis and Eretria, alluded to by Thucydides and Herodotus, was of this character. The general civilization of the nation is portrayed in miniature in the chapter on "Greek Unity," in which the importance of Delphi as the intellectual centre of Greece is set forth more fully than by any former writer, and the whole activity of the people, in their civil and social institutions, colonization, education, architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry, is shown to have been to a wonderful extent inspired and directed by religious feeling, under the guidance especially of the priests of Apollo. New light is thrown, finally, upon the relations of the Lydians with the Greeks; and in regarding the Mermnades as a race belonging to the Grecian coast, their whole policy receives a simple explanation.

The success of Professor Curtius's work in Germany is shown by the fact that early in this year a second edition of three thousand copies was called for and published, before the second volume had been written. England and America will not long suffer such a book to remain untranslated. Meantime scholars acquainted with the German language — happily not few in number in this country — will find the original most delightful as well as instructive reading. It bears throughout the impress of a noble and catholic spirit, alive to

all generous impulses, and endowed with all an Ionian's sensitiveness of taste. We confess to feeling a peculiar charm in the delicate beauty of the style, the clearness of the thought, the harmony of the whole composition. As we read the eloquent page, imagination carries us back to the author's old lecture-room in Berlin, — we mark again the fine enthusiasm with which that face was lighted, — again we listen to the music of that rich and harmonious voice.

ART. IX. — *Climatology of the United States, and of the Temperate Latitudes of the North American Continent.* By LORIN BLODGET. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1857. — XVII. *Permanence of Climate.* — XVIII. *Physical Constants.* — XIX. *Climate of the Northwestern Districts.*

CIRCUMSTANCES have led us to an examination of the topics placed at the head of this article. They are the captions of the last three sections of the large work on the "Climatology of the United States," which we have already noticed.* The first and third we shall more particularly consider, because the subjects have a stronger interest for the general reader. They may prove a not unapt introduction to the consideration of the climatic facts, and the reasonings and illustrations, which make up the work itself.

The permanence of climate in a country is a subject of importance chiefly in a scientific view. Practically, it has less interest, because the changes, if there are any, are confessedly of very slow development. With all the fluctuations, there is a middle range to which there is seen to be a constant tendency. More extended observations have increased the force of this conviction in the educated and thinking. Two wide-

* Concerning this book the Baron von Humboldt writes to the author as follows: "The work by itself, in a scientific aspect, is conceived in views the most proper thoroughly to reach the causes so various of the distribution of heat on the coast and west of the Alleghanies."

spread and popular errors on this point appear now to be corrected, or generally abandoned. The first is the opinion of some scientific men, that the climate of the temperate zone has been growing milder in Europe and America; and the second is the belief of the common people, and of a few thinkers, that the climate is becoming more severe, and less favorable to life and happiness. Both are exploded by the system of climatic averages deduced from the multitude of observations over the Northern hemisphere, and by the vast amount of historic records on climatic facts and vegetable products. To these our author appeals as "the results of observation and historical citation," and regards them as decisive proof. The argument at this day is held to be entirely satisfactory. The conclusion accords with the language of an old authority: "While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

In opposition to both these errors the most powerful work was the dissertation of Noah Webster, published by the Connecticut Academy in 1806, "On the Supposed Change in the Temperature of Winter." The views of Dr. Williams in his "History of Vermont," and of Mr. Jefferson in his "Notes on Virginia," as well as of Buffon, Gibbon, and others in Europe, on the amelioration of climate, seemed to be annihilated by his argument. He proved by extracts from a host of authors, German, Saxon, Latin, and Greek, that the grape, fig, olive, orange, date, and the common cereals, flourished in the open air, without protection, at the same northern latitude in the time of Julius Cæsar as they did in 1800; that in our country the same fact holds true of the native productions, from its first settlement to the present; that very severe winters occur, occasionally, in recent as in ancient times, and were then, as now, the exception, and not the rule; and that they are, as they were, attended by a general freezing of waters in the sounds, bays, harbors, and rivers. He shows, too, that the clearing of forests and the cultivation of a country extend the heat of autumn into winter, and cause, by the greater freezing of the earth, the winter to extend its power later into the spring, so that the general temperature of the year is un-

changed. The settlement of our new territory has afforded constant proof of these two positions, and the facts are equally certain as to other particulars in Europe and Asia at the present day. We may acquiesce in the general opinion of philosophers, that the average heat of the globe, and hence of its climate, cannot have changed more than a small fraction of a degree for the last two thousand years, if indeed from the time Adam was placed upon the earth. Considerable strength was added to this argument by the collection of authorities on the same point by Dr. Forry, to which only a mere reference need be made.

Permanence of climate depends on the permanent power of its modifying cause, — the sun's rays. If the heat of the sun is sent forth with the light in the same constant flow to the earth, as is in the highest degree probable, "all the changes we observe are periodic as belonging to the day and the year, and non-periodic in all other cases," so that rain and the humidity of the atmosphere, depending on the temperature, must also be permanent. To determine the intensity of the solar rays in all the periodic changes, is a great object. This has been attempted with most interesting success in the essay published in the "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge." * The fundamental principle of the investigation is, "that the intensity of the sun's rays, like gravitation, varies inversely as the square of the distance," the well-known "geometrical consequence of the divergence of the rays." The intensity also is to be "referred to the exterior limit of the atmosphere which surrounds the globe," as the atmosphere slightly modifies the action of the solar heat. The intensity will vary for several periodic reasons.

1. From the ellipticity of the earth's orbit.

The ratio of the sun's intensity in equal times, at the mean distance, perihelion, and aphelion, is given as the numbers 1,000, 1,034, and 967. The amount of heat received in any given time "*is exactly proportional to the true longitude described*" *in that time.* From this law, which had been before demon-

* "On the Relative Intensity of the Heat and Light of the Sun upon different Latitudes of the Earth." By L. W. Meech, A. M. Vol. IX. Art. I. 1856. This dissertation was passing through the press at the same time as the Climatology.

strated, it follows that the "earth does not receive equal increments of light and heat in equal times." It follows, also, that the whole globe receives in each of the four seasons equal intensities of heat, for in each of these the sun describes a quarter of a circle in longitude.

The difference of intensity at perihelion and aphelion amounts to one fifteenth of the former quantity,—no inconsiderable part. Is this difference perceptible? As the perihelion occurs about the 1st of January, when the cold is increasing from the southern declination of the sun, this difference is not noticed north of the equator; but as this time is summer in the southern hemisphere, and occurs just after the longest day there, the intensity of the heat becomes, on the plains of Australia, excessive beyond what we of the northern hemisphere ever experience.* Mr. Merriam, so well known by his meteorological observations, had an associate last year in Australia, who reported on his return, some time since, that in the first ten days of February the temperature rose, at midday, and under a clear sky, to 120°, 130°, and at the highest to 146°. The place of observation was in latitude 37° 48′ south, and longitude 144° 57′ east, in the southern part of Australia. Mr. Merriam adds, that many years ago, on an intensely hot day, named in the local tradition Black Thursday, men and cattle took refuge in the water. In order to produce, then, such high temperature, the latitude of the place must be considerably south of the southern tropic. A glance at the map of the world shows why no such high temperature is to be expected in the southern part of Africa or of South America. Notwithstanding what we have said, Dove found, by a comparison of observations in the opposite hemispheres, that the mean temperature of June in one is considerably greater than that of December in the other, although this last month is near the perihelion. For this singular fact he assigned the reason to be "the greater quantity of land in the northern hemisphere exposed to the rays of the sun at the summer solstice." This reason Herschel approved.

The difference from ellipticity does not affect the heat of

* Herschel's Outlines of Astronomy, new edition, p. 196.

the seasons, because the velocity of the earth is greater in perihelion and less in aphelion, and varies with the intensity. The sum of the intensities of heat is the same over the earth, for summer and winter. As the intensity is greater for the southern hemisphere, it has eight days' less time for its summer; and as the heat of the northern summer has less power, it has eight days' longer time. The compensation is complete. Spring and autumn would not be affected by the ellipticity in either hemisphere.

As the perihelion advances nearly twelve seconds in a year, in the order of the months, it will occur in June about fifty-four thousand years hence, when the superior intensity of the sun from this cause will be changed to the northern hemisphere, and be greatest about the summer solstice. The probability of much change of climate from ellipticity, in the past or the future, is small. For the whole surface of the earth, and for a hundred thousand years, it would not make a difference in temperature of two thousandths of a degree. This theory sustains the conclusion from other grounds of argument already noticed.

2. The intensity of the sun's heat varies on account of the obliquity of the rays, and this obliquity changes during the hours of the day, and the days of the different seasons. If the sun's daily motion were only in the equator, the rays would fall in a perpendicular to the earth's surface only on the equator. Owing to the obliquity of the ecliptic, the sun is vertical twice in the year to all places within the tropics. This materially modifies the intensity of the sun's rays on the north of the equator and on the south. Taking any day, it is shown that the "*sun's intensity at any instant is proportional to the sine of the sun's altitude.*" It obviously begins in the morning, and gradually increases with the elevation, unless counteracted by other causes, till it reaches a maximum at noon, and then declines. Halley first proved the law just announced. From this law, by a very ingenious method, Mr. Meech derives the *hourly* and the *diurnal* intensity of the sun. At the equinox, the diurnal intensity for all places is shown to be *proportional to the cosine of the latitude of the place.* If the equinoxes have the mean temperature between the ex-

tremes of heat and cold in summer and winter, as is probable, then the same ratio would hold in relation to the annual mean at the equator, namely, that the annual mean temperature at any latitude *varies as the cosine of the latitude of the place.* This is Brewster's well-known law, as stated by Mr. Meech.

Some very interesting results are deduced by Mr. Meech from the diurnal intensity at different latitudes, on the same day. The relative intensities are given in relative numbers for the following latitudes, all taken from his table.

Thus, on June 15th, near the summer solstice, the diurnal intensity at the equator, or

Latitude	0° is 72.0,	Latitude	60° is 88.8,
"	20° " 85.2,	"	80° " 96.1,
"	40° " 90.1,	"	90° " 97.6.

At the summer solstice the sun is vertical at the tropic, and its rays there fall with their full intensity; but either north or south of this, obliquely, and with less force. But the length of the day at the equator is twelve hours, and increases northwards, so that in latitude 20° the day is 13.2 hours; in latitude 40°, 14.8 hours; in latitude $66\frac{1}{2}°$, 24 hours; and at the pole, six months. Though the obliquity of the sun's rays increases towards the north, the length of the day increases in a greater ratio, so that the sum of the intensities at the pole is greater, as seen above, than at any latitude towards the equator; and this is shown to exceed that of the equator by one fourth, as at the pole the sun shines continuously for six months, and at the equator only for twelve hours. Mr. Meech proves, also, that between May 10th and August 3d, on which two days the sun's declination is 17° 40′, the "sun's vertical intensity over the north pole is greater than upon the equator."

This result comports with the fact of the greater heat of summer in more northern latitudes than towards the equator for several hours about and after midday, but it is not the only reason. There is another well-known consideration, namely, the increase of the heat for a time after the maximum intensity has passed at noon. In the temperate lati-

tudes, the heat of summer days, other things being the same, increases till two, and even till nearly three, in the afternoon. It is obvious that, for the first hours after noon, the increment of heat must be the same as for the first and second hours before twelve, as in both cases more heat is received by the earth than is given off; and this must continue till the balance turns.

The application of similar reasoning to the seasons has long been the solution of the increase of the temperature of summer for more than a month after the summer solstice, and of the greatest cold of winter for the same period after the sun has touched the southern tropic.

As the obliquity of the ecliptic slowly changes, and is less now than two thousand years ago, the sun was formerly vertical at the solstice a little farther north than now. But time fails us to follow the results of this change.

Interesting as are the conclusions of this admirable investigation, we have now come to the condition in which the time of the greatest heat of the day, or of summer, must be resolved by actual observations with the thermometer; for on these, climatology has been dependent for the greater part of its advancement, and to these there must still be constant resort. So varying are the circumstances, that only this instrument can show the hour of greatest heat in the day, or the time of it in summer, or of the least heat or coldest part of winter.

These *periodic* changes, with some of the modifications incidentally noticed, show to every one the difficulty of ascertaining the physical constants. A long series of extended observations over the northern hemisphere will be required; and even then, so many are the causes of variation, local and general, it may demand different series of constants for different countries, different hours, and different seasons. Many very curious facts in this discussion will convince one of the magnitude of the work to be accomplished. The necessity of hourly observations, day and night, with the careful noting of all related phenomena, increases before the mind, laborious as such observations ever have been and must be. Probably the difference in the times of taking the observations enhances the other difficulty immeasurably.

When will observers agree universally to take the hours which lead to the best results? The union of such a multitude of observers over our great country in the use of the three hours 7 A. M., 2 P. M., and 9 P. M., at all the military posts and where observations are taken for the Smithsonian Institution, is a scientific wonder of great promise. Obvious as are the advantages of this plan, have all the meteorologists adopted it?

The last topic discussed in the Climatology is the "Climate of the Northwestern Districts." Lieutenant Warren says, "Though the western prairie of Nebraska is not much inferior to that of corresponding meridians in Kanzas and Northern Texas, there is no disguising the fact, that a great portion of it is an irreclaimable desert, with only a little wood and cultivable land along the streams." Again he says, "Without doubt, these regions will yet be inhabited by civilized man." Our author contends that the explorations contain abundant evidence of the high value of this large area for settlement and cultivation. In respect to temperature this is clear. But "the quantity of rain is not less important than the measure of heat to all the purposes of occupation," and the author admits that "for the plains east of the Rocky Mountains there may reasonably be some doubt as to the sufficiency" of rain. This refers especially to the facts about "the Bad Lands and the coteaus of the Missouri," and covers that area of which Lieutenant Warren has given the results in his Letter to Senator Jones.* The following facts are taken from this letter. Nebraska contains 230,000 square miles, about 150,000 of which have been in a degree explored by Lieutenant Warren. A line drawn from Fort Randall, on the Missouri, near longitude 97°, on this meridian, through Fort Kearny, on Platte River, to Kanzas, will have the greater portion of the arable land on its east side, as well as the wooded parts on Elk-Horn River and on Platte or Nebraska River. This is a very small portion of the territory. The Sand Hills and the Bad Lands lie on the west of the upper part of this line and still farther

* Letter of Lieutenant G. K. Warren, Topographical Engineer, to the Hon. George W. Jones, relative to his Explorations of Nebraska Territory. With a Map of the Territory. Washington. 1858.

north, — a desolate country. Farther north still, and on the east side of the territory, lie the Black Hills, and the nearly level plains around them, well covered with pines, — the country of the Dakotas, a large and brave tribe of hostile Indians. Living as these do by hunting, that part of Nebraska, consisting at least of many thousand square miles, cannot be a very poor and plantless country.

The two causes operating to make a large tract of the territory, from one to two hundred miles in extent, an irreclaimable desert, are poverty of soil, and the deficiency of water, — very adequate causes of a desert anywhere. The deficiency of water is admitted by Mr. Blodget; and it may extend over a wider tract than his data show. Still, looking at the map given by Lieutenant Warren, the eastern, northern, and western portions seem to abound with rivers. Thus the Missouri is the eastern boundary, into which empty several large and long tributaries from the Territory. After following up the Missouri, west of north from latitude 40° to latitude 48°, we find this river coming from a nearly western course across the northern part of Nebraska, from longitude 101° to longitude 112°, receiving at Fort Union, in latitude 48°, longitude 104°, the Yellowstone from the southwest, a tributary of great length, and fed by streams from two to three hundred miles long, one of which rises in latitude 43°; and at Fort Benton, longitude 110½°, the Missouri receives another considerable stream from the far south among the mountains. In the southern part of the Territory, the Platte or Nebraska River enters the Missouri at latitude 41°, coming from the far west, and like the Missouri from west of longitude 112°, and having its channel between the parallels of latitude 40½° and 42½°, along a fertile valley, with abundant tributaries to water the southern part of this great Territory. On this river Lieutenant Warren places the chief line of western travel and emigration from the Missouri to the more fertile regions west of that desolate part of the Nebraska Territory. At Fort Laramie, on the Platte, in latitude 42° 12′ and longitude 104° 47′, where the beautiful Laramie, flowing from the southwest, unites with it, the country is specially commended by Lieutenant Warren to the attention of the government.

This is sufficient to satisfy us that the time has not yet come to settle the question of the value of this part of the United States, and especially of the regions farther west and south. In Nebraska Territory dwell powerful hordes of Indians, of several tribes; great herds of buffalo roam over its plains and mountain-studded valleys; in some parts, elk, deer, and other wild animals abound. To say nothing of the instincts of the Indians and of their judicious selection of their dwelling-places, certainly the animals swarming over that great country must have an extraordinary power of vitality if they live and propagate so abundantly in regions sandy, desolate, barren, and "where no water is." Indeed, a glance at the course of the Missouri and its larger tributaries shows great provision for the conveyance of the floods from the hills and valleys, and the tortuous windings of the river for thousands of miles indicate its fitness and design to restore to the atmosphere, by evaporation, a large portion of its waters, to give freshness and verdure and life to various portions of the country. Other explorers speak of the capacity of that Western world in language not altogether depreciatory of its value. One thing is true, at least, that thus far the emigrants have found the country superior to the estimate of its agricultural and mineral advantages.

The language of Lieutenant R. Saxton, U. S. A., is definite and full. He had explored the route of the Columbia valley nearly eastward to Fort Benton, on the head-waters of the Missouri, latitude 47° 50′ and longitude 110° 36′. Before crossing the dividing ridge of the Rocky Mountains, from which the waters flow westward into the Pacific and eastward into the Atlantic, the highest point of the ridge being 4,724 feet above the Pacific at Fort Vancouver, he says:* "I find that my previous ideas of the Rocky Mountain range were, so far as this section is concerned, entirely erroneous. Instead of a vast pile of rocks and mountains, almost impassable, I found a fine country, well watered by streams of clear cold water, and interspersed with meadows of

* Explorations for a Railroad Route from the Mississippi River to the Pacific. Vol. I. Lieutenant Saxton's Report, pp. 281–283, in Governor Stevens's Report of the Route on the 47th and 49th Parallels of Latitude.

most luxuriant grass." And again, "Through a magnificent country, fitted to support a numerous population of civilized men." Before reaching Fort Union in the northwestern part of Nebraska Territory, for days, Lieutenant Saxton describes the abundance of game, as "buffalo, bear, elk, and black-tailed deer," says that no country "can boast a greater profusion of game," and soon adds, "innumerable herds of buffalo cows, in many places extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach." Another explorer reports similar herds of buffalo in that section of Nebraska Territory, at a later period. There must be luxuriant vegetation, with a fine soil under it, well watered, on which civilized man will find a rich and happy home. Admitting the existence of a large irreclaimable desert in Nebraska Territory, and the smaller deserts reported in some of the explorations farther south and west, there is still a vast country of great value, from which these deserts cannot exclude the enterprise and energy of Americans.

ART. X.—*The Life and Labors of the* REV. T. H. GALLAUDET, LL. D. By REV. HEMAN HUMPHREY, D. D. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. 1857. 12mo. pp. 440.

THE story of active philanthropy is ever interesting, and many a schoolboy has read with delight the lives of comforters of human sorrow, from John Howard to Florence Nightingale. But in the whole range of biography we seldom meet with a more interesting narrative than that of Thomas H. Gallaudet. His labors were neither in jails nor in military hospitals, but chiefly with the deaf and dumb, whose woes at first sight would appear more utterly irremediable than those of chained felons or mangled soldiers.

Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was born in Philadelphia on the 10th of December, 1787. He came of a Huguenot family, originally settled in the city of Rochelle, France, his great-grandfather, Peter Elihu Gallaudet, having emigrated to this country

a short time prior to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. When Thomas was quite young, his parents removed from Philadelphia to Hartford, where he grew up, giving early promise of more than ordinary success in life. He appeared singularly adapted by nature for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, which vocation he afterward pursued with such eminent ability, and we find one of his first compositions to be "A Reverie" regarding languages, and speculations as to the possibility of inventing some universal language, which, although a plan that has occupied many profound minds, has as yet proved abortive. He was fitted for Yale College in the Hartford Grammar School, and entered the Sophomore Class in the autumn of 1802, when fourteen years of age, — quite too young, as he afterwards thought. He was a universal favorite, while in his studies he was remarkably systematic. He displayed a strong taste for mathematics, and in English composition had no equal in his class. He graduated in 1805 with the highest honors, and soon entered the office of Hon. Chauncey Goodrich, one of the most distinguished lawyers in Hartford, with whom he applied himself diligently to legal studies. But law, although offering many attractions to his mind, was not destined to be his profession. His health failed before one year of study had elapsed, and he accepted the post of tutor in Yale College at the end of the second. He discharged the duties of his tutorship with honor to his College and himself for two years, devoting his leisure hours to English composition and literature, and acquiring a pure and transparent style. On leaving his Alma Mater for the second time, his health demanded active service, and by a large commercial house in New York he was offered a business commission which took him over the Alleghany Mountains, the journey invigorating his constitution, and proving profitable to his employers. Soon after his return he entered a counting-room, probably intending to devote his life to trade; but, in the language of the work under review: —

"This was not the will of Providence. God had more important work for him to do; a work for which he was better qualified, we believe, than any other young man whose services could have been

secured. The great and only deficiency was, he had not yet given his heart to God. And just here it was that the Holy Spirit interposed to supply the deficiency; opened his eyes to his guilty and lost condition, and, as he tremblingly hoped, brought him out of darkness into the light and liberty of the Gospel. He soon after made a public profession of his faith in Christ, and united with the First Congregational Church in Hartford, under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Nathan Strong." — p. 24.

In 1811 he entered the Andover Theological Seminary, passed through the prescribed course of studies, and took his diploma at the anniversary in 1814. Now opens the most useful and interesting part of Gallaudet's life. He was fitted to preach, and did preach, but the ministry was not to be his special mission, more than the law or commerce. About this time he became very much interested in the case of Alice Cogswell, a deaf mute about ten years of age, whose misfortune had been caused by an attack of spotted fever when she was two years old. The house of her father, Dr. Cogswell, adjoined Gallaudet's, and he thus had frequent opportunities of seeing the little mute. His benevolent disposition was deeply stirred by the unfortunate condition of his young friend, and he soon discovered that he was better able than any one else to communicate with her by signs. He taught her the names of persons and things by simple sentences, and these favorable beginnings induced her friends to hope that eventually she might be taught to read and write. Her father in the mean time was of course much interested in the system of instruction for the deaf and dumb as practised in Europe, and among other works which he perused was one by the Abbé Sicard, the pupil and successor of the celebrated Abbé de l'Epée, and who perfected the sign language. Dr. Cogswell supposed that he would be obliged to send his daughter abroad for the needful tuition, as there was then no institution in this country for the instruction of mutes, and not a single individual who understood the foreign system. On further examination of the subject, it was found that a much greater number of the deaf and dumb were living in Connecticut than any one had imagined, and it was believed that enough might be found in the New England States to form a very large school. A number of benevolent individuals at once inter-

ested themselves in the project; but in the first place it was necessary that some one should visit Europe in order to qualify himself thoroughly for the task of instruction. Mr. Gallaudet was at once looked to as the man, and indeed no one else appears to have been thought of.

"His fine education, gentlemanly manners, attractive social qualities, philosophical turn of mind, undoubted piety, and growing sympathy for the large class of deaf mutes, wholly uncared for in this country, recommended him as pre-eminently qualified for the task of pouring the light of a new being into their dark minds." — p. 29.

Attached to the ministry, he hesitated for a short time about assuming this new responsibility; but at length accepting the call, he was furnished with letters of introduction to many of the most distinguished philanthropists in Great Britain, as well as to the principals of the Deaf and Dumb schools in London and Edinburgh. He sailed from New York for Liverpool on the 25th of May, 1815, and arrived at his destination after a pleasant passage of thirty days. It was hoped and expected that Mr. Gallaudet's high testimonials would at once give him free access to the London and Edinburgh schools, in order that he might in a short time qualify himself for the office of teacher, and return to his own country; but in this he was greatly disappointed. To an American for the first time going abroad, there is much in the European system of rigid exclusion which is peculiarly annoying. In his own free land he is at perfect liberty to visit, without showing passports or demanding permits, all the government buildings, its bureaus of state, treasury, army, and navy, its mints, arsenals, dockyards, patent-office, its legislative chambers, and President's house. In the same spirit, nearly all private establishments are open to his inspection. But in Europe he finds many objects of interest closed to him entirely, and for many more which he is allowed to see a permit is required, for which he is not infrequently made to pay, and, what is far more trying to an American, to wait also. Some of the picture-galleries, museums, and palaces are alone exceptions. It is also frequently remarked, that the professedly despotic governments, as France, Russia, Austria, and Naples, offer fewer barriers to the researches of an intelli-

gent traveller than England. There is in our mother country an inveterate prejudice against innovation, a blind reverence for old forms of red-tapism simply because they are old. The English people reform slowly, less on account of their dislike of imitating the improvements of other nations, than from the fear of destroying the prestige of some feudal custom.

Greatly to his sorrow, Mr. Gallaudet now found that, although the schools of England and Scotland were private establishments, whose proprietors with one or two exceptions treated him courteously, they had bound themselves by rules and restrictions which virtually shut him out. They would receive him only on condition of his entering the lowest class as a pupil, to pass regularly through a course of three years. With such a requirement he was unwilling to comply, believing that he could thoroughly possess himself of the system of instruction in a much shorter time. He asked that he might be admitted to the London school for a few weeks only, on trial. His application was peremptorily refused; he must serve three years or not at all. He passed six weeks in London in anxious suspense, referred by teachers to committees, and by committees back to teachers, the spirit manifested towards him being, to say the least, narrow and illiberal. He could, after all his efforts, only obtain leave to join the London school for one month on trial; but after that he must serve as assistant teacher for three years, unless the principal, Dr. Watson, saw fit to release him sooner as thoroughly qualified. This placed him entirely in Dr. Watson's power, and he determined to apply in other quarters. So wholly devoted was he to his philanthropic purpose, that he scarce allowed himself any time for sight-seeing. To his active mind and cultivated taste the picture and sculpture galleries, the museums and libraries of London, would have offered inexhaustible pleasures. But, with stern self-denial, he saw little of these, his whole time in the vast metropolis being busied with the great cause of his mission, while his thoughts turned fondly homeward upon those whose miseries he longed to alleviate.

He left London on the 24th of August, 1815, and three

days afterward reached Edinburgh. Here he was beset by the same difficulties which had baffled his efforts in the Southern capital. He became at once anxious to depart for Paris, where he could meet the Abbé Sicard, but decided to delay his journey for a few months on account of the unsettled state of France. The great events which had followed the battle of Waterloo on the 18th of June, the flight, surrender, and exile of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons, took place just at the period of his arrival in England, and he wisely judged it inexpedient to visit the Continent until the new, or rather ancient, order of things should be fully established. He therefore remained in Edinburgh until the 12th of February, 1816. His sojourn in England and Scotland made him acquainted with many distinguished men and women, who took a kind interest in his mission, and among those with whom he formed friendships may be mentioned Josiah Roberts, Robert Hall, Zachary Macaulay, father of the great historian, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Thomas Brown, Dr. Chalmers, Mrs. Grant, and Hannah More.

At length Mr. Gallaudet reached Paris, on the 9th of March, 1816, bearing a letter from Mr. Macaulay to the Abbé Sicard. The Abbé, in strong contrast with the Scotch and English teachers, received him in the most cordial manner, promised him every facility, and was as good as his word. Mr. Gallaudet at once entered upon a regular course as pupil, and, notwithstanding his imperfect knowledge of the French language, made such rapid progress, that in three months, instead of three years, he had so far mastered the system as to be prepared to return to the United States, and place himself at the head of the proposed deaf-mute asylum. But as the branch of instruction for which he was now qualified was entirely new in America, and more than one teacher would be required for a successful beginning, it was necessary for him to find some competent assistant. One of the Abbé Sicard's principal aids was M. Laurent Clerc, and, after some little negotiation, Mr. Gallaudet induced him to leave his native land, and go to America in his company, to become a teacher in the asylum. This gentleman is still attached to the institution in Hartford, where we saw him but a short

time since, and held with him a long blackboard conversation, both in our bad French and in his good English.

While Mr. Gallaudet was pursuing his inquiries and studies in Europe, the friends of the asylum were taking active steps to insure its success. In May, 1816, the Legislature of Connecticut granted an act of incorporation, the institution being styled "The Connecticut Asylum for the Education of Deaf and Dumb Persons." It could not, however, at once be opened, as it required some months to collect funds, and also to enlighten the public mind as to the practicability of the undertaking. Mr. Gallaudet on his return visited several of our large cities with this double object. He was eminently successful, as he inspired confidence wherever he went, and on the 20th of April, 1817, the asylum was opened. At first, only seven pupils were entered; but before the end of the year, so successful was the experiment, that the number increased to thirty-three, and applications for admission came from all quarters. Thus, notwithstanding the grant from the Legislature of five thousand dollars, the directors had not sufficient funds to provide for those indigent mutes whose friends were unable to meet the cost of supporting them, and this sum was afterward expended in educating the needy pupils of the State alone. The principal building being completed and occupied, it was dedicated on the 22d of May, 1821, on which occasion Mr. Gallaudet delivered an interesting and impressive discourse. Meanwhile the institution had continued to prosper, in the autumn of 1818 containing between fifty and sixty pupils. The salaries of the teachers, however, and other school expenses, much exceeded the income from tuition, and as charitable subscriptions could not always be relied on, it was determined to petition Congress for a grant of money or of land from the public domain. The petition, being drawn up and presented, was warmly advocated by the Connecticut delegation, and among others who greatly interested themselves in its favor was Mr. Clay, then Speaker of the House of Representatives. The reception and success of the petition present a striking contrast to the fate of that of Miss Dix, whose land-bill for the benefit of the insane was vetoed by the late President. A grant of twenty-

three thousand acres of land was obtained, the avails of which have constituted a large fund. Between the years 1825 and 1830, the number of pupils increased from seventy to one hundred and forty, and Mr. Gallaudet had the satisfaction of seeing the institution placed upon a permanent basis, and continuing to enlarge its charities year by year. Not only did he give daily his personal aid in the arduous task of teaching, but, in order more effectually to inform a generous public of the progress of deaf-mute instruction, he visited most of the principal towns of New England with some of his pupils, giving such exhibitions as he thought were demanded to secure general confidence.

Mr. Gallaudet's incessant labors gradually wore upon his health, which at length imperatively demanded his resignation as principal of the asylum, and, after twelve years of most active service, a sense of duty to himself and to his family, as well as to the institution, induced him to tender his resignation to the Board on the 25th of April, 1830, and it was accepted. But although his official connection with the school was at an end, he never ceased to feel the deepest interest in its prosperity; nor did he until the end of his days manifest less sympathy with many other benevolent associations. We must hurriedly pass over his connections with these, as the limits of this article will not permit us to enlarge upon them, and at the same time to refer again, as we purpose, to the subject of deaf-mute education. As soon as it was known that his duties with the asylum were about to cease, he received communications from philanthropic individuals and institutions in many quarters. He had always displayed a warm feeling in favor of the American Colonization Society, and he at once received solicitations from the officers of different branches in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pensylvania, to accept the office of agent, which, however, he felt obliged to decline, as well as that of principal of the New England Asylum for the Blind. His fame had gone abroad, and the trustees of this institution were exceedingly anxious that he should take charge of it, even before he left his post at Hartford. He also received pressing invitations from the New York University, Dartmouth College, the

Oneida Institute, the Utica Female Seminary, the High School of Burlington, New Jersey, the New York High School, the Cincinnati Seminary, and many others.

It does not appear that Mr. Gallaudet had any fixed plan when he left the asylum beyond a strong desire to write books for children. Busy as he continued to be in his various avocations, he found time to write many of these, as well as numerous contributions on his favorite topic of deaf-mute instruction, for magazines, reviews, and the journals of the day. Eight years thus passed, and in 1838 he was solicited to accept the post of chaplain to the Insane Hospital at Worcester. Unwilling to leave his home, he declined the invitation, but a few months afterwards accepted the same office at the Retreat in Hartford. Here he greatly interested himself in the condition of the insane, and, in the same benevolent spirit which he displayed in every action of his life, he thoroughly examined systems and modes of treatment, and made many valuable suggestions for the happiness and improvement of the victims of mental disease. His duties were faithfully performed until the summer of 1851, although his health had sensibly failed for some time previous. In July of that year he was attacked with dysentery, from which he never recovered. He lingered until the 10th of September, and then peacefully closed his pure, faithful, and earnest life. In Hartford his death was deplored as a public calamity, and no funeral ceremony could ever have gathered together a company of more sincere mourners than the deaf-mutes who shared in his obsequies.

The art of instruction for the deaf and dumb is almost entirely the result of the philanthropy of modern times. Before the Abbé de l'Epée, various attempts had been made, but rather as a matter of philosophical experiment than in any well-grounded hope of success. The fate of those unfortunate beings, who from birth had been destitute of the sense of hearing, or who had lost it in infancy before the age of articulation, and consequently became dumb also, was peculiarly hard. Their minds were suffered to remain without culture, they were left to themselves, and shut out from the society of rational beings. Such unnatural prejudices were

formed against them, that in some countries it was the custom to destroy all infants who at three years of age remained incapable of speech and hearing. Even in France, the country in which deaf-mute instruction afterward most rapidly advanced, the birth of such children was accounted a family disgrace. Their animal existence was alone regarded; they were rigidly secluded in some convent or asylum, left to the tender mercies of unfeeling keepers; and, all desire of improvement being repressed, they gradually grew into the idiots they were deemed, and, if naturally gifted even with the powers of Shakespeare or Leibnitz, sank in time to the condition of brutes.

One of the first experimenters in deaf-mute instruction was Pedro de Ponce, a Benedictine monk of Leon, who lived about the middle of the sixteenth century. John Bonet, also a Spaniard, published the first known work on the subject, in 1620. It was accompanied by a manual alphabet, from which the one now in use in Europe and America was derived. Other laborers followed, but little was done to attract public attention until the Abbé de l'Epée devoted his life to the relief of the unfortunate deaf and dumb. He was born in 1712 at Versailles, and was educated by his father, the king's architect, during an irreligious age, in the fear of God, and taught to love his neighbor as himself. He entered the Church, but, being a Jansenist, met with much persecution, and remained poor to the end of his days. His benevolent spirit was ever zealous in its offices of charity, but it appears that accident first led him to the great work which became the chief object of his life. Two sisters who were deaf and dumb resided with their mother in Paris. De l'Epée had occasion to call at their house, when, learning that the mother was absent, he addressed some questions to the young ladies, and was surprised at receiving no answer to anything he said. The mother soon returned, and explained the apparent rudeness by a detail of their infirmity; farther informing him that a kind friend, Father Fanin, had attempted to give them some instruction, but had died before his labors were crowned with success. De l'Epée at once was interested for the poor women, and set himself to work in the endeavor to invent

some mode of communication with them. After long reflection, it struck him that language is but an assemblage of the signs, in the same manner as drawings are the representations, of numerous objects. He also remembered the principle laid down by his tutor, a good metaphysician, "that there is no more natural connection between metaphysical ideas and the articulated sounds which strike the ear, than between these same ideas and the written characters which strike the eye." Why might he not therefore frame a language of gestures, as signs to meet the eye, to serve instead of a language of words? In his essays with his pupils he met with many disappointments. He showed them letters which he taught them to imitate, but nothing like ideas reached their minds; the teaching was purely mechanical. He had indeed invented gestures to correspond with every sound in the language; but the medium of communication was still wanting, and he was as if striving to teach a language by a grammar in that same language, every syllable of which was unknown to the pupils. He taught them at length even to transcribe whole pages of abstruse disquisitions, but appears to have deceived himself as to the real amount of knowledge he imparted. He was in truth somewhat in the position of Egyptologists, prior to the decipherment of hieroglyphics; he had discovered the Rosetta stone of the deaf-mute language, but it was reserved for the Abbé Sicard fully to explain its meaning and to render it intelligible to others. The language of De l'Epée himself, on complimenting Sicard for his improvements on his own system, was, "Mon ami, j'ai trouvé le verre, c'est à vous d'en faire les lunettes."

We cannot enter into any detail of the Abbé Sicard's system, which would require a paper specially devoted to it; but while he retained the plan of artificial signs contrived by De l'Epée, he soon found that the intellectual education of his pupils should be the chief object, and in order to attain this end he struck out for himself a new path. The object of his first lessons was to teach his pupils the relation between the names of objects and the objects themselves, and thus he gradually proceeded to the comprehension of abstract ideas. His system has been eminently successful, and at

the present time well-educated deaf mutes are as capable of understanding the most subtile metaphysical distinctions, as of comprehending any of the ordinary phases of material life. From personal experience and reflection, Sicard came to have little faith in the teaching of articulation to the deaf and dumb. Mr. Gallaudet coincided in his views, and placed the greatest reliance on the language of natural signs, which he contended is universal. Some of his papers on the subject are exceedingly curious and entertaining. He thinks that this sign-language might be generally used by missionaries in foreign lands, as a means of communicating with the heathen, in a very much shorter time than that usually spent in the necessary study of their languages before they can be instructed in Christian precepts.

In the summer of 1818, a young Chinese passed through Hartford, and spent an evening with Mr. Gallaudet. He was so ignorant of the English language that he could not express in it his simplest wishes. Mr. Gallaudet introduced him to M. Clerc, a deaf mute from birth, who did not know a single word of Chinese. No two persons, therefore, could possibly be brought together more completely disqualified for colloquial intercourse. The result, however, surprised all present. M. Clerc learned from the Chinese many interesting facts regarding his birthplace, his parents and their family, his occupations at home, and his ideas of God and a future state. By the aid of proper signs, also, M. Clerc ascertained the meaning of about twenty Chinese words.

So remarkable was Mr. Gallaudet's success in the sign-language, as frequently to astonish strangers, and we quote an extract from his Memoir in his own words, in illustration of his skill. One of his pupils was a lad of much intelligence, with whom he made frequent experiments to ascertain how far he could communicate ideas to him without the use of words spelled to him on the fingers, or of any signs made by the arms and hands, but solely by expressions of the face, motions of the head, and attitudes of the body.

"One day our distinguished and lamented historical painter, Colonel John Trumbull, was in my school-room during the hours of instruction, and on my alluding to the tact which the pupil referred to had of read-

ing my face, he expressed a wish to see it tried. I requested him to select any event in Greek, Roman, English, or American history, of a scenic character, which would make a striking picture on canvas, and said I would endeavor to communicate it to the lad. 'Tell him,' said he, 'that Brutus (Lucius Junius) condemned his two sons to death for resisting his authority and violating his orders.'

"I folded my arms in front of me, and kept them in that position, to preclude the possibility of making any signs or gestures, or of spelling any words on my fingers, and proceeded, as best I could, by the expression of my countenance, and a few motions of my own head and attitudes of the body, to convey the picture in my own mind to the mind of my pupil. It ought to be stated that he was already acquainted with the fact, being familiar with the leading events in Roman history. But when I began, he knew not from what portion of history, sacred or profane, ancient or modern, the fact was selected. From this wide range, my delineation on the one hand, and his ingenuity on the other, had to bring it within the division of Roman history, and, still more minutely, to the particular individual transaction designated by Colonel Trumbull. In carrying on the process, I made no use whatever of any arbitrary or conventional look, motion, or attitude, before settled between us, by which to let him understand what I wished to communicate, with the exception of a single one, if, indeed, it ought to be considered such.

"The usual sign at the time, among teachers and pupils, for a Roman, was portraying an aquiline nose by placing the forefinger, crooked, in front of the nose. As I was prevented from using my finger in this way, and having considerable command over the muscles of my face, I endeavored to give my nose as much of the aquiline form as possible, and succeeded well enough for my purpose. Everything else that I looked and did was the pure, natural language by which my mind spontaneously endeavored to convey its thoughts and feelings to his mind by the varied expressions of the countenance, some motions of the head, and attitudes of the body. It would be difficult to furnish the reader anything like a complete analysis of the process which I pursued in making the communication. To be understood, it ought to be witnessed, and accompanied with the requisite explanations. The outlines of the process, however, I can give. They were the following: —

"A stretching and stretching gaze eastward, with an undulating motion of the head, as if looking across and beyond the Atlantic Ocean, to denote that the event happened, not on the western, but on the eastern continent. This was making a little progress, as it took the subject

out of the range of American history. A turning of the eyes upward and backward, with frequently repeated motions of the head backward, as if looking a great way back in past time, to denote that the event was one of quite ancient date. The aquiline shape of the nose, already referred to, indicating that *a Roman* was the person concerned. It was, of course, an old Roman. Portraying, as well as I could, by my countenance, attitude, and manner, an individual high in authority, and commanding others as if he expected to be obeyed. Looking and acting as if I were giving out a specific order to many persons, and threatening punishment on those who should resist my authority — even the punishment of death.

"Here was a pause in the progress of events, which I denoted by sleeping as it were during the night and awaking in the morning, and doing this several times, to signify that several days had elapsed. Looking with deep interest and surprise, as if at a single person standing before me, with an expression of countenance indicating that he had violated the order which I had given, and that I knew it. Then looking in the same way at another person near him as also guilty. *Two* offending persons were thus denoted. Exhibiting serious deliberation — then hesitation, accompanied with strong conflicting emotions, producing perturbation, as if I knew not how to feel, or what to do. Looking first at one of the persons before me, and then at the other, and then at both together, *as a father would look*, indicating his distressful parental feelings under such affecting circumstances. Composing my feelings, showing that a change was coming over me, and exhibiting toward the imaginary persons before me the decided look of the inflexible commander who was determined and ready to order them away to execution. Looking and acting as if the tender and forgiving feelings of *the father* had again got the ascendency, and as if I were about to relent and pardon them. These alternating states of mind I portrayed several times, to make my representation the more graphic and impressive. At length the father yields, and the stern principle of justice, as expressed in my countenance and manner, prevails. My look and action denote the passing of the sentence of death on the offenders, and the ordering them away to execution.

"Before I had quite completed the process, I perceived from the expression of his countenance, and a little of impatience in his manner, that the pupil felt satisfied that he was fully in possession of the fact which I was endeavoring to communicate. But, for the sake of greater certainty, I detained his attention till I had nothing more to portray. He quickly turned round to his slate, and wrote a correct and complete account of this story of Brutus and his two sons." — pp. 198 – 202.

The services of Mr. Gallaudet were not forgotten by his pupils after his connection with the asylum had ceased; and not long after his death the "Gallaudet Monument Association" was formed, for the purpose of erecting some suitable memorial in his honor. With true earnestness of purpose, the association determined that no subscriptions should be received excepting from deaf mutes, although the citizens of Hartford generally would have freely contributed. The proposal was gladly met by the deaf and dumb in all parts of the country. These persons are generally by no means wealthy, but they cheerfully gave from their little, and the result is one of the most elegant monuments of its size in the United States. The same rule that limited the subscriptions was applied as far as possible in the construction of the work, so that it should be the sole product of deaf-mute labor. It stands within the grounds of the asylum, and in front of the building, — an obelisk and base of pure white marble, about twenty feet in height. Besides the usual inscriptions commemorative of the deceased, the south panel is decorated with a beautiful bass-relief (the work of Mr. Carlin, a deaf mute), representing Mr. Gallaudet in the act of teaching the manual alphabet to little children. The attitudes and expressions of the figures are exceedingly natural and graceful. Above this panel, on the shaft, is the Syro-Chaldaic word "Ephphatha," and on another side of the column the name of Gallaudet in the letters of the manual alphabet. The entire cost of the work was about two thousand five hundred dollars, and on the 6th of September, 1854, in the presence of many hundreds of deaf mutes, it was formally inaugurated, with appropriate ceremonies. Surely that man is entitled to our love and veneration, who, had he accomplished nothing else in life, raised up the deaf and dumb from the position of outcasts, to take their places in the great human family as intelligent and thinking beings. As a Christian philanthropist the name of Gallaudet will ever be remembered, and we of this century can point with pride to the noble institution of which he was the chief ornament. To those who leave its walls, even with all the aid of modern art in teaching them, many of the pleasures of this world are denied. All

the varied and exquisite delights of sound they never know,—neither the charms of instrumental music, nor the far sweeter tones of human voices. They may enjoy the sparkle, but not the murmur, of the rill; the plumage of the bird, but not its song; the visible grandeur of the cloud, but not its thunders. Yet they can share human love and sympathy, can labor happily and usefully, can appropriate the consolations of literature, and the richer promises of religious faith. In patient hope, they wait the dawning of that day when they shall hear and answer the summons to immortal life.

ART. XI.—1. *The Story of the Telegraph, and a History of the Great Atlantic Cable.* By CHARLES F. BRIGGS and AUGUSTUS MAVERICK. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 1858.

2. *The Atlantic Telegraph: a Discourse delivered in the First Church, August* 8, 1858. By EZRA S. GANNETT. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858.

WE were among those who had no faith in the speedy success of the great enterprise of which these titles are the memorials. We knew that very many conditions must be essential to the completion of the work; and supposed that of those conditions there must needs be not a few which could be revealed only by a series of failures, each fruitless attempt suggesting some provision or precaution before unthought of. We therefore neglected the preparation, which we would else have made, for the scientific historiography of the telegraph. The details of the several experiments, and the daily operations of the last, are already familiar to our readers, who will find them embodied in the volume named at the head of this article. Of Dr. Gannett's eloquent sermon we shall speak before we close. Our present design is to present certain general views of human art, suggested by this its last, most stupendous triumph, and to determine so far as we may its probable results as regards business and the intercourse of nations.

It is a strongly marked feature of the various public recognitions of the event under discussion, that the Divine agency has held the foremost place in men's thoughts. Never has it been more profoundly felt that there is but one Creator. This is, indeed, the truth that underlies all discoveries and inventions. Man creates nothing; he only finds and uses what God has made. He confers no properties; he only ascertains and applies inherent properties. We talk familiarly of raw material. There is none. If there were, it would for ever remain unchanged. What we call by that name has in it all that is ever developed from it. Our paving and building stones lie in their quarry in parallel strata, with crystals so grouped and separated as to invite the very cleavage they receive, and the blocks in which they are laid are bounded by natural divisions of the mother rock. The veins and fibres of our trees guide, rather than yield to, the axe, the lathe, and the plane; and they might have been of essentially the same substance, and yet so gnarled and knotted that the accumulated science of centuries could not have learned to shape them. The city is as truly an outcropping from the soil as the wheat-harvest. Its embryo as truly lay in quarries, forests, and clay-pits, as did the embryo of the corn-crop just gathered lie last winter in the cultivator's granary. Our silk we could not wind for use, had it not been first reeled on the cocoon with a delicacy far surpassing our finest handwork. We make no dyes, but dip our raiment in brilliant and enduring hues beautiful as the rainbow or the sunset clouds, which were treasured for us in barks and roots and insects. The down of the cotton-plant gives to the superficial eye no better promise for the spinner than that of the common Asclepias, and of many other plants that subserve no human purpose; but it is capable of being spun and woven by virtue of its length of staple, its curliness, which enables it to bear the strong pulling of the machinery without breaking, and the minute teeth with which its fibres are fringed, and without which no force would suffice to keep it twisted. The steam-engine, that most versatile of mechanical agents, — now bearing on its fire-wings costly freights and migrating multitudes across the waste of waters, now

twisting a gossamer thread or mending a web, — is but an intensifying, yet in miniature, an imprisoning, and harnessing to the industrial yoke, of the very process of alternate evaporation and condensation, by which the waters circulate through air, earth, and ocean in an unceasing and omnipresent life-tide.

In close analogy with these instances, the telegraph is, in its last analysis, neither a work of man, nor an invention of this century. The agent which it employs has always been used for the very service in which it has now been installed. It has been the medium of all communication between mind and matter, brain and muscle, brain and brain; and in the phenomena of mesmerism and of pseudo-spiritualism, there is at least some reason to believe that, along air-lines and for indefinite distances, thoughts and words are sent with as unerring fidelity as marks their transmission on the artificial lightning-path. By the connection now established between distant cities and opposite hemispheres, we have but arrested, for a special subdivision of one among its many departments of service, a force which throbs from zone to zone, leaps from sky to earth, darts from earth to ocean, courses in the sap of the growing tree, runs along the nervous tissue of the living man, and can be commanded for the speaking wires simply because it is and works everywhere.

In estimating the Creator's part in the achievements of human ingenuity and skill, we ought to take into account the adaptation of man's physical structure to the purposes of art. There are, in one of our devotional hymns, two lines, peculiarly childish in sound, which yet contain the whole theory of civilization, and expound the earthly position and destiny of man, —

> "Why was my body formed erect,
> Whilst brutes bow down to earth?"

Were it not for this difference, man might be possessed of all the native intellectual capacity he now has, and yet could gain scarce any accurate knowledge of the universe, could embody his ideas only in the rudest forms, could transmit very little of experience and wisdom, or their resu ts, from generation to generation, and could bequeath to his imme-

diate posterity hardly anything more precious than some rude booth or burrowing-place. Man is, we suppose, the feeblest animal on earth in proportion to his size, yet easily walks as sovereign, chains the behemoth to his march, tows the leviathan by his warp, makes the everlasting hills bow before him, lays his mandate and his chain on the giant forces of universal nature. And it is chiefly by means of the hand, — by the eleva ion, ex ansion, and more complex organization of the very digits, which we trace in less perfect development in the anterior limbs of every quadruped. The hand, — so slender and flexible that it might seem fitted neither for doing nor enduring, but whose closely knit webwork of nerves and sinews concentrates the entire strength of the body, and wields a greater force compared with its magnitude than is found in the whole world beside, — combining all mechanical powers in one, the fingers jointed levers, the sinews pulleys, the wrist-joint a perpetual screw, without whose ball and socket movement no screw of steel could find its way into its bed, — one moment lifting heavy weights or striking ponderous blows, and the next subserving the most delicate uses, dissecting the microscopic proportions of a flower-cup or an insect's wing, marking with the graver air-lines subtile as sunbeams, copying the vanishing hues of clouds and rose-buds and the human countenance, embodying thought in forms so ethereal that they might seem traced by the breath of viewless spirits, — this is the machine which renders all other machines possible, this the prehensile and shaping agency by which Nature is put to the torture for her secrets and to the test for her resources, this the means and pledge of man's viceroyalty upon the earth. There is no mechanical operation, whether of ruder handcraft or of the highest art, the capacity of which is not inherent in the hand, the direction of which is not one of the complex movements of which the hand is susceptible, the efficacy of which does not depend in the last resort on the guidance or restraint of the hand. Thus, when we make water or steam take the place nominally of the hand, it really supplies not manual skill, but simply a substitute for muscular power. With the living hand we construct the engine or machine; we copy in it some portion

of the divinely shaped pair, or rather, as they are by division and combination, the countless multitude of instruments comprehended within our two wrist-joints and palms and our ten digits; and then with our own hands we start, accelerate, or check the working of these artificial hands, — barely supplying to these last from the impetus of falling water or expanding steam the force which accrues to human muscles from the economy of the vital organism.

But this is not all. The intellectual development which issues in art is not spontaneous; but its seeds are connate with the human mind. There might be mental capacity, which would seldom issue in material skill. There might be a curiosity as to outward nature, which could ask questions without finding answers to them. There might in the realm of intellect be a perpetual flowering without ripened fruit. We owe our scientific knowledge, and the art resulting from it, not to mere power of mind, but to those innate ideas, those shaping matrices of thought, those inevitable categories, which in each department are a Divine directory for our inquiries and researches, and without which the keenest acumen and the most brilliant genius would be equally bewildered and unguided with the infant or the idiot. Without this element which the mind supplies, not from its culture, but from its essence, we might reason inductively from observed facts; but should have no sense of intrinsic probability to suggest our experiments, and thus the acquisition of an item of knowledge would be merely a happy accident.

Thus alike by the nature of matter, the capacities of the body, and the laws of mind, are the achievements of art prepared for by the Infinite Creator, and Philosophy must shape her literal formula in close accordance with the ascription of every devout heart, — "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things."

While man's part in what are termed his inventions and discoveries is shown to be thus small, even this diminished glory is divided, and can seldom with justice attach itself to any one great name. It is less an historical fact than the exponent of an essential law, that the credit of every new appropriation or application of natural forces has been dis-

puted, — that every niche in the temple of art has rival claimants, often from different lands, each with an equally plausible title to the undetermined place. It is the age, not the individual man, that discovers or invents. The preceding age has lifted the veil from the unknown just so far, that the next fold to be upturned covers what will startle nations, introduce new modes of activity, offer new commodities or benefits to the race. It is a question of paltry moment, whether Professor Morse conceived the first idea of the electric telegraph, or whether he barely embodied a pregnant suggestion of Dr. Jackson. Electro-magnetism had revealed phenomena which pointed to this agency. Its facts ascertained by experiment had no corollary but this. A hundred minds in Europe and America were charged with thoughts, which must have had this issue. Had neither Morse nor Jackson been in the field of science, the discovery could not have been held back a year later. Ten years earlier, the conception could not have entered their minds. One or the other of them but uttered the word, which had been shaping itself for articulation from Franklin's first experiment, and which, already spelled out by the joint agency of more philosophers than we can name, would at all events not have remained unspoken. And, the wire once stretched from city to city, the question of the ocean telegraph was hardly a question of time. The probability was obvious. The attempt was inevitable. Brave and skilful men have made it, and they merit our profoundest gratitude. But any or all of them might have kept aloof, and yet science would have indicated, commerce would have dictated, philanthropy would have demanded, and competent ability would have conducted the trial. It was the necessary next step in material development. We say not this to detract from the praise due to those whose names are so intimately connected with this miracle of science and art. But it is their highest praise that they receive their laurels in devout humility, and are foremost in the thank-offering to that Divine Providence which favored the inception, and has crowned the consummation, of their enterprise. And the Providential men of each stage of human progress deserve to stand forth before their contemporaries, and to send their

names down to posterity, as the representative men of their times, as the types of the mind of the age, as the called and anointed co-workers with Him who leads on the race in the conquest and use of the world's resources.

We fear not to write of the oceanic telegraph as an achieved and certain success, though, while we write, no pulse has for several days been transmitted across the waters. The connection may have been broken, — we trust not; — the capital expended may be irrevocably sunk, — we believe and hope not; — but, if it be so, the fact has been established that the words of man can emulate the speed of light, and anticipate the flight of the hours. The communication, if not permanently effected now, can command for its completion the treasuries of nations, the wealth of the civilized world. Ere long, the earth will be girdled. The longer, but shallower ocean-route, with its intermediate station on one of the Western Isles, is already projected, and, in case equally of the success or the failure of the present line, will be speedily attempted. No sooner will the wires have crossed our continent than the cable will be sunk with assured confidence in the quiet waters of the Pacific, led to some island in the intervening archipelago, and thence landed on the Asiatic shore. These vast distances overpassed, we may anticipate the establishment of shorter lines between every pair of great capitals and commercial emporiums. Meanwhile, it can hardly be that there will not be devised means of more rapid articulation, by which intelligence may send its simultaneous flash around the globe, so that the age is not far remote, when events transpiring in every portion of the civilized world shall have their daily chronicle, their hourly bulletin, in each.

What are to be the results of this new element of international life? Of this we may be assured, that, however magnificent may be our horoscope, experience will transcend it. This has been the case with all great inventions, — with the printing-press, the telescope, the steam-engine, the cotton-gin, the power-loom. And, not infrequently, some incidental or unanticipated use or consequence of a new or improved process of art has thrown into the background or superseded the specific purpose to which it was dedicated at the outset.

Undoubtedly, a very few years will develop from the electro-magnetic intercourse between the continents altered relations, customs of trade, maxims of international law, forms of concurrent action, modes of manifesting to the sense and representing to the imagination the virtual ubiquity realized, yet passing thought, and substantial benefits of a moral and spiritual character, of which we have as yet no intimation. In addition to these vague anticipations of the graver sort, we can conceive of festive aspects of the future, in which the magnetic wires will play a principal part. "Simultaneous celebration" would have a meaning till now undreamed of, if on some world-honored anniversary the London bells should be rung by an operator in Boston, or a salute be fired on the New York Battery by a spark sent from the coast of Ireland. Less improbable than the event which has given occasion to this paper would be the interchange of these jubilant international courtesies at the same moment among all the leading nations on both sides of both oceans, day no longer "uttering speech unto day" alone, but noon to midnight, with half the globe's circumference between.

As for commerce, opinions that ought to be sound are divided as to the consequences of the oceanic telegraph, — whether it will issue in the monopoly or the diffusion of intelligence, in a more eager and hazardous, or a more measured and sober competition, in more wary and discreet habits of business, or in more rash and reckless speculation. On this question we belong to both parties, adopt both opinions, anticipate both results, — the less favorable at the outset, the more propitious in the sequel, — first private and partial benefit, afterwards the general good. So long as there is but one electro-magnetic cable crossing the ocean, and that — apart from the reserved rights of governments — under the control of a close corporation, and working at a comparatively low rate of speed, it is hardly possible that its services should not be monopolized by individuals or cliques, and employed to transmit intelligence to certain privileged parties in advance of the tardier means of knowledge on which the many must still rely. But with rival lines, and enhanced rapidity of transmission, exclusive privilege must cease, and

all whose transactions are large enough to afford the outlay will have their telegraph c correspondents; or, what is more probable, price-currents and commercial bulletins will be transmitted, under competent authority, for the public eye and for the benefit of all whom they will concern. When this stage is reached, the tendency will be — as it already is, through increased facilities of communication, in distant parts of the same country — to an equalization of the stocks and prices of commodities all the world over, and thus to the restoration of commerce from a game of hazard to the certain and moderate profits earned by placing goods where they are needed and wanted.

Great benefit in many ways will accrue from the accuracy with which the first in elligence of important facts and events will be transmitted. Hitherto, unauthentic rumor has generally preceded and misrepresented fact, and has thus led to ill-grounded movements in business, misunderstandings between governments, baseless fear and equally baseless indignation. In the near future, fact will anticipate and supersede rumor. The telegraph, if wholly subject to irresponsible, careless, and deceptive management, will not be supported, or even tolerated. However free it may be to individual use, there can hardly fail to become connected with it — either through public patronage or the collective agency of those whom such an arrangement vitally concerns — official and responsible news-gatherers and reporters, whose place and revenue will depend on their veracity and faithfulness.

Among the important results of the oceanic telegraph, we must name the easy detection of fugitives from justice, and the added difficulty and hazard thus placed in the way of crime. The tendency of all modern science has been in this direction. Chemistry, by its unerring tests, may detect vestiges of the murder in the decomposed body of its victim, and proofs of the murderer's guilt in the slightest discoloration of a garment or a blade. Photography may furnish transcripts of the features of a thief or a swindler for the picture-gallery of every police-office in Europe and America. And now he who would shun exposure and infamy may "take the wings of the morning," yet shall hardly have lost sight of his native

shore before Transatlantic ministers of the law are preparing for him an ungenial welcome. The impossibility of fleeing from one's character and from merited retribution cannot but have, in frequent instances, a salutary influence in the first access of great temptation, and to many this fearful ubiquity of human justice must suggest, as it typifies, the inevitableness of the Divine penalty. Moreover, while the mere dread of detection and punishment is an inferior motive, — yet not therefore useless, as it may be precedent and ancillary to motives of a higher order, — the leaguing of the powers of nature against crime and guilt identifies the law of right with the attributes of the Almighty, illustrates the sacred reverence in which he holds all moral distinctions, and ministers to that blending of virtue and piety in the human character, which can take place only where there is an equally vivid conception of God's justice and his love.

Intercourse, to which space opposes no barrier, must tend to establish and consolidate peace among the nations. This office has been hopefully inaugurated by enhanced commercial activity, by oceanic steam-navigation, and by the multiplied relations and interests growing out of the facility of foreign travel. A most striking and instructive change has already taken place in the course of human history since the general peace ensuing upon the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte. Previously to that date, wars had occurred, with brief intervals, between nations occupying the same plane as to civilization and culture. Since that epoch have occurred several of the most needless and unjustifiable wars on record, but they have all been between nations of high culture and those holding an inferior position as regards the arts and refinements of life. Such have been the wars of Great Britain in India and China, of the United States with Mexico, of England and France with Russia, which, when we include in our estimate the whole of its territory, must be ranked as a semi-barbarous state. Meanwhile, causes of dissension between the more civilized nations, which half a century ago could have been brought only to the arbitrament of the battle-field, have in repeated instances been settled by diplomatic negotiation or by the intervention of neutral powers. So often has

this taken place in our relations with the European states, that the rumors of war, which seem to be a part of the machinery of every quadrennial campaign for the choice of President, are now as little heeded as the cry of "Wolf" in the fable, and the braggart speeches in Congress which used to spread alarm and conjure up fearful visions among the peace-loving, are now regarded merely as illustrations of the lack of sense or principle, or of both, in the speech-makers. The reason of this is, that relations of business and friendship between the citizens of any two among the great commercial states are so numerous and close, as to invest any anticipated rupture between them with all the horror and atrocity of a civil war.

War has always been in a great degree impersonal; or where there has been personal enmity, it has been against some sovereign or minister, whose real or imputed usurpations and public wrongs have made him seem a criminal worthy of condign retribution. There is profound truth in the identification in the classic tongues of the terms *stranger* and *enemy;* for only a nation of strangers can be regarded as enemies. War has been waged against a nation, not as composed of well-known individual men, but as an aggregate of brute force to be contended with as remorselessly as the attack is urged against physical obstacles to worthy and desired ends. There is not in the heart of any civilized nation the lurking barbarism which could prepare fire and sword against a people, large numbers of whom were in intimate relations of traffic, friendship, and frequent intercourse with its own citizens.

It is obvious that this "bond of peace" must be to an incalculable degree tightened and strengthened by the lightning-winged words which will daily cross and recross the ocean-path now opened to them. In addition to this, the ease with which accurate information can be obtained, the precedence of which we have spoken of fact before magnified rumor, the ease with which explanations may be made between governments, the facility for the settlement of incipient feuds before they have engendered anger, retaliatory speech, and vindictive purposes, must have a most momentous and blessed agency in hastening the time when men shall not "learn war any more."

Other topics we might urge, but time fails us. We must, however, recur, before we drop the subject, to the sermon, so level with its great theme, the title of which stands at the head of this article. The preacher, always fervent and profoundly impressive, has never done more ample justice to his fine powers of glowing thought and emphatic utterance. We quote, in conclusion, as in part coincident with, in part transcending, the views to which we have given expression, the following paragraphs: —

"The connection of Great Britain with our own shores is not a fact that can stand alone. By this channel we shall hold communication with Continental Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia. The line of electric transmission will soon girdle the globe. Civilization must receive an impulse greater than it has felt at any time within the last half-century, memorable as this period has been for the appearance of agencies suited to awaken intellectual activity. How can we bring before our minds, with sufficient distinctness, the consequence of a universal interchange of thought by the speediest method? The world, it has been said, will be made a great whispering-gallery; I would rather say, a great assembly, where every one will see and hear every one else. The press has for the last fifty years been the chief agent in educating society. It must now share that privilege with another instrument. The telegraph will anticipate the journal. Facts and opinions, the materials with which successive generations construct the road along which society advances with unequal, but never retrograde steps, will now be furnished to every one on the moment. What an excitement will be given to the brain and heart of the world! Too much, you may say. Perhaps so. Excess, however, will not be fatal. Society will accommodate itself to the new conditions of its existence; and then improvement will go on steadily, as well as rapidly.

"The most remarkable effect, if I may judge from my own narrow thought, will be the approach to a practical unity of the human race; of which we have never yet had a foreshadowing, except in the gospel of Christ. Actually, the race has been divided into as distinct portions as if they lived on separate planets. Jealous of one another, or mutually unknown, they have exchanged no sympathies, united in no common labors, recognized no obligations of kindred blood. What has China been to the rest of mankind for hundreds of years? Even on the maps of the geographer, what has the interior of Africa been, though now known to contain populous cities, but an arid desert? Can such ignorance and isolation continue after the lightnings shall

have been taken into the service of man, to go hither and thither at his command, saying, Here we are? The death-blow has been struck to barbarism. An exclusive policy must yield to the universal solvent. The telegraph is cosmopolitan. Not more British than American, it can neither be monopolized by government, nor stopped in its work of civilization by neglect. It is an institution for the people. Its office is, to diffuse intelligence; its effect, to allay differences. Men who talk together daily cannot hate or disown one another." — pp. 12 – 14.

Art. XII. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — 1. *Maître Pierre.* Par Edmond About. Paris: Hachette. 1858. 12mo. pp. 310.
2. *Nos Artistes au Salon de* 1857. Par Edmond About. Paris: Hachette. 1858. 12mo. pp. 380.

We have to mention in our present issue two new books from the prolific pen of M. About. They well sustain his reputation as a brilliant writer and a genuine humorist. There is infinite variety in his wit, and the playfulness of his manner is bewitching, while it never falls into vulgarity or silliness.

"Maître Pierre" is in reality a sketch of that curious tract of territory between Bourdeaux and Bayonne, called the "Landes," — a territory not often described by tourists, much less by story-tellers. But M. About has found in it material, not only for a capital story, but for a most attractive description. His book is a series of pictures, both of the natural features and of the rustic life of the region. He draws the sand-hills, the marshes, the barren plains, the canals and pools, the meagre sheep, the ugly, diminutive cattle, the peasants stalking on stilts from three to six feet high, the fishermen with their coarse nets, the straggling huts of the villages, the costume of men and women, on work-days and play-days, the credulous clown, the pompous official, the dissipated fine gentleman, and the eccentric ranger, with an equally bold, rapid, and accurate touch. Maître Pierre is odd enough to be the hero of such a region, yet shrewd enough and good enough to be a hero anywhere. The vanity of this child of fortune fits charmingly in with his honesty and his broad sense, to make an original character. He has taken upon himself to regenerate this worthless and desolate tract, and to make of the Landes a healthy

and productive department of France. How far the ameliorations here described have actually gone, and how much of the plans so ingeniously argued, of draining the soil and changing marsh to pasture, and acres of sand to acres of forest, has been accomplished, we have no means of knowing. M. About seems to deal with facts, and certainly gives a great deal of valuable information about a region little known. Smart sayings of course abound. As an apology for giving only one day and half a dozen pages to the city of Bordeaux, M. About observes that a country where we have no acquaintance is very quickly finished, — "on a bientôt tout vu dans un pays où l'on ne connaît personne." He accounts for the great appetites of the Landais peasants by the unhealthy air which they are compelled to breathe. When they can get anything to eat, he says, they gorge themselves to keep out this bad air. "Le fait est que les habitants des Landes, lorsqu'ils ont de quoi manger, s'emplissent volontiers jusqu'à la bouche pour fermer la porte au mauvais air." The arguments of old John XVII. are comically put, especially that against Master Peter's marriage. A man so important to the community ought to remain single, he maintains. Great men ought always to be bachelors. An inventive mind ought not to be hampered with the plague of wife and children. It ought to be wedded to its own ideas. No honest woman ought to entice a genius away from his task, especially such a genius as the man who has undertaken the almost miraculous work of rescuing a province from desolation, and fifty thousand people from small-pox and famine.

The other work of M. About is of a different kind. He ventures to become the critic of art and artists, to discuss the laws of painting and sculpture, and to point out flaws of design, color, form, and taste. His style of criticism is very unlike that of Mr. Ruskin, and his ideas of art are not at all those of the defender of Turner and the defamer of Claude. He does not attempt any fine writing or any declamation about Art. Yet there is a vast deal of wisdom, as well as of humor, in his critical remarks. Their spirit is kindly, their tone candid, and their bearing practical. Of course, it is impossible for one who has not seen the Paris Salon of 1857 to pronounce absolutely that these criticisms are just; one can only say that they seem to be just, and that the writer seems to have no special friends to raise, and no enemies to punish, in his impartial censorship.

One is most surprised, in this affluent volume, to learn the *great number* of meritorious artists whose works are exhibited in the annual shows of Paris. Nearly three hundred are personally mentioned; and these, as we may infer from a remark in the opening chapter, are only half of those who have works on the walls of the exhibition. Of

those who have no redeeming qualities, and of whom no encouraging word is to be said, M. About takes no notice. He blames only those whom he can conscientiously praise. A very few wholly escape censure. The master-artists are scarcely half a dozen. The greatest are first noticed and most elaborately criticised, while to the host of minor brethren only single pages or paragraphs are given. The criticisms are so arranged as to preclude fatigue, and the volume is very far from being a mere illustrated catalogue. M. About varies his subject constantly, passing from small paintings to large, from history to landscape, from landscape to allegory, from allegory to portrait, thence perhaps to still life and back again to history, interspersing chapters on sculpture, drawing, architecture, engraving, and the like, and thus giving to his work all the charm of a brilliant sketch-book.

One or two specimens of M. About's pithy comments will show the quality of the book. "The public," says he, "calls anything *well drawn* which seems to it to be *finished*. But, good friends, it is not the *end* which makes drawings remarkable, it is the *beginning*." Speaking of Gerard Dow, whose exquisite finish so many admire, he exclaims: "That man a designer! Not at all; his place is not in the catalogue of artists, but in the calendar of saints. Patience is a virtue, but genius is a gift. Gerard Dow is a hero of the Simon Stylites kind. He has gained heaven, and nothing more." Speaking of the class of copyists and imitators, he says: "Nature, in the hands of these people, is like the milk carried into the great cities by the milkmen. At every stopping-place they take off a little cream and add a little water, till, at the end of the route, the cans are full of pure water and all the cream is left on the way." He mentions as the fault of M. Jadin that he not only imitates others, but constantly attempts to reproduce his own former paintings. "Now the imitation of one's self is a mistake as fatal as the imitation of another." "M. Jacquemart exhibits a *lion*, as in 1855. It seems that he must give us a lion at every exhibition, as pullets of a good breed lay an egg every day." Criticising the stiff attitudes of M. Benonville's landscapes, he remarks: "In no part of the world do men take the position of a statue to dance a rigadoon. One does not mount on stilts to gather meadow posies."

2.—*La Turquie et ses Differents Peuples.* Par HENRI MATHIEU. In 2 vols. Paris. 8vo. pp. 784.

M. MATHIEU's work upon the Turkish Empire is at once the most

comprehensive, accurate, and readable of the numerous treatises upon that theme which have lately come under our notice. He is not altogether a Philhellene, nor does he express perfect confidence in the practicability of a new Greek empire in Byzantium; but his theory in regard to the Turkish government is substantially that of the late Czar. Turkey is "a sick man," and the end is near at hand. The Turks are an effete race, unable and unfit any longer to hold sway in the East, and their downfall is inevitable, in spite of the temporary relief which the Western powers may bring. No supply of French or English crutches can hold up much longer this decrepit and tottering dotard. This is M. Mathieu's theory, and he proves it by an ample array of facts and a very able historical survey.

The first volume of his work is devoted to an historical sketch of the Turkish race, conquests, and dominion, from the most distant ages to the present time. The barbaric tribes, whose fusion has given rise to this composite stock, are finely grouped; and if the ethnological argument be regarded as not wholly satisfactory, it must at least be accepted as plausible and praised as ingenious. He condemns as erroneous the prevalent notion that the Turks are only a scion of a Central Asian tribe, and maintains that the blood of Goths and Greeks is mingled in their veins with that of more savage races. Their rise and growth as a dominant race, and their victories first over the Arabs and Persians, and then over the Greeks, are skilfully traced, and we have an impartial estimate of the character of each Sultan in the long line, and the influence of each reign. M. Mathieu's careful study of Turkish polity has enabled him to offer many novel views of traditional customs. Occasionally we discover mistakes of statement, as where he attributes the Catholic prayer of the "Angelus" to the terror which the progress of the Turks aroused, and assigns its origin to a bull of Pope Calixtus, in the fifteenth century. The "Angelus" was in existence more than a century before the time of Calixtus, and had quite a different origin. It is not correct, again, to say, as M. Mathieu does, that Mahomet was the *first person* who taught the "Immaculate Conception." That opinion is only an inference from an obscure note in Sale's Koran. There is nothing in the text of the Koran which can be fairly construed into a statement of the doctrine. Moreover, by several writers of the fourth and fifth centuries the immaculate nature of Mary was mentioned in much more distinct terms, as is shown by Mr. Bryant, in his history of the dogma. There are several passages in the writings of Augustine more to the purpose than any hints of the Koran. We might also question the opinion of M. Mathieu concerning the expedition of Jason, — that it is proved to be a fact by the num-

ber of fables which are joined to it. In that way, half the myths in history might be proved to be facts. St. Patrick, King Arthur, and the Wandering Jew, have much larger resources in this kind than the classic hunters of the Golden Fleece.

In the second volume, which treats of the Turkish Empire as it is to-day, the different races which it holds in subjection, Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Kurds, Jews, and Gypsies, — the institutions, civil, social, and religious, — Legislation, Justice, Finance, Industry, Science and the Arts, the Army and the Navy, — we notice one or two inaccuracies, and a few assertions which need proof. M. Mathieu has not studied either the history or the opinions of the Druses with sufficient care, and is at fault also in his account of the Maronites. We are quite sure that the Armenian Church does not recognize as orthodox any "who believe that the Holy Spirit is of the female sex." Nor yet has the Armenian Church the organization which he describes. It has a chief "Catholicos," who resides at Erivan, and not *five* equal patriarchs. One of the highest dignitaries lives in Jerusalem.

Two remarkable assertions are made by M. Mathieu about Islam and the Koran. One is that fatalism is no part of the religion of Mohammed, and is not taught in the sacred book. This certainly denies a favorite and almost universal theory. M. Mathieu admits that the Turks are practically fatalists, but maintains that they never learned to be so from their religion or its founder. "Fatalism," he says, "has never been taught in Islam, and it is of constant inculcation among Mussulman doctors, that to deny the full liberty of human actions is to fall into *unbelief*." "It is the barbarism, and not the dogma," he adds, which makes fatalists of the Orientals.

The other assertion, still more surprising, is that the Koran has no authority as a test of faith and practice, and that tradition has superseded it as thoroughly as the Talmud with the Jews has superseded the ancient Law. He maintains that the study of the Koran in the schools is a purely literary exercise, and that no one thinks of regarding it as a text-book of morals, politics, or even theology. It is hardly more considered in courts of justice, or in the councils of the Ulemas, than the poems of Homer in the court of Otho. It has been usually supposed that the prohibition of printing the Koran arose from the excessive reverence in which the book was held, and such an explanation we have heard more than once from the lips of intelligent Moslems. But M. Mathieu says, that the prohibition grew out of a wish to screen from condemnation authorized sins; that it is not printed, for fear that the people should see the difference between its

teaching and the average public morality. We are not satisfied with this statement, nor are we prepared to believe that the Koran has lost with its devotees all influence or weight. M. Mathieu reiterates his assertion, and has no misgiving concerning it.

Another statement which he makes concerning the difference between the Sunnites and the Shiites in regard to the Koran as a created existence, the former maintaining that it began to be, while the latter asserts its eternity, is open to some question. Equally curious is his discrimination between the Greek and Latin Purgatories; the Latin Purgatory being a place of bodily suffering, while in the Greek, souls are purified by the expectation of bliss. The Greek Purgatory is a very pleasant place for the wicked.

All travellers in the East must have remarked the universal custom of carrying strings of beads, and twirling them in conversation. It is not easy to learn the reason for this custom from the men who practise it. But M. Mathieu insists that it is for the purpose of bringing the hands in front of the body. In a different posture, hostility is implied. A man who meets you with hands behind his back, must be regarded as your enemy. He is not the first to mention the resemblance of the Gypsy dialect to the Sanscrit, or the fact that Orientals worship the dove. Some may think him too harsh in stigmatizing all Turkish justice as venal, and representing bribery as the universal custom in the courts; but he has not much overstated the fact. The custom of compelling the winner, rather than the loser, to pay the costs of court, has no doubt a salutary effect in checking litigation. But it would require more space than we have to do justice to these very valuable and instructive volumes. The closing chapter on Turkish reforms, which M. Mathieu considers entirely chimerical, and the Appendix, which contains a careful description of the walls, the mosques, and the various Christian and mediæval remains of Constantinople, exhibit well the characteristics of the author's thought and style.

---

3. *Shakspeare. Jules César, Tragedie traduite en Vers Français. Avec le Texte Anglais au Bas des Pages. Précédée d'une Étude et suivie de Notes.* Par C. CARLHAUT. Paris: Didot. 1856. 8vo. pp. 248.

ALL attempts to naturalize in France the dramas of Shakespeare seem destined to fail. The Germans boast that Schlegel's translations enable them to understand these great works better than the English themselves; and with reason they claim that Hamlet and

Macbeth are more adequately represented in the *Burg-theater* of Vienna than on any stage in the English metropolis. But in France the case is different. Neither French taste nor the French language can conform itself to the stately measure of Shakespeare's tragedies. Voltaire attempted, indeed, to introduce "Julius Cæsar" to his countrymen; yet his version is of only half the original, and is so varied from the text of Shakespeare that it is substantially a new work. M. Carlhaut could hardly expect to succeed where Voltaire had failed, and his preliminary note seems to tell us that he is quite aware of the extreme boldness of his attempt. He ventures, however. His work is divided into two parts. The first part, which occupies eighty pages, is a critical examination of the drama, in its subject and its form. It vindicates triumphantly the genius of Shakespeare from the assaults of French poets and playwrights, and exhibits with considerable skill the masterly use which the great dramatist has here made of his abundant material. M. Carlhaut's analysis will not compare, certainly, with that of the German or English critics of Shakespeare. It is not exhaustive, nor does it give us any new insight into the beauties or subtilties of the play. But it shows a candid and patient study, the result of which has become sympathy and enthusiasm. It shows also a brave forgetfulness of those tyrannous rules by which the old French Academy hampered all study of foreign works of art. M. Carlhaut has as much reverence for Corneille and Racine as any frequenter of the "Théatre Français" ought to have; but he will not judge the English romantic drama by the laws of that classic playhouse.

At the outset of his translation (which makes the second part of the volume) a serious difficulty presented itself. Portions of the original — the jesting of the rabble with the tribunes, the report of Casca to Cassius and Brutus, and the speech of Brutus himself to the people — are in plain prose. Should they be rendered into equivalent prose, or preserve, according to French taste, the heroic rhythm of the rest of the drama? M. Carlhaut has chosen the latter method, and has made these speeches rhyme as accurately as the periods of Antony's funeral oration. The necessity of rhyme, too, was another obstacle in the way of a faithful translation; and this makes some fine turns of the original feeble and ludicrous in the version. In the very first line, the need of finding a rhyme for "artisan," led to the rendering of "get you home" by "allez vous-en," which is certainly a poor dilution of the original. And sometimes this necessity compels an entire change of the English expression. For instance, in the interview of Brutus with Ligarius in Act II. Scene I., where Brutus says,

"A piece of work that will make sick men whole,"

and Ligarius answers,

"But are not some whole that we must make sick?"

the translation has it:—

"*Brutus.* Un effort
Qui rende à tous la vie."

"*Ligarius.* Et va donner la mort
Sans doute à quelques uns?"

Thus turning the poetic thought of Shakespeare to the blankest prose. We might multiply instances of this kind from every page of the translation. The excuse for such variations is, that the form of French tragic verse renders them inevitable. For the convenience of his readers, the author has placed at the foot of his page the English original. He thus furnishes to his English readers an opportunity to see how imperfect his renderings are.

The best thing that we can say of this translation of Julius Cæsar is, that it is faithful to the plot and the order of Shakespeare's play, and free from very gross blunders. M. Carlhaut has studied his theme carefully enough to apprehend its drift, but by no means sufficiently to discern the niceties of meaning in each choice word and epithet. He has translated the story, but not the poem. In his version it becomes nothing more than rhymed prose. Even the speech of Antony, in the French hexameters, is merely a jingling narrative, without any of that rhetorical pathos, fire, and cunning insinuation which make the original such a consummate piece of pleading.

The notes, which are few, are yet numerous enough to contain several errors. The mechanical execution of the volume is very superior, — in the best style of Didot. It is quite rare to find an English piece printed in Paris with so few typographical errors.

---

4. — *Le Roman de la Momie.* Par THEOPHILE GAUTIER. Paris: Hachette. 1858. Petit 8vo. pp. 302.

WHO but a Frenchman would think of making a mummy the subject of a love-story? M. Gautier is an experienced artist in the manipulation of romantic fancies, and he has managed to extract from the unrolling of his mummy something better worth preserving than the mass of rags and bitumen which is the usual residuum of such efforts. Not the least entertaining chapter in the book is the prologue, in which the author tells how he came into possession of the precious history. In this prologue, he hits with pleasant satire the peculiarities of the Eng-

lish travelling aristocrat, the German antiquary, and the Greek dragoman. Lord Evandale, Doctor Rumphius, and Argyropoulos are all characters drawn to the life, all gentlemen whom we have met in Egypt.

By good luck and shrewdness, the wily Greek has discovered a tomb in the "Biban el Molouk" at Thebes, which had escaped the notice of previous investigators. He is not foolish enough to tell his secret, but reserves it until some rich Englishman comes along, who is ready to pay handsomely for the privilege of opening a new royal sepulchre and carrying off a genuine embalmed king. When Lord Evandale appears at Thebes, Argyropoulos recognizes in the costume and bearing of this noble traveller, who has been all over the world in his yacht, exactly the man for his purpose. He is sure that the German companion of this nobleman will second his scheme; the slovenly dress, the blue glasses, the prying inquisitiveness, and the ugly phiz, all betray the sanguine enthusiast. In a sly and insinuating style he makes his overtures; and for a thousand guineas at length agrees to introduce the party into a new and unviolated tomb, of which they are to appropriate all the contents. The excavations are at once commenced; the side of the mountain is attacked; tons of sand are scraped away; the door is found; passage after passage and hall after hall are visited and wondered at; and at last, after many trials, much doubting, and some swearing, the central chamber is reached, the sarcophagus is opened, and the form and features of a female mummy are revealed on the painted enclosure. They have discovered the famous Jahoser, the only female permitted to lie in the Valley of the Kings, royal in her own right. The mummy is forthwith borne to the cabin of Lord Evandale's cangia, where it is deliberately unwrapped, with a different *dénouement* from that which a few years ago amused on a similar occasion a select Boston audience.

Many treasures were found in the bandages of the embalmed queen; but that which Rumphius claimed for his share of the plunder was a roll of papyrus, which his practised eye saw to contain something more than the usual "hieratic formulas." For three years he buried himself in hieroglyphic investigations, until he astonished the world with a Latin translation of the papyrus, which M. Gautier has made intelligible by his French version, — the present romance.

We shall not attempt to give even an outline of the story itself. The scene is laid in Thebes, in the last years of the bondage of the Israelites. The heroine of the story is the daughter of the High-Priest Petamonouph, whose accomplishments and magnificence are surpassed only by her brilliant beauty. She loves a young Israelite, by name

Poeri. He cannot return her love, being affianced to Rachel, a poor maiden of his own hated race. The great Pharaoh, on the day of his triumphal entry into Thebes from his wars in Ethiopia, sees the splendid Jahoser, and determines to make her his queen. After various strange adventures, in which there is the usual amount of plotting and fate, Pharaoh possesses himself of his prize, and makes her queen against her will. The inferior love-stratagems are gradually eclipsed by the rising tragedy of the miracles of God. Moses and Aaron appear; one after another the plagues fall upon the land; and the story ends grandly with the passage of the Red Sea and the drowning of Pharaoh and his host. Jahoser is left sovereign queen, to reign her time, and to tell after four thousand years her story to a German professor.

M. Gautier has done for Thebes in this book what Max Uhlemann did for Memphis in his vision of three days in that city. He has transported us to the ancient capital of Upper Egypt, and shown us in a panorama the scenes of its varied and wonderful life, in palace and in temple, on the farm, the street, and the river, in the rich neighborhood and the squalid slave quarter, in holiday grandeur and in evening quiet. The description is fresh, accurate, and admirable.

---

5. — *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters, and of the Progress of Painting in Italy.* By MRS. JAMESON. New Edition, with numerous Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1858. Post 8vo. pp. 364.

THE circumstances under which this new edition of Mrs. Jameson's "Italian Painters" has been published, have given rise to an unpleasant and somewhat acrimonious controversy, in which the lady herself has been drawn to take part. We are not competent to judge of the merits of the case; but if the present edition has forestalled any more complete and elaborate work, it is certainly much to be regretted. The great and patent defect of this book is its incompleteness. It leaves out some names in the period surveyed which are quite worthy of mention, and it says not a word about the school of Genoa and the greater school of Bologna. These, indeed, came later than the painters who pass under the author's notice; yet are not Guido, Domenichino, and the Caracci properly to be classed with the great Italian masters?

But it is ungracious to quarrel with so charming a volume because it ends too soon. What there is of it is exquisite. Mrs. Jameson's judgments in matters of art, especially of sacred and legendary art, have to us almost the force of law, so uniformly have we found them to

correspond with our own impressions. In this volume she does not give criticisms of pictures so much as sketches of the lives and estimates of the genius of the painters whom she notices. Beginning with Cimabue and ending with the Venetian school, her survey includes nearly all the great names in Italian painting for a period of three centuries. Though her favorites are evidently those whom the consenting voice of all subsequent time has placed first, Giotto, Da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, she yet gives to all the rest their fair proportion of notice, and an impartial and sympathetic treatment. There is no attempt to exalt any master at the expense of his brethren. In this respect the sketches and criticisms of Mrs. Jameson are in admirable contrast with the brilliant panegyrics and tirades of Mr. Ruskin.

The illustrations which embellish the volume are not wanting in spirit, yet we can hardly consider them as fit for such a work. New steel plates would doubtless have increased the cost, but we cannot well be content with such rough drawings of noble faces, and such faint outlines of great pictures. The representations of Raphael's cartoons are caricatures, and some of the heads are not much better.

The volume is without an index, which is certainly a serious defect in a work of this kind. Indeed, we cannot wonder that Mrs. Jameson should object to the manner of its publication. It is to be hoped that her design of enlarging and perfecting it will not be relinquished.

---

6. — *Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents.* By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. New Edition. Complete in One Volume, with a General Index and Additional Portraits. London: H. G. Bohn. 1858. Post 8vo. pp. 564.

MR. BOHN is doing good service in commencing his "Historical" Series with the learned studies of Mr. Jesse. Works so full of research deserve a larger circulation than they could have gained in the former expensive edition. The present work is a fit sequel to the history of England under the reign of the Stuarts, and finishes the record of that unfortunate royal race. The romances of Scott have rescued the heroism of the Jacobite party in Scotland from the disgrace of its failure; but Scott tells only a small part of the story, and that not always accurately. Mr. Jesse is impartial, and his account of battles is as careful and minute as his analyses of motive and character are acute and unsparing. He loves his theme, but he does not set the virtues of James or of Charles Stuart in such relief as to hide their vices. The weakness of the one and the rashness of the other are not covered

over by the writer's sense of James's patience or of Charles's valor. Nor does Mr. Jesse trace the beastly sottishness of the young Pretender's later life altogether to his disappointment. He acknowledges an early love of the bottle in this prince so nobly endowed, and hints that, if he had regained the throne of his ancestors, the style of Charles II.'s court might have been revived, and the father of Miss Walkenshaw's children might have equalled the sensuality of the lover of Nell Gwynn. The thrilling adventures of Charles Stuart in the months of his hiding in the fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands and the caverns of the Hebrides, — his numerous hairbreadth escapes, his excessive sufferings and hardships, the shifts and disguises to which he was forced, — make in Mr. Jesse's plain narrative a picture more striking than any rhetoric could have drawn. They portray the life and scenery of the Highlands better than any set description. The only fault we have to mention is, that so detailed a narrative is not accompanied by a good map of the localities, so that the various doublings and turnings, the flights by land and water, the glens traversed and the hamlets and castles visited, might be followed by the eye. Mere names of the places, without such a map, give to the common reader no idea of the extraordinary expedients which the young prince used to baffle his pursuers.

The secondary sketches of the book are well executed, with somewhat too minute detail of the circumstances of executions. Mr. Jesse has a fondness for scaffolds, hangings, and beheadings, and never omits to tell all that happened on Tower Hill. His biographical notice of the last of the Stuarts, Cardinal Henry of York, is too short. We should be glad to know how those splendid collections of coins, engravings, and works of art, which were pillaged by the French marauders, were originally gathered.

We trust that this volume may be followed by a new edition of Jesse's account of the city of London.

---

7. — *School Days of Eminent Men.* With Illustrations. By JOHN TIMBS, F. S. A. London: Kent & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 320.

THE previous volumes of Mr. Timbs have shown him to be a most diligent collector of historical scraps and literary odds and ends. In the work which he has lately issued, there are many facts "not generally known." The first half is a fragmentary sketch of the progress of education in England from the age of the Druids to the reign of Queen Victoria. The continuity is rather that of bits of mosaic wrought into

line, than of any proper historical development. Every king comes in for notice, though not much is told about any one. The date of foundation, the names of benefactors, and the character of the first teachers of all the great public schools in the realm, are given; but the origin of the Universities is most imperfectly described. The second half of the volume contains notices of the early life of most of the famous poets, philosophers, scholars, statesmen, generals, and wits of England, from William of Wykeham to General Havelock. Some omissions, however, are unaccountable. Why should Wordsworth be left out of a summary which includes Cowper, Gray, and Byron? Why should Campbell and Young be left unmentioned? On what ground is the name of Fox omitted, where Burke and Pitt are remembered? Why should we be told about Watts, and not about Baxter; about Barrow, and not about Cudworth; about Samuel Butler, and not about Joseph Butler, the Bishop; about Bunyan, and not about George Fox? These deficiencies greatly lessen the value of the volume as a book of reference. Indeed, Mr. Timbs seems merely to have arranged chronologically the contents of his commonplace-book, without trying to make a complete work. He has relieved himself of so much accumulated store, and is now ready for a fresh collection.

With this drawback of want of completeness and coherence, the book may be commended as a handy manual, containing a great deal of curious information, told in a playful, conversational style. Tory prejudices break out here and there, as in the praise of Clarendon and the Stuart kings. The illustrations represent the interiors of the most noted school-rooms in the kingdom, and show how inferior are the accommodations at Eton, Westminster, and Harrow, to those of an ordinary New-England district school. The construction of the great "halls of learning" in England is one of magnificent discomfort. As school-rooms, they are absurdities. What teacher can teach respectably in a room sixty feet high and a hundred and eighty feet long? The maps and blackboards in such a hall are invisible to most of the pupils, and the teacher's voice must be inaudible, unless he have the lungs of Stentor. The benches seem expressly contrived to make study a prolonged penance. There is not a public school-house in England that will compare for convenience of arrangement with the school-houses in the city of Boston. If there ever was an army of martyrs, it is to be found within the walls of Christ's Hospital in study hours.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Timbs has not noticed at greater length the famous *teachers* of the English schools.

8. — *Works of* Samuel Dexter Bradford, LL.D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858.

Possibly some apology may be necessary for the liberty we take with a volume which, from a feeling of modesty or delicacy, the author has not allowed to be placed on the shelves of the booksellers. In the "Dedication to his Sons" he says: —

"This collection has been made for circulation only amongst a few particular friends, so that it is not deemed necessary (as is so often done) to invoke even the tender mercies of critics or reviewers, should this work be ever so unfortunate as to pass into their hands and be considered worthy of their perusal."

With these words before us, we have had some misgivings about the propriety of noticing the book. But the motive for printing is so honorable both to the writer's head and heart, and so worthy is the example of the union of a busy mercantile life with intellectual culture and the pursuit of letters, that we waive our scruples.

"You will not be surprised," he writes, "at any errors you may find in the volume inscribed to you; nor can you expect those graces of style and composition which are found in the works of professed scholars, but are not expected in those of the active and busy merchant."

And yet no fault can be found with the style, which is correct, easy, and perspicuous. The contents of the volume are very miscellaneous, embracing some specimens of college exercises, political articles, obituaries, letters and speeches on different occasions, and on a great variety of subjects, agricultural, financial, and academical. Of course the opinions expressed on some of these subjects are not such as will find general acceptance. No matter. The author's long experience, manifest honesty of purpose, truthfulness, and integrity, entitle his views to respectful attention. For ourselves, we have read the volume with much interest, and conclude with expressing the hope that the writer may be induced to change his intention, and to allow others besides a "few particular friends" to receive the benefit and pleasure of its perusal.

---

9. — *The History of the Origin and Rise of the Republic of Venice.* By William Carew Hazlitt. London: John Russell Smith. 1858. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xix. and 356, 482.

This History is designed to supply an admitted want in English literature; and Mr. Hazlitt is at least entitled to the praise which

belongs to the diligent explorer of a comparatively unwrought mine. His volumes show that he has carefully studied the original authorities, and that he has neglected no sources of information which were within his reach. Indeed, he tells us in his Preface, that the whole number of books consulted in the course of his labors "would probably be found to exceed three hundred separate and distinct works." Among the principal authorities upon which he relies are the contemporary memoirs of Dandolo and Da Canale, and the voluminous publications of Sandini, Marini, Filiasi, and Romanelli; but he does not appear to have had access to any unpublished documents. Of the histories of Daru and Langier he speaks very slightingly; and he does not hesitate to accuse Daru of gross inaccuracy, particularly in the earlier portion of his work. His own narrative is full, clear, and exact. Its most obvious defects are an excessive coldness and dryness. Mr. Hazlitt never allows himself to be moved with indignation or enthusiasm; and his style is as frigid and formal when he is describing a battle or a festival, as it is when he is giving a sketch of Venetian policy or a summary of Venetian laws. These features of style will doubtless prevent his volumes from meeting with the favorable reception to which their merits would otherwise entitle them. In another more important respect his History fails to satisfy the just requirements of the subject. Not only does a story so rich, various, and peculiar in interest as is that of the Venetian Republic demand some degree of brilliancy in its treatment, but it affords ample scope for the powers of a philosophical historian; and to this distinction Mr. Hazlitt possesses small claims. His grasp of his subject is by no means equal to his knowledge of it; and we search his volumes in vain for a single acute analysis or striking delineation of character, or for any exhaustive discussion of the causes which from time to time determined the course of events and gave to Venice her peculiar history. The disquisitions in which he occasionally indulges rarely touch the root of the matter. In a word, he can be regarded only as an accurate and painstaking chronicler. The two volumes before us bring down the narrative to the death of the Doge Giovanni Dandolo, in 1389. Commencing with a brief account of the ancient Veneti, and of the successive irruptions of the Goths, Vandals, and other nations, Mr. Hazlitt next traces the fortunes of the Republic through its first stormy years and its subsequent period of growing power and magnificence, pausing before he has reached the culminating point from which the decline and fall of Venice, as a great commercial and military state, may be dated. Though the history of Venice still remains to be written, we shall look with interest for a continuation of Mr. Hazlitt's work.

10. — *The Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti; with an Introductory Memoir of Eminent Linguists, Ancient and Modern.* By C. W. Russell, D.D., President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. London: Longman, Brown, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. xiv. and 502.

This memoir, as we learn from the Preface, owes its origin to an article upon Cardinal Mezzofanti printed in the number of the Edinburgh Review for January, 1855. Encouraged by the favor with which that article was received, and by the offer of additional information from various sources, Dr. Russell determined to expand his essay into a volume, and thus to complete the portrait which he had sketched in outline. In the execution of this design he has been entirely successful; and the result is a Life of the great linguist which fully and fairly exhibits the nature and extent of his attainments. It is deficient, indeed, in those personal details and anecdotes which constitute the highest charm of a biography; but unfortunately it did not fall within the author's design to exhibit the Cardinal in this light. "The true purpose of this narrative," he says, — "to exhibit the faculty rather than the man, — seems to me to depend less on the accumulation of piquant anecdotes and striking adventures, than upon a calm and truthful survey of his intellectual attainments in the successive stages of his career." In this respect nothing more can be desired. Dr. Russell's materials have been drawn from the most remote quarters of the globe, as well as from his own recollections; and he has apparently exhausted every accessible source of information. Cardinal Wiseman furnished him with much material originally designed to be used in that prelate's "Recollections of the Last Four Popes," and contributions were also received from Mezzofanti's nephew. In the arrangement of these materials, Dr. Russell has shown excellent judgment, and though he is not free from that tendency to exaggerate the knowledge and virtues of his hero which is the pet sin of biographers, his volume furnishes all necessary materials for forming a just and impartial estimate of the value of Mezzofanti's attainments.

Born at Bologna on the 17th of September, 1774, and dying at Rome on the 15th of March, 1849, Cardinal Mezzofanti never passed beyond the confines of Italy; yet he was unquestionably the greatest linguist that has ever lived, and, as Lord Byron said, he might have been universal interpreter at the building of the tower of Babel. In regard to the number of languages with which he was acquainted, and the degree of his familiarity with each, there is considerable uncertainty. Dr. Russell has investigated the subject with much thorough-

ness and impartiality, and the result of his investigations may be briefly stated as follows; — that Mezzofanti spoke "with rare excellence" thirty languages, that he is said to have spoken "fluently" nine more, that he spoke "rarely and less perfectly" eleven, and "imperfectly" eight others, and that he had "studied from books, but is not known to have spoken" fourteen more, making in all seventy-two languages; and that in addition to these he was more or less familiar with upwards of thirty minor dialects. This number seems almost incredible; yet the evidence upon which Dr. Russell makes up his statement cannot be easily overthrown, and, after a careful consideration of the subject, we are not inclined to deduct much from the number specified. We cannot, however, concur with him in the opinion which he expresses in regard to Mezzofanti's acquaintance with general literature and other subjects not immediately dependent upon his knowledge of languages. It is clear that the Cardinal was a wonderful word-machine; and this appears to have been his chief, if not his only, claim to distinction. Except in the remarkable facility with which he mastered the difficulties of foreign tongues, he does not seem to have possessed much intellectual power. It is evident that his knowledge so far as it was tested was superficial, — "the kind of knowledge," as has been well said, "which passes current in society, and which is necessarily picked up by one who meets often with cultivated people of different countries." Nor did he ever write or print anything which could justify a claim to literary eminence. Dr. Russell admits that his sermons were commonplace; and it is certain that his letters have little merit as compositions. As a theologian, his reputation was low; and Bunsen, who knew him personally, says he had no idea of Hebrew criticism, and that "his knowledge of Greek criticism, too, was very shallow." "He remembered words and their sounds and significations almost instinctively," says this eminent scholar; "but he lived upon reminiscences: he never had an original thought." His personal character was blameless, and he seems to have borne his honors and his great reputation with becoming modesty. His charities were numerous and unobtrusive; and he was always ready to extend a helping hand to young students, particularly to those of the Propaganda. There he passed much of his time in his latter years, in familiar conversation with students from different countries.

Dr. Russell has prefixed to his memoir an introductory essay of about a hundred and twenty pages, comprising notices of the most celebrated linguists of ancient and modern times, exhibiting much curious information and great research, showing that the biography of a great linguist must be to him a labor of love. We ought to add, that

the volume is printed in a shamefully careless manner. Typographical blunders are provokingly frequent, and one is tempted to doubt whether the proofs were ever read.

---

11. — *The Laws of Business for Business Men, in all the States of the Union. With Forms for Mercantile Instruments, Deeds, Leases, Wills, &c.* By THEOPHILUS PARSONS, LL.D., Professor of Law in the University at Cambridge. Compiled by the Author principally from his Treatises on the Law of Contracts and on the Elements of Commercial Law. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. 8vo. pp. 504.

THE value of all such treatises as this must depend, not only upon the perfect familiarity of the writer with his subject, but also upon his ability to communicate his knowledge of it at once in a systematic form and in simple language. Tried by these tests, Mr. Parsons's volume must take high rank among the numerous works designed to popularize science. The practical knowledge of commercial law which he acquired while he was at the bar, and his reputation as a lawyer and a teacher, are a sufficient guaranty for the soundness of the principles which he lays down, and for the accuracy of his statements. The volume is divided into twenty-eight chapters, and most of these are subdivided into sections, treating severally of the minor divisions of his subject. His first two chapters are devoted to an explanation of the purpose and plan of the book, and to some remarks upon the general subject of commercial law, with definitions of the technical phrases of most frequent occurrence. Following these are chapters upon mercantile contracts, the statute of frauds, negotiable paper, the carriage of goods, the statute of limitations, the laws of bankruptcy and insolvency, the law of shipping, marine, fire, and life insurance, deeds, mortgages, leases, and other kindred topics. The Appendix contains numerous forms for contracts, deeds, leases, and other instruments; and the value of the work is still further enhanced by a very excellent and copious Index. We think that Mr. Parsons would have rendered his work still better adapted to its purpose by chapters upon the laws affecting trustees and property held in trust, and upon the revenue laws. They need not have added much to the size or cost of the work, and there are many points connected with these laws which are not generally understood. With this exception we have not observed any important omissions.

12. — *A Cyclopedia of Commerce and of Commercial Navigation.* Edited by J. Smith Homans, Corresponding Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce for the State of New York, and Editor of "The Bankers' Magazine and Statistical Register"; and by J. Smith Homans, Jr., B. S., Author of "An Historical and Statistical Sketch of the Foreign Commerce of the U. S." With Maps and Engravings. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1858. 8vo. pp. 2007.

He who criticises this book unfavorably must aim his strictures at its omissions, and not at its contents. Some important omissions we have detected, and on some subjects which we expected to see largely treated, we find very little. But we have more than two thousand pages, with narrow margin, fine type, and double columns, entirely filled with valuable facts and statistics, comprising the history of commerce no less than its present condition. The range of titles includes countries, states, and seaports, commodities of merchandise, heads of mercantile law, maritime terms and equipments, and names of distinguished navigators. Many of the articles are highly elaborated treatises, with tabular statements. The work is peculiarly rich in figures, and, wherever practicable, carefully arranged numerical details are furnished. So far as we know, M'Culloch's Dictionary is the only work with which it can be brought into comparison, and of this it has greatly the advantage, not only in its being parallel with the present time, but also in its copiousness, and still more in its adaptation to the wants of the American public. As a reference-book it will be of incalculable worth, and its generous scope and skilful execution render it a monument of patient and well-directed industry, equally honorable to the accomplished editors and to the publishers whose enterprise has so liberally seconded their labors.

---

13. — *The Life of Thomas Jefferson.* By Henry S. Randall, LL.D. In 3 volumes. New York: Derby and Jackson. 8vo.

The American public are under very great obligations to Dr. Randall for this work, and at the same time have strong reasons to find fault with the mode of its execution. Of materials to serve for the biography of Jefferson, it is a collection as full as could be desired, — over-full, say some critics, but we doubt whether any two readers could readily agree as to the portions to be omitted. Certainly we have never examined a memoir better adapted to place a great man before the world in the aspects in which he was seen by his family and his

intimate friends; and though we have prolix extracts from his expense-book and his farm-diary, even they are characteristic extracts, and do their part toward completing the portrait. Then, too, — what is worthy of all praise, — Jefferson is to a great extent made his own biographer, and, wherever his letters or memoranda cover the ground of the narrative, they take its place. Viewed thus closely, Jefferson's private character becomes interesting and attractive far beyond our expectation; and yet he seems to us a man rather of good intentions than of lofty principles, — one whose nature recoiled from everything dishonorable, but who was by no means capable of heroic virtue. He wins in this record our high respect, but falls short of our profound reverence.

While Dr. Randall's work has many of the merits of autobiography, it has more than its usual one-sidedness and exaggeration. It wholly lacks the judicial character of history. The author enters, with the feelings of a contemporary leader of party, into all political questions, and advocates Jefferson's opinions and measures with an intenseness of rancor towards opponents of which the sage of Monticello himself exhibited few traces. He evidently misunderstands the Federalists as a party, and vilipends with even coarse abuse their greatest and best men, among whom none fares so ill at his hands, or is so grievously caricatured, as the venerable Josiah Quincy. In not a single instance does he approach a generous appreciation of any political antagonist of his hero.

Dr. Randall's style is perspicuous, but not graceful; it ministers more to the unburdening of the author's, than to the delectation of the reader's mind, and sins not infrequently against the canons of grammar and of rhetoric.

---

14. — *The New American Cyclopædia: a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge.* Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. III. Beam — Browning. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 768.

The articles that appear on the title-page as the first and last of this volume, might well be assumed as specimens of the style in which the work has thus far been executed. The article *Beam* fills six closely printed columns, and comprises a detailed account of the various shapes of cast-iron and wrought-iron beams, the different modes of laying them and filling them in, practised both in Europe and America, and the rules and methods for determining their power of resistance and support. The articles *Browning* contain the personal and literary biography of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, the

names and subjects of all their longer poems, and criticisms of them, founded on those salient characteristics which must determine the verdict of posterity as to their merits. In turning over the pages, we have been particularly impressed by the thoroughness of an article on *The Blind*, which, in a carefully composed treatise on the causes and treatment of blindness and the modes of instruction for the blind, contains tabular views of the ratio of the blind to the whole population in different latitudes on the Eastern Continent (the ratio being greatest between 10° and 20°, least between 50° and 60°); of the ratio of the blind to the population in various countries; of the number of the blind where it has been ascertained by census; of the statistics of institutions for the blind in Europe and the United States; and of "eminent blind persons," with the grounds of their celebrity and their "works written during blindness." But there is no need of multiplying our specifications. We can turn to no title which does not confirm our confidence in the judicious distribution of the work. Each article seems to have been written by an expert in the department to which it belongs. There can be no doubt that, at least for the use of American readers, and in some respects wherever the English language is spoken, this Cyclopædia will greatly surpass in its value as a reference-book any similar compilation that has yet been issued on either side of the Atlantic. One slight, yet not unimportant omission, we have noticed, namely, that of the accents in foreign names. We can see no good reason why the orthography of these names should not be completed by the insertion of such vowel-marks as are never omitted in the languages to which they belong.

---

15. — *The Works of* William Shakespeare. *The Plays edited from the Folio of* MDCXXIII., *with Various Readings from all the Editions and all the Commentators, Notes, Introductory Remarks, a Historical Sketch of the Text, an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama, a Memoir of the Poet, and an Essay upon his Genius.* By Richard Grant White. Vols. II. – V. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1857. Small 8vo.

In our last number we gave a synopsis of the contents and literary features of this edition; in our next, we hope to present a detailed discussion of its high and varied merits. We would now refer merely to the mechanical execution of these volumes. In texture and tint of paper, in neatness, clearness, and beauty of typography, and in all the accessories which munificent taste can furnish to the more costly issues

of the press, they are unequalled by any American, and unsurpassed by any English edition of a standard author designed for general circulation and use, and, indeed, are immeasurably to be preferred as specimens of art to nine tenths of the professedly ornamented books that are made to be looked at and not read. It is, in fact, such volumes as these that are needed to redeem the book-making craft from the discredit cast upon it by the gilded and satin-bound enormities that swarm on our booksellers' counters as often as Christmas recurs.

---

16. — *History of Civilization in England.* By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. I. From the Second London Edition. To which is added an Alphabetical Index. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 677.

When our article on this volume went to press, we were unaware that the Appletons' edition of it was in progress. We need only name the publishers to give assurance that this work, so much in demand, may be as easily and pleasantly read (though at much less cost) in the reprint as in the London edition.

---

17. — *A History of East Boston; with Biographical Sketches of its Early Proprietors, and an Appendix.* By William H. Sumner, A. M. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 801.

Considerably more than half of this ponderous volume is devoted to materials of historical, antiquarian, and biographical interest, more or less intimately connected with the ownership and occupancy of Noddle's Island before it became East Boston. How rich a vein Mr. Sumner has mined our readers can imagine, when they are told that Samuel Maverick owned the island and lived upon it; that it was for several years in the middle of the seventeenth century a place of refuge for the Baptists from persecution on the mainland, and the seat of the only Baptist Church in the Province; that among the biographical notices, in addition to those of the Mavericks, Shrimptons, Shutes, and Hyslops, are life-sketches of such persons as Rev. Dr. Chauncy, Governor Increase Sumner, and his accomplished wife; and that this spot was the scene of military operations of no little importance during the war of the Revolution. Mr. Sumner has enriched his volume by numerous autographs, several well-executed portraits, and other appropriate illustrations. The work is honorable at once to his zeal in col-

lecting, and his taste in reducing to order, records, traditions, and reminiscences, derived from very numerous, diverse, and widely separated sources.

---

18. — *A Text-Book of Vegetable and Animal Physiology. Designed for the use of Schools, Seminaries, and Colleges in the United States.* By HENRY GOADBY, M. D., Professor of Vegetable and Animal Physiology and Entomology in the State Agricultural College of Michigan. Embellished with upwards of Four Hundred and Fifty Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 313.

WHEN we first saw the title of this book, we supposed that there was no place for it, in the multitude of treatises similarly named. But on examination, we are inclined to think that it has a clear field. It is peculiarly an histology, — a treatise on tissues; it is founded on recent microscopic researches, and applies their results to the solution of familiar facts and phenomena. The engravings are chiefly of tissue, as seen through the microscope. They are executed in white on a black ground, and are thus especially adapted to the delineation of nerves, which are always white. The entire work bears abundant tokens of thorough comprehension of the subject, mature judgment, superior analytic power, ripe learning, and an eminent capacity of teaching. It is perfectly evident that the author has been an experienced and successful lecturer on physiology; for his whole style of presentation has at once the lucidness and the flexibility which could grow only from the habit of *viva voce* utterance on his somewhat recondite themes.

---

19. — *Text-Book of Modern Carpentry; comprising a Treatise on Building-Timber, with Rules and Tables for calculating its Strength, and the Strains to which each Timber of a Structure is subjected; Observations on Roofs, Trusses, Bridges, &c.; and a Glossary, explaining at length the Technical Terms in Use among Carpenters.* By THOMAS W. SILLOWAY, Architect of the New Capitol at Montpelier, Vermont. Illustrated by Twenty Copperplates. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 16mo. pp. 180.

WE welcome every well-conceived endeavor to unite science and the useful arts, both as tending to elevate the intellectual standard of the artisan, and as insuring a higher value for his work. In many of our new towns and cities the construction of ruins might have seemed the

aim of the builders, so early do roofs leak, and walls settle, and floor-timbers yield, and doors and partitions shrink. Many are the structures, whose members less support one another than break one another's fall, and whose continued existence is due to a certain *vis inertiæ*. The book before us fulfils the promise of its title, and cannot fail of a grateful reception with all carpenters who are intelligent enough to use it, and those who are not so are out of their place when they profess to be master-workmen.

---

20. — *The Coopers: or, Getting under Way.* By Alice B. Haven, Author of "No such Word as Fail," "All's not Gold that Glistens," etc., etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 336.

This is a plain story of a young married pair by no means highly endowed or possessed of interesting traits of character, — a bank-clerk of limited culture and a wife but very little his superior. The tale gives a lifelike narrative of their trials and straitnesses at the outset, their honest endeavors to overcome them, their profiting in the stern school of painful experience, the gradual growth of their domestic capacities and virtues, and the accession of the crowning grace of sincere Christian piety. This unambitious plot is naturally developed in such a way as to be eminently suggestive of prudent counsel, high motive, and strenuous endeavor, while the author never assumes the didactic form, but moralizes only by the skilful collocation of actions and their consequences, incidents and their issues.

---

21. — *Memoir of Joseph Curtis, a Model Man.* By the Author of "Means and Ends," "The Linwoods," "Hope Leslie," "Live and Let Live," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 16mo. pp. 200.

Joseph Curtis, never a rich man, and at times very poor, exerted an amount of benevolent activity, and accomplished an amount of good, which left him in the city of New York few equals and no superiors. Unlike too many philanthropists, he suffered his charity to begin at home, and his domestic affections were the laboratory of a more diffusive kindness. He was the most active member of the Manumission Society of New York, and is believed to have been mainly influential in the final abolition of slavery in that State. He was, not by pecuniary donations, (for these were then beyond his power,) but by persevering effort, virtually the founder of the House of Refuge for Juvenile

Offenders, of which he subsequently became the superintendent. At a later period, being engaged in a business in which he had many apprentices, he organized them into a body politic for mutual discipline and improvement under his own paternal supervision, on a plan much resembling in its features and its spirit that which has gained such just celebrity in Price's Candle-Factory. He was for many years engaged in the management of the public-school system of New York, and was unweariedly assiduous in offices of delicate kindness toward teachers and pupils. His life was full of usefulness, and his character won universal reverence and affection. Miss Sedgwick has discharged her duty as a biographer faithfully and lovingly, in a style of literary execution worthy the prestige given to the work by her name and her previous writings.

---

22. — *Brandon: or, A Hundred Years Ago.* By Osmond Tiffany. New York: Stanford and Delisser. 1858. 12mo. pp. 285.

This first appearance of Mr. Tiffany in the field of fiction will lead us to watch with no small interest for the second; for the merits of this work are so genuine and great, and its faults so few and superficial, that a very distinguished success is not unlikely to attend his next trial. The heroine of "Brandon" is exquisitely sketched; and though she marries the wrong man, we are told in the Preface that the tradition of precisely such a mis-marriage about a century ago suggested the plot. While the main incidents are thus founded on fact, the novel may not unfitly be termed an historical novel. Eminent Virginians of the day, and leading personages and events in the siege and capture of Quebec, are introduced; Virginian manners and costume are admirably portrayed; and Boston, Newport, and Cambridge, as they then were, are described with great fidelity. In fine, the author has caught the spirit of the times, and the chapter devoted to a Christmas gathering in the "Old Dominion" reads almost like a contemporary chronicle. The sketches of natural scenery also display a high order of graphic talent. The style is characterized by smoothness and euphony. Indeed, it would bear roughening, and gain by the process. The only change that we should want to make would be the striking out, not infrequently, of an epithet which swells the rhythm, but attenuates the thought. For this healthful exercise, however, we should find the chief demand in the earlier part of the volume; when the story begins to glow under the author's hands, his diction becomes more compact and nervous.

23. — *Analytic Grammar of the English Language, for the Use of Schools.* By I. H. Nutting, A. M., M. D., Principal of Mount Hollis Seminary. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 112.

We had determined never again to look into an English Grammar; but the modest dimensions of this book tempted us to break our resolution. We rejoice that we have done so. We can speak of Dr. Nutting's Grammar with unqualified praise. We do not know him, nor have we any idea of the *situs* of "Mount Hollis"; but we feel sure that his "A. M." means something. He is a linguist of superior attainments and in a considerable diversity of tongues; for the simplicity of his analysis indicates an author who has risen, through the collation of *languages*, to a comprehensive grasp of *language*. His treatise is the simple application of the essential canons of universal grammar to the English tongue. There is not a definition or a rule that could be dispensed with. Indeed, his rules of syntax are statements of fundamental laws; while the prolix rules of the school-grammars in general are awkward descriptions of observed facts in speech, of the theory of which the writers are wholly ignorant. The mere saving of time by the introduction of this book into the common schools of New England would be great beyond our easy calculation. Then, too, the time spent on grammar now is *all* wasted, — no child learns anything about language from his school-manual; while from this book a child would derive definite ideas and positive knowledge.

---

24. — *Book-Keeping, by Single and Double Entry. For Schools and Academies. Adapted to Payson, Dunton, and Scribner's Combined System of Penmanship.* By L. B. Hanaford, A. M., and J. W. Payson, Principals of the "Boston Mercantile Academy." Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 4to. pp. 108.

Here, also, we have a school-book faultlessly excellent. The explanations and rules are concise, explicit, and intelligible, — such, we imagine, as would enlighten not a few experienced book-keepers as to the theory of operations which they have been wont to perform mechanically. The specimen-books present an adequate variety of entries, and the examples for practice are well chosen and arranged. The various kinds of subsidiary books are described and illustrated, and the usual business-forms are very happily explained. We trust that this manual will have extensive circulation; for even among

merchants there is a great deal of loose book-keeping, while the art is one which ought to be understood by every man and woman who holds any pecuniary trust for others, or who stands in any business relation which admits of open accounts or suspended dues on either side.

25.—*Memoir of the Life of John Quincy Adams.* By JOSIAH QUINCY, LL. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 429.

WE supposed, until it was too late to supply the deficiency, that we had secured a full-length review of this work, which an almost filial love for the author, and profound interest in his subject, made us solicitous to welcome at the earliest moment. The book stands almost alone in literary history, as written by one far advanced towards fourscore years and ten, yet with unabated vivacity and vigor of thought, nay, with enthusiasm unquenched, and with no mark of senility except ripened wisdom. We love to think of his life, — its finished chapters dating far back toward the birth of our republic, and themselves portions of its fairest history, while the literary activity of his old age is adding the fame of successful authorship to the civic crown and the academic wreath. A statesman and legislator whose uprightness and purity maddened antagonists could not but acknowledge, a judge who dared to sweep away immemorial precedent when opposed to the right, a municipal magistrate whose wise forethought generations to come will have reason to bless, an educator of youth who could show them in history no worthier example than his own, and now the biographer of one his peer in firmness and integrity, and with whom, as we cannot help comparing them, he presents contrasts and resemblances equally numerous and impressive, — a monument of generations that have almost disappeared, and still keeping even step with the foremost ranks of the present, and the boldest pioneers of a better future, — he multiplies claims upon our reverence, such as belong to no living citizen of our country.

Mr. Quincy has performed his task in the work before us with eminent skill and with entire impartiality; nay, more, in certain parts of the narrative, with a judicious, but to us wonderful, reserve as to his own dissent and dissiliency from some of Mr. Adams's opinions and measures. Himself an ardent Federalist, and none the less so in his retrospect on the agitating questions of Jefferson's and Madison's administrations than when he was actively engaged in their discussion, he yet does ample justice to Mr. Adams's motives in those transactions by

which he lost for a season the confidence and support of the Federalists in his native State. That party, indeed, had, we imagine, claimed Mr. Adams less on personal than on hereditary grounds. Probably no party ever had his allegiance. Certainly he disappointed and opposed all. His orbit was beyond the calculation of political speculators. His vote or action could never be determined on antecedent grounds. He viewed every question on its own independent merits, and cast his vote, or shaped his policy, as he would had it been referred to his sole decision as an autocrat.

We have no time to enter into the discussion of Mr. Adams's character, to recount his signal and triumphant efforts for the freedom of debate and petition, to recall his noble plea for the liberty of the Amistad negroes, to trace the evidences of a profoundly religious spirit as the source of his civic virtues, or to exhibit the testimonials of a nation's honor and grief when the sudden arrow struck him down on the post of duty. For all this we hope to find the fitting pen in a future number. We will now add only our earnest desire that Mr. Quincy's Memoir may have the national circulation and acceptance it merits, and may perform its designed office in commending the uncorrupt, disinterested patriotism of an earlier generation to what is certainly a more venal age and a less scrupulous public.

---

26. — *Liberal Education. An Address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College, July* 22, 1858. By Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1858.

As we listened to this address, the orator seemed to us as one standing on the elevated table-land which commands a near view of the separate summits of the several sciences, and communicating the results of his observation to those below in language as transparent as the atmosphere on those serene heights. The first impression is only deepened by the perusal of what it was our privilege to hear. It required courage in Mr. Hill to appear on such an occasion without a single paragraph or sentence that could be termed eloquent, — with a discourse as bare of ornament as a mathematical treatise; but the experiment was perfectly successful, — severe simplicity enrobed his thoughts with rare beauty, plain sense and sound philosophy transcended the ordinary mark of brilliant rhetoric, and the hearers were held in the same attitude of eager and gratified attention to which an audience is wont to be raised only by the strong effort of ambitious oratory.

The Address has for its aim to determine the order in which the young mind should have the different objects of knowledge and subjects of study presented, in order to the symmetrical development of its powers, and the thorough comprehension of what it professes to know. In "the hierarchy of sciences" the author recognizes five divisions, Theology, Psychology, History (including language, and all that appertains to human development), Natural History (including chemistry and mechanics), and Mathematics. In mathematics we depend on intuitive perception for facts and laws, on observation for their embodiment in space and number; in theology we rest ultimately on the interior consciousness; while natural history bears close kindred to mathematics, and psychology to theology. As the perceptive faculties are first matured, while the reflective powers and the introspective faculties are of later growth, education should follow, in the main, the inverse order of the hierarchy. Religious instruction indeed should not be wanting to the very earliest years, and, as the powers are developed simultaneously, though with different degrees of rapidity, neither of the sciences should be wholly excluded from any stage of education; but the order in which the powers attain maturity should govern the stress to be laid upon each in educational processes. In the course of the discussion, the prime importance of natural history, as a prominent branch of instruction, and its fitting precedence, in the order of time, of the "historical" study of language, is illustrated with equal justice and power. We regret that we have not space to follow out the reasoning of this admirable discourse, which, with this brief sketch, we earnestly recommend to the careful study of our readers.

ERRATA.

Page 327, line 5 from bottom, *for* 30° 30′, *read* 36° 30′.

In Art. II., the reference to an Oxford Professor, as the probable author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," is believed to be erroneous.

Page 494, the sentence commencing at the fifth line should read as follows: — "They form the substratum of the population of historical Greece, on both sides of the Ægean, — 'the dark background of its history.'"

Page 505, line 13, *for* "state," *read* "states."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Inauguration of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, August 28, 1856. Second Edition. Albany. 1858. pp. 100.

The Dudley Observatory and the Scientific Council. Statement of the Trustees. Albany. 1858. pp. 173.

Statements and Documents concerning the Recent Action of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, touching the Standard Edition of the English Scriptures, as circulated by that Society. Published by Members of the late Committee of Versions. New York: N. A. Calkins. 1858. pp. 112.

Report of the Committee of the Association of the Alumni of Harvard College, appointed to take into Consideration the State of the College Library, in accordance with a Vote of the Association passed at the Annual Meeting, July 16, 1857. Cambridge. 1858.

Annual Circular of the Medical Department of the University of Louisiana. Session of 1858 – 59. New Orleans. 1858.

Massachusetts School of Agriculture. Boston. 1858.

Reports of the Board of Visitors, Trustees, Treasurer, and Superintendent of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, June Session, 1858. Concord. 1858.

Catalogue of the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Ohio, and Kenyon College, 1857 – 58. Gambier. 1858.

Ninth Annual Report of the New England Female Medical College. Boston. 1858.

Seventh Annual Report of the Boston Provident Association. Boston. 1858.

Seventh Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, with the By-laws, List of Officers, Life-Members, etc., etc. Presented May 19, 1858. Boston. 1858.

Fiftieth Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Bible Society, presented May 5, 1858. With an Appendix, containing the Treasurer's Account, the Reports of Auxiliaries, List of Auxiliary Societies, Life-Members, etc. Philadelphia. 1858.

The Thirty-Fourth Annual Report of the American Sunday-School Union; presented at the Annual Meeting, May 4th, 1858. Philadelphia. 1858.

State Normal School, Salem, Mass. Salem. 1858.

The Cloud and the Bow. Devoted to the Benefit of the Friendless, the Tempted, and the Erring. Vol. I. No. 1. Chicago. July 7, 1858. (Newspaper in 4to.)

Peace Better than War. Address delivered before the American Peace Society, at its Thirtieth Anniversary, held in the City of Boston, May 24, 1858. By Hon. Gerritt Smith. Boston. 1858.

An Inquiry into the Right of Visit or Approach, by Ships of War. By James Whitman, Esq., B. A., Barrister at Law, of Nova Scotia. New York: James Miller. 1858.

The Young Men of America, considered in their several responsible Relations, as follows, viz.: 1st. Social, 2d. Moral and Religious, 3d. Business and Professional, 4th. Literary and Scientific. Prize Essay: by Samuel Batchelder, Jr., of Cambridge, Mass. New York: N. A. Calkins. 1858.

The Question of Priesthood and Clergy. Being a Reply to the Review of "Perambulator" in the New Church Herald of July, August, and September, 1857. By "Compaginator." New York. 1858.

Revolutions to be Accomplished. A Discourse delivered in Holliston, Mass., on Sabbath Afternoon, July 4th, 1858, being the Eighty-Second Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. By J. T. Tucker, Minister of the First Parish. Holliston: Edward G. Plimpton. 1858.

A Farewell Discourse delivered at the Thirteenth Congregational Church, on Occasion of resigning his Charge, Sunday, July 4, 1858. By J. I. T. Coolidge. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1858.

The Reasonableness of Eternal Life, a Sermon, first delivered in Portsmouth, N. H., and repeated to the Rockingham Conference of Universalists, at Fremont, N. H., May 19, 1858. By T. H. Miller. Portsmouth. 1858.

Service, the End of Living. Delivered at the Anniversary of the "Boston Young Men's Christian Association," Monday Evening, May 24, 1858, by Andrew L. Stone, Pastor of Park Street Church, Boston. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858.

A Chapter of Theological and Religious Experience. Boston: R. F. Wallcut. 1858.

Remarks on Social Prayer-Meetings, by the Rt. Rev. Alexander Viets Griswold, D. D., late Bishop of the Eastern Diocese. With an Introductory Statement, by Rev. George D. Wildes, A. M. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858.

Truths for the Times. No. 4. God is Love. A Supplement to the Author's Discourse on the Reasonableness of Future Endless Punishment. With a Brief Notice of Rev. T. S. King's two Discourses in Reply to said Discourse. — No. 5. Our Bible. By Nehemiah Adams, D. D., Pastor of the Essex Street Church, Boston. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858.

The Sons of Usna: a Tragi-Apotheosis, in Five Acts. By T. H. Chivers, M.D. Philadelphia. 1858.

Waverley Novels. Household Edition. St. Ronan's Well. — Redgauntlet. — The Betrothed. The Highland Widow. 2 volumes each. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858.

Abridgment of the Debates of Congress from 1789 to 1856. From Gales and Seaton's Annals of Congress; from their Register of Debates; and from the Official Reported Debates, by John C. Rives. By the Author of the Thirty Years' View. Vol. VIII. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 757.

The U. S. Naval Astronomical Expedition to the Southern Hemisphere, during the Years 1849 – '50 – '51 – '52. Vol. III. Observations to determine the Solar Parallax. By Lieut. J. M. Gilliss, LL. D., Superintendent. Washington. 1856. 4to. pp. cclxxxviii., 492.

Proceedings at the Dedication of the Building for the Public Library of the City of Boston, January 1, 1858. Boston. 1858. 8vo. pp. 194.

Annual Report of the School Committee of the City of Boston, 1857. Boston. 1858. 8vo. pp. 352.

Addresses of the newly-appointed Professors of Columbia College, with an Introductory Address by William Betts, LL. D. February, 1858. New York. 1858. 8vo. pp. 201.

The Cruise of the Betsey; or, A Summer Ramble among the Fossiliferous Deposits of the Hebrides. With The Rambles of a Geologist; or, Ten Thousand Miles over the Fossiliferous Deposits of Scotland. By Hugh Miller, LL. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1858. 12mo. pp. 524.

Men and Things; or, Short Essays on Various Subjects, including Free Trade. By James L. Baker. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 28 .

History of King Richard the Second of England. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 16mo. pp. 347.

History of King Richard the Third of England. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 16mo. pp. 337.

The Progressive Speaker and Common-School Reader; comprising choice Selections for Reading, Recitation, and Declamation. With Explanatory Notes and Biographical Sketches. Also, The Principles of Correct Utterance simplified in Exercises for the Voice. With Pictorial Illustrations of Gesture and Attitude. By an Eminent Practical Teacher, Author of "Progressive Primer," and several other popular School-Books. Boston: Sanborn, Bazin, & Ellsworth. 1858. 12mo. pp. 518.

Mensuration and Practical Geometry; containing Tables of Weights and Measures, Vulgar and Decimal Fractions, Mensuration of Areas, Lines, Surfaces, and Solids, Lengths of Circular Arcs, Areas of Segments and Zones of a Circle, Board and Timber Measure, Centres of Gravity, &c., &c. To which is appended a Treatise on the Carpenter's Slide-Rule and Gauging. By Charles H. Haswell, Civil and Marine Engineer. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 322.

Travels in England, France, Italy, and Ireland. By the Rev. George Foxcroft Haskins, Rector of the House of the Guardian Angel. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1856. 12mo. pp. 292.

Sermons, preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M. A., the Incumbent. Third Series. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1858. 12mo. pp. 324.

Stand up for Jesus! A Christian Ballad; with Notes, Illustrations, and Music, and a few Additional Poems, by the same Author. Philadelphia: T. H. Stockton. 12mo. pp. 48.

A Handy Book on Property Law, in a Series of Letters. By Lord St. Leonards. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 216.

Hadji in Syria; or, Three Years in Jerusalem. By Mrs. Sarah Barclay Johnson. Philadelphia: James Challen & Sons. 1858. 12mo. pp. 303.

Belle Brittan on a Tour, at Newport, and Here and There. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1858. 12mo. pp. 359.

Memoirs of Rachel. By Madame de B——. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 376.

Lord Montagu's Page: an Historical Romance of the Seventeenth Century. By G. P. R. James. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 1858. 12mo. pp. 456.

Doctor Thorne. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, Author of "The Three Clerks," "Barchester Towers," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1858. 12mo. pp. 520.

The Age; a Colloquial Satire. By Philip James Bailey, Author of "Festus." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. 16mo. pp. 208.

Two Millions. By William Allen Butler, Author of "Nothing to Wear." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 93.

On the Authorized Version of the New Testament in Connection with some recent Proposals for its Revision. By Richard Chenevix Trench. New York: Redfield. 1858. 12mo. pp. 188.

Statemen of Christian Faith held by the Channing Congregational Church, Newton, Massachusetts, 1858. Boston. 1858.

Rough Notes on the Errors of Grammar, and the Nature of Language. An Original Work, by J. Wilson, A. M. Canajoharie. 1858. pp. 128.

The Angels told me so. Duett and Chorus. Words by Rev. Sydney Dyer. Music by Horace Waters. Arranged for the Piano Forte by Augustus Cull. New York: Horace Waters. 1858.

The Gospel according to Mark explained. By Joseph Addison Alexander. New York: Charles Scribner. 1858. 12mo. pp. 444.

Peter Oliver's "Puritan Commonwealth" Reviewed. By J. Wingate Thornton. Boston. 1857. 8vo. pp. 79.

Visitation and Search; or, An Historical Sketch of the British Claim to exercise a Maritime Police over the Vessels of all Nations, in Peace as well as in War, with an Inquiry into the Expediency of terminating the Eighth Article of the Ashburton Treaty. By William Beach Lawrence, Editor of Wheaton's Elements of International Law. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1858. 12mo. pp. 218.

INDEX

TO THE

EIGHTY-SEVENTH VOLUME

OF THE

North-American Review.

Abbot, Benjamin, his induction as Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy, 133 — his dignity of character, 135 — his scholarship, *ib.* — his discipline, 137 — semi-centennial anniversary of his induction, 138 — his old age and death, 140.

About, Edmond, his *Maître Pierre*, noticed, 544 — his *Nos Artistes au Salon de* 1857, noticed, 545.

Actiniæ, habits of the, 151.

American Revolution, article on its first stages, 449 — its providential character, 462 — conditions essential to its success, 465 — brought about by the undesigned co-operation of England, 469.

Aquarium, article on the, 143 — numerous works on the, 144 — invention of the, *ib.* — proper arrangement of the, 148.

Art, human, its foundation in the laws of matter, 533 — the body adapted to it, 534 — the laws of mind that render it possible, 536.

Artesian fountains, their principle illustrated, 69.

Aryans, the, nature and degree of their primitive civilization, 487 — their migrations, 489.

Austria, article on her treatment of Hungarian Protestants, 343 — concordat between the Emperor and the Pope, 351.

Bancroft, George, seventh volume of his History of the United States, noticed, 279 — reviewed, 449 — his faults of style, 453 — his plan in this volume, 455.

Bartol, Cyrus A., his Church and Congregation, noticed, 273.

Basques, article on the, 211 — their country, 212 — their language, 215 — their proverbs, 216 — their dramas, 217 — their sports, 219 — their maritime enterprise, 221—their Gypsy population, 222 — their superstitions, 224 — their poetry, 226.

Bastard, his *Les Parlements de France*, reviewed, 94 — quoted, 101.

Bayne, second series of his Essays, noticed, 274.

Béranger, his *Œuvres Posthumes*, noticed, 265.

Blodget, Lorin, his Climatology, reviewed, 507.

Boscobel Tracts, noticed, 255.

Boston Port Bill, its immediate effects, 470 — its far-reaching political consequences, 471 — its call on the sympathy and aid of the country at large, 472 — the correspondence thus called forth, 473.

Bradford, Samuel Dexter, his Works, noticed, 557.

Buckle, Henry Thomas, his History of Civilization in England, reviewed, 388 — his fundamental principle, 389 — his overestimate of physical causes, 391 — his denial of the hereditary transmission of qualities, 392 — his stress on soil and climate as causes of human development, 395 — his depreciation of moral causes, 398 — his argument for the supremacy of intellectual over moral forces, 400 — his denial of the lasting influence of individuals, 402 — his theory as applied to war, 405 — to slavery, 407 — his exaggeration of the evils of ignorance, 409 — his virtual injustice to Christianity as a moral force, 411 — his sounder views of the relation of government to civilization, 412 — his sketch of the progress of civilization in England and France, 414 — his condemnation of the protective system as applied to literature in France, 422 — the Appletons' edition of the work, noticed, 565.

Bushnell, Horace, his Sermons for the New Life, noticed, 258.

Carlhaut, C., his *Jules César*, noticed, 549.

Charras, Lieutenant-Colonel, his Waterloo, reviewed, 431 — the Emperor's dread of the book, 432 — its fidelity to fact, 434 — quoted as to the condition of Napoleon's troops on the eve of Waterloo, 435 — of the allied army, 437 — his portrait of Wellington, 439.

Chat Moss, how crossed by railway, 53.

Chateaubriand, Villemain's Life of, reviewed, 114 — his anomalous character, 115 — his relations with Napoleon, 116.
Climate, its permanence, 507 — effect on it of the ellipticity of the earth's orbit, 509 — of the obliquity of the sun's rays, 511 — its physical constants, 513.
Climatology, article on, 507.
Commentaries on the New Testament, article on some recent, 235.
Commentators on the New Testament, their faults, 236 — their needed qualifications, 238.
Comte, Auguste, his Republic of the West, noticed, 268.
Coquerel, Ath., Fils, his *Jean Calas et sa Famille*, noticed, 263.
Cousin, Victor, his *Études sur Pascal*, reviewed, 106 — his discovery of a lost work of Pascal, 109 — his *Fragments et Souvenirs*, reviewed, 111.
Cummings, J. W., his Italian Legends and Sketches, noticed, 284.
Curtis, George Ticknor, second volume of his History of the Constitution of the United States, noticed, 279.
Curtis, Joseph, his Memoir, noticed, 567.
Curtius, Ernst, his Greek History, reviewed, 481 — his Ionians before the Ionian Migration, reviewed, *ib.* — his qualifications as an historian, 484 — his success, 485 — special results of his inquiries, 486 *et seq.*
Cyclopædia, New American, third volume of, noticed, 563.

Davis, Charles Henry, his Translation of Gauss's *Theoria Motus*, reviewed, 1 — his own additions to the work, 20.
Davy, Sir Humphrey, his controversy with Stephenson about the safety-lamp, 30.
Deaf mutes, sketch of the history of means for their education, 526.

Emmett, Robert, his Life by Madame d'Haussonville, reviewed, 103.
Epée, Abbé de l', his labors for the instruction of the deaf mute, 526.
Exeter, see *Phillips*.

Ferry, Gabriel, his *Les Squatters* and *La Clairière du Bois des Hogues*, noticed, 266.
Fields, James T., his Few Verses for a Few Friends, noticed, 276.
France, parliamentary history of, discussed, 95.
Francis, John W., his Old New York, noticed, 281.

Gallaudet, his Life, reviewed, 517 — his early days and education, *ib.* — his interest in the deaf and dumb first developed, 519 — his European tour, 520 — his superintendency of the Hartford asylum, 523 — his resignation, 524 — his chaplaincy to the Hartford Retreat for the insane, 525 — his death, *ib.* — his success in the sign-language, 528 — his monument, 531.
Gannett, Ezra S., his Sermon on the Atlantic Telegraph, reviewed, 532 — quoted, 543.
Gardening, Ornamental, article on, 157 — principle of association in, 160.
Gautier, Theophile, his *Le Roman de la Momie*, noticed, 551.
Gillies's History of Greece, the first attempt to separate myth from fact, 482.
Goadby, Henry, his Text-Book of Vegetable and Animal Physiology, noticed, 566.
Goldsmith's History of Greece, its marks of extreme simplicity and credulity, 482.
Gosse, Philip Henry, his Aquarium, reviewed, 143.
Gray, Asa, his botanical works, reviewed, 321 — Introduction to his How Plants Grow, quoted, 323 — excellence of that work, 324 — merits of his botanical text books, 326.
Greek language, its genius, 490 — shaping causes of its dialects, 491 — its pristine development in Phrygia, 493.
Greeks, early commercial and colonizing activity of the, 506.
Grote's History of Greece, merits and defects of, 484.
Grün, Alphonse, his *La Vie Publique de Montaigne*, reviewed, 356.
Guizot, as represented by Lord Normanby, 187 — his position in the French revolution of 1848, 195 — his indifference to truth, 199 — his *Mémoires*, reviewed, 440 — his sketch of the condition of France after the battle of Waterloo, *ib.* — his first official appointment, 441 — his view of the social causes of disunion in France, 442 — his admission of the extreme liability of the French people to be imposed upon, 445.

Hackett, Horatio B., his Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles, reviewed, 243 — its merits, 244 — its religious character, 245 — his opinion on the gift of tongues, 246.
Hall, Benjamin H., his History of Eastern Vermont, noticed, 280.
Hanaford and Payson's Book-keeping, noticed, 569.
Haven, Alice B., her Coopers, noticed, 567.
Hazlitt, William Carew, his History of Venice, noticed, 557.
Hellas, article on the early days of, 481.
Hibberd, Shirley, his Book of the Aquarium, reviewed, 143.
Hill, Thomas, his Phi Beta Kappa Oration, noticed, 571.
Homans, J. Smith, his Cyclopedia of Commerce, noticed, 562.
Humboldt, Baron Von, his opinion of Blodget's Climatology, 507, *note*.
Humphrey, Heman, his Life of Gallaudet, reviewed, 518.
Hungary, article on the Protestant Church in, 343 — its successive steps toward self-government, 345 — its free constitution, 348 — its liberties assailed by Austria,

349 — crushed by the concordat between the Pope and the Emperor, 351.
Hyperides, his Oration over Leosthenes, noticed, 275.

Jameson, Mrs., her Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters, noticed, 553.
Jesse, John Heneage, his Memoirs of the Pretenders and their Adherents, noticed, 554.
Josephine, Memoirs of the Empress, reviewed, 112 — her character, 113 — malign influence of her conjugal infidelity on Napoleon's character, 114.

Kendrick, A. C., his edition of Olshausen's Commentary, reviewed, 248 — his own independent contributions to the work, 250.
Kern, G. M., his Practical Landscape Gardening, reviewed, 157.
King, Dan, his Quackery Unmasked, noticed, 269.

Liverpool and Manchester railway, projected, 45 — again contemplated, 49 — obstacles in the way of its construction, 50 — opposed in Parliament, 51 — difficulties overcome in the progress of the work, 52 — finished and opened, 55.
Lowell, James R., his Poems, noticed, 251.

Mallet, Mr. Sergeant, his Day after Tomorrow, noticed, 271.
Massachusetts Historical Society, new volume of its Collections, reviewed, 449 — sketch of its history, 450 — contents of its last issue, 451.
Mathieu, Henri, his *La Turquie et ses Différents Peuples*, noticed, 546.
Meyer's Commentary on the New Testament, reviewed, 250.
Michel, Francisque, his *Le Pays Basque*, reviewed, 211.
Michelet's Richelieu et la Fronde, reviewed, 447 — his chief disqualifications as an historian, *ib.* — his misappreciation of Richelieu, 448.
Mòt, Comte, his *Mémoires*, reviewed, 423 — his view of Napoleon Bonaparte's court, 424 — his intimacy with Joseph Bonaparte, 425 — his disclosures concerning the death of the Duc d'Enghien, 429.
Missouri Valley, article upon the, 66 — its lack of water, *ib.* — its soil, 71.
Mitford's History of Greece, its conservatism, 482.
Montaigne, Michael de, article on, 356 — external facts of his life, 359 — his idiosyncrasies, 361 — features of his age, 363 — his local surroundings, 365 — his friendship with Mademoiselle de Gournay, 368 — with Etienne de la Boëtie, 370 — his Journey into Italy, 371 — his deficient sense of beauty, 374 — his affluence in classical citations, 376 — diversity of themes in his Essays, 377 — his affinity to the English mind, 379 — his moral defects and merits, 383 — his integrity, 387.
Morris, George P., his Poems, noticed, 277.
Myths, history to be constructed from, 486.

Napoleon I., influence of the Empress Josephine upon, 112 — his relations with Chateaubriand, 117.
Nebraska and Kanzas, future mercantile position of, 75.
Nelligan, William H., his Rome, noticed, 283.
Normanby, Marquis of, his Year of Revolution, reviewed, 184 — worth of his book, 187 — its scope, 189 *et seq.*
Northwestern districts of the United States, climate of, 214.
Nutting, I. H., his Grammar, noticed, 569.

Olshausen, Hermann, his Biblical Commentary on the New Testament, reviewed, 248 — its merits, 249.
Ozanam, A. F., his Civilization in the Fifth Century, reviewed, 170 — his personal and literary character, 171 — his aim in this work, 173.

Parsons, Theophilus, his Laws of Business, noticed, 561.
Pascal, Cousin's work concerning him, reviewed, 107 — his style, 108 — his Discourse on Love, 109.
Paulinus, Life and Works of, 181.
Peck, George, his Wyoming, noticed, 280.
Peirce, Benjamin, his Analytic Mechanics, reviewed, 1 — his method of demonstration, *ib.* — his Preface, quoted, 18 — his plan for succeeding volumes, 19.
Pelasgians, primitive monotheism of the, 497 — their subsequent idol-worship, 498.
Periwinkle, Gosse's description of the, 148.
Phillips Exeter Academy, foundation of, 126 — funds and property of, 129 — constitution of, 130 — history of, 132 — beneficiary provisions of, 140 — internal economy of, 141.
Phillips, John, sketch of his life, 127 — his benefactions to the Academies at Andover and Exeter, 129.
Phillips, Samuel, Memoir of, reviewed, 119 — his ancestry, 120 — his education, 121 — his and his family's benefactions to the Academy and the Theological Seminary at Andover, 122, 125 — his public services, 123.
Phœnicians, the, their relations with the early Greeks, 496.
Phyllotaxy, laws of, 337.
Plants, geographical distribution of, 329.
Platte River, description of its bottom-lands, 82.
Prairie land, its soil, 87 — age of its vegetation, 89 — its climate, 92.
Prudentius, Life and Works of, 181.
Pulpit, New York, in the Revival of 1858, noticed, 261.

Quincy, Josiah, his Life of John Quincy Adams, noticed, 570.

Randall, Henry S., his Life of Jefferson, noticed, 562.
Reasoning, in what it consists, 2 — syllogistic, 3 — demonstrative, 14.
Robertson, Frederick W., second series of his Sermons, noticed, 256.
Russell, C. W., his Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti, noticed, 559.

Scott, Sir Walter, his Works, reviewed, 293 — his early life, 294 — his first publication, 295 — his Lay of the Last Minstrel published, 296 — Introduction to it, quoted, 297 — his partnership with Ballantyne, 299 — his career as a novelist, 301 — his quantity of production, 302 — its quality, 304 — grounds of his permanent fame, 305 — truthfulness of his fictions, 308 — his life at Abbotsford, 310 — his relations to other authors, 312 — his bankruptcy, 313 — his subsequent labors, 315 — his last illness, 316 — his death, 317 — his essential greatness, 318 — his high moral tone, 319.
Sicard, Abbé, his labors for the instruction of the deaf mute, 527.
Silloway, Thomas W., his Text-Book of Modern Carpentry, noticed, 566.
Smiles, Samuel, his Life of George Stephenson, reviewed, 21.
Smith, Charles J., his Landscape Gardening, reviewed, 157.
Starfish, the, its depredations on the oyster-beds in New York harbor, 153.
Steam carriages, when and by whom invented, 37 — successive experiments in, 38 *et seq.*
Stephenson, George, his Life, reviewed, 21 — his parentage and birth, *ib.* — his childhood, 22 — his first employment in the colliery, 23 — his earliest lessons in reading, 24 — his first engine, 28 — his safety-lamp, 29 — controversy with Sir Humphrey Davy concerning it, 30 — his first locomotive, 41 — his services as engineer in building the Stockton and Darlington railway, 46 — in building the Liverpool and Manchester railway, 51 — his crowded engagements, 59 — his personal habits, 63.
Stockton and Darlington railway, how constructed, 46 — its opening, 48 — its beneficial results, 49.
Sullivant, W. S., his labors on the mosses and liverworts for Gray's Manual of Botany, 331.
Sumner, William H., his History of East Boston, noticed, 565.

Taylor, John L., his Memoir of Samuel Phillips, reviewed, 119.
Telegraph, Oceanic, article on the, 532 — its general utility, 538 — its effect on commerce, 539 — its agency in detecting crime, 540 — its worth as a means of universal pacification, 541.
Thirlwall's History of Greece, its critical value, 482.
Tiffany, Osmond, his Brandon, noticed, 568.
Timbs, John, his School Days of Eminent Men, noticed, 555.
Tram-roads, invention of, 36.
Trojan War, Curtius's view of the legends concerning, 504.

Vericour, R. de, his Life and Times of Dante, noticed, 257.
Villemain's Life of Chateaubriand, reviewed, 114.

Waverley Novels, reviewed, 293 — publication of, commenced, 299 — success of, 300 — permanent grounds for the fame of, 305.
Westcott, Thompson, his Life of John Fitch, noticed, 282.
Whewell, William, his History of the Inductive Sciences, noticed, 285.
White, Richard Grant, his edition of Shakespeare, noticed, 260, 564.
Wiseman, Cardinal, his Recollections of the last four Popes, noticed, 254.
Woodbridge, William, first Principal of Phillips Exeter Academy, 132.
Wordsworth's Sonnet on Scott's departure for the Continent, 317.
Worthen, W. E., his Cyclopædia of Drawing, noticed, 284.

JUN 6 1939